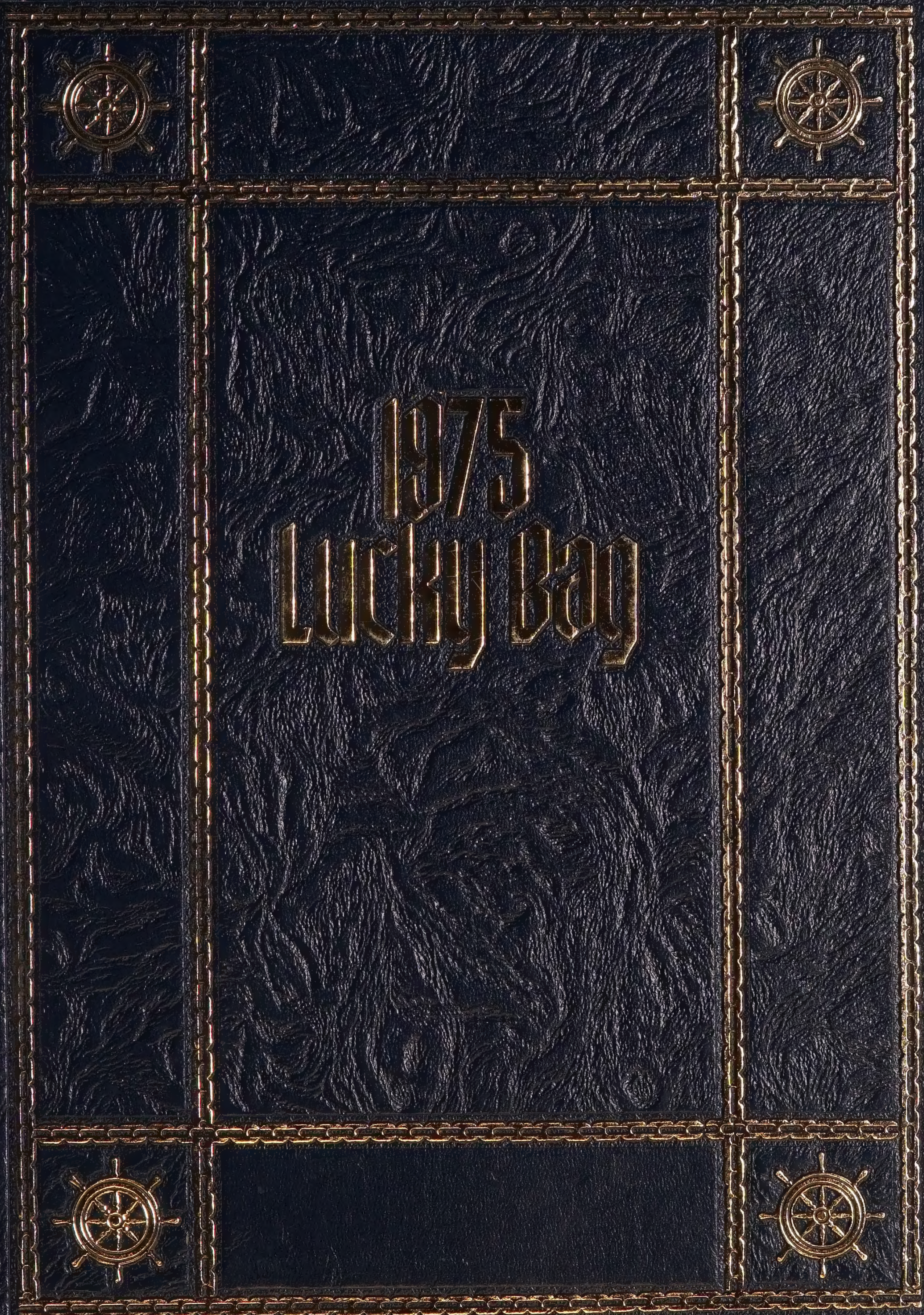
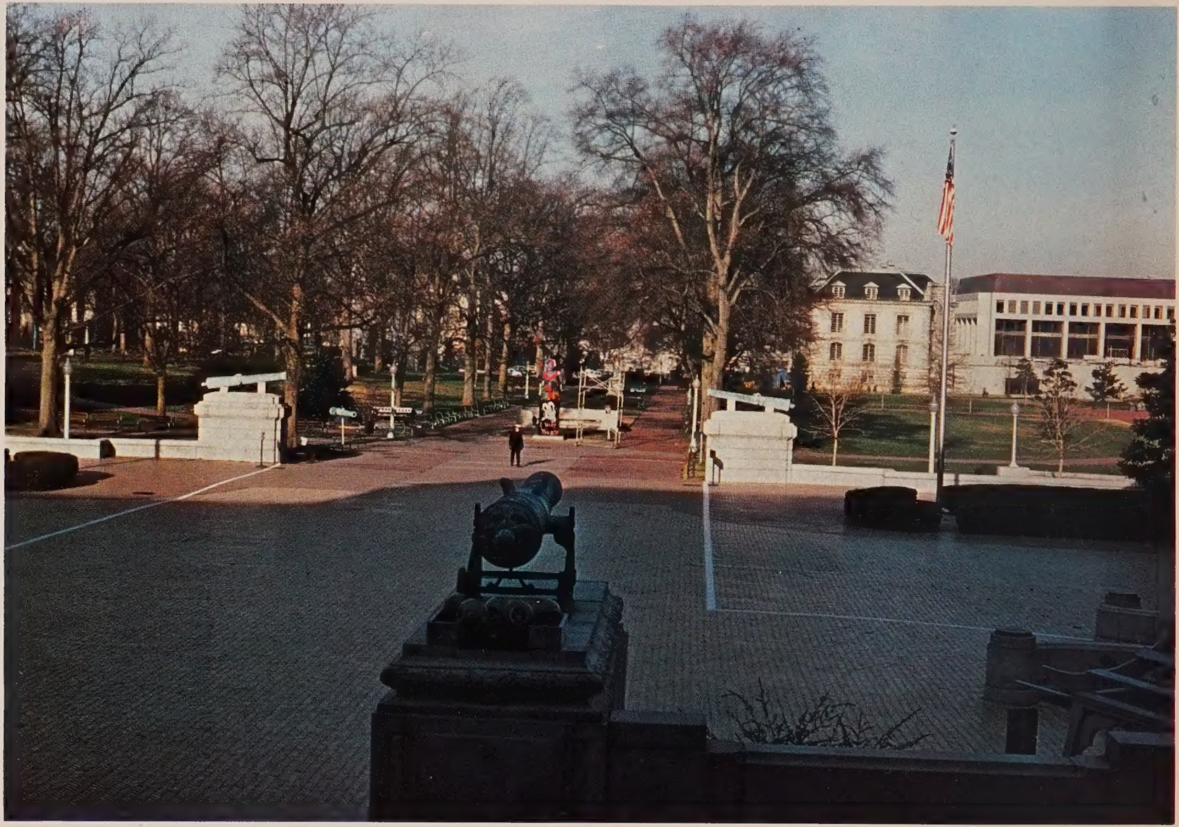
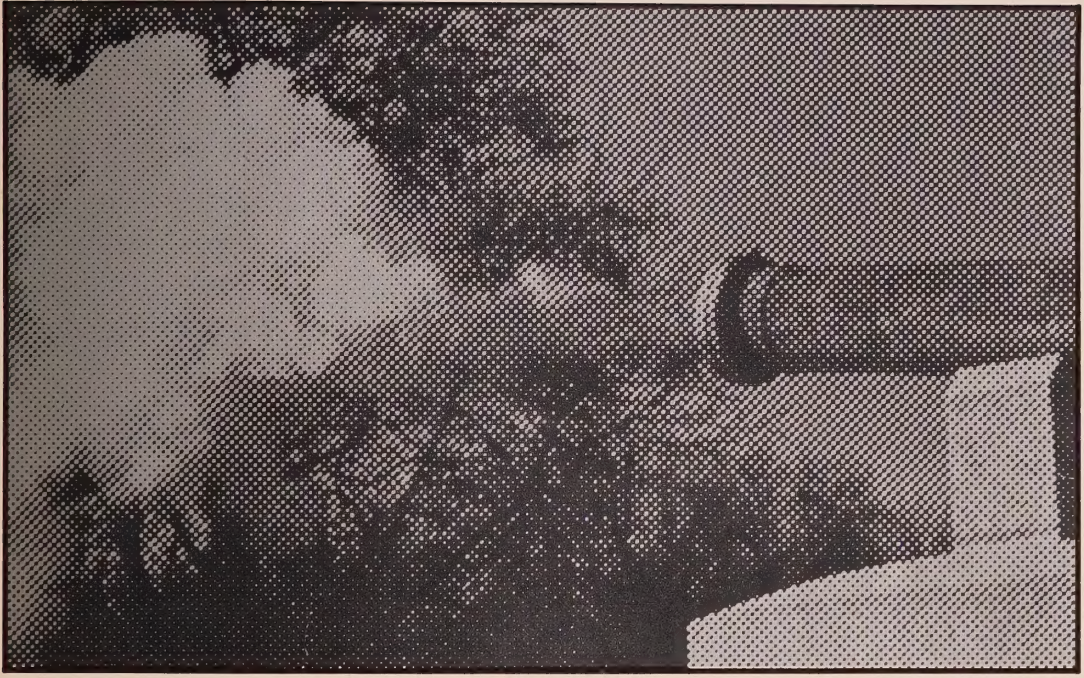


1975
Lucky Bag

Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

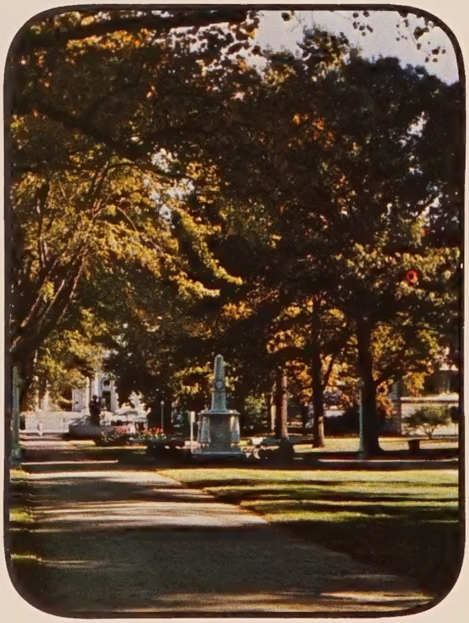


WE CAME . . . CIVILIANS . . .

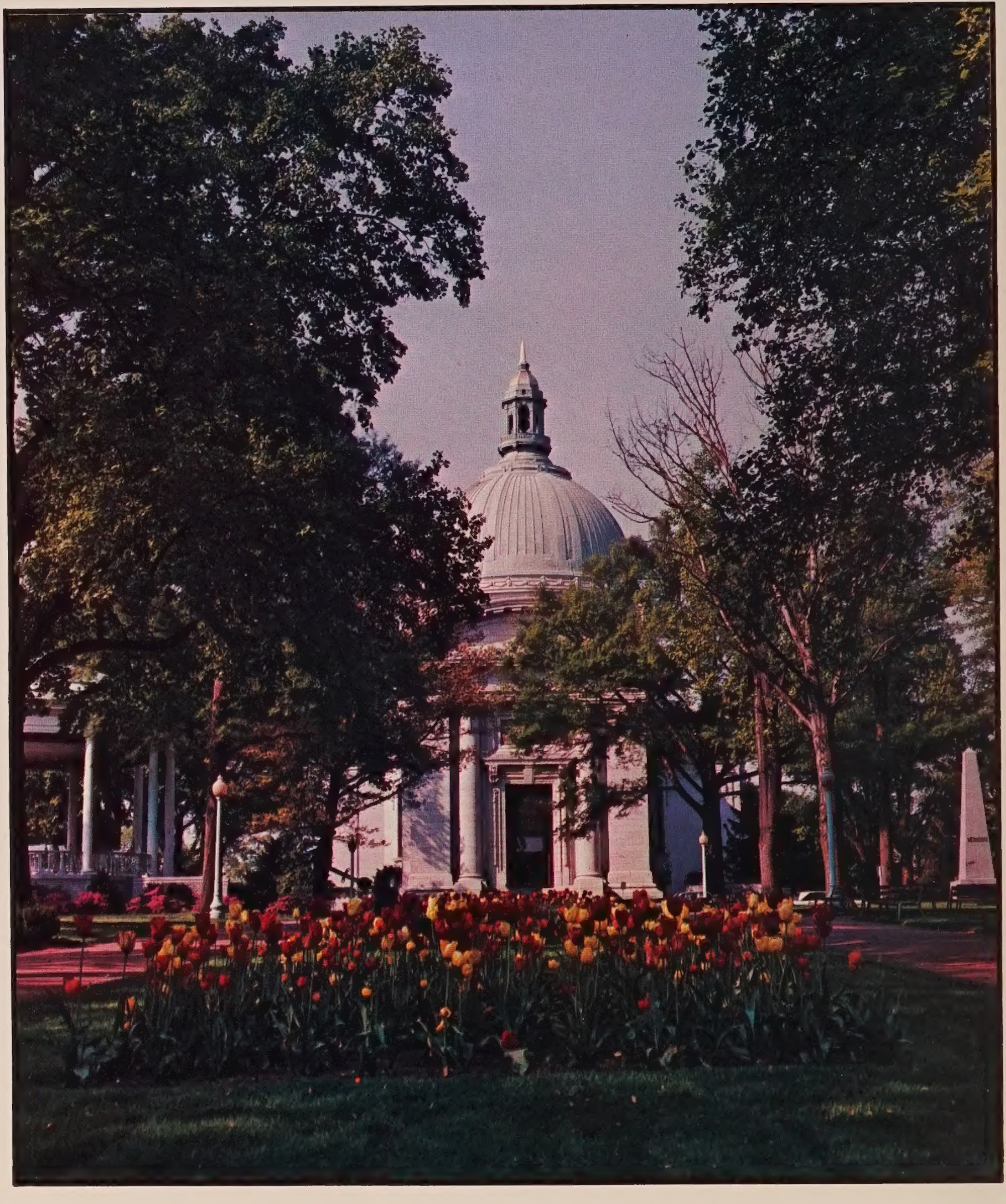


SCARED . . . CAUTIOUSLY . . .

PROUDLY . . . ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

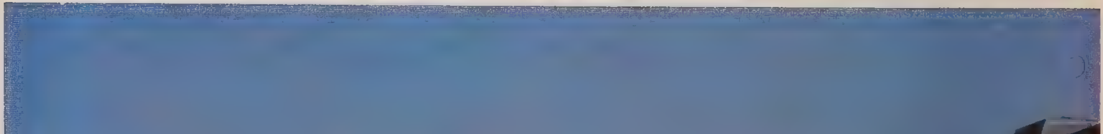


WE LEFT . . . EDUCATED . . .



SCARED . . . CAUTIOUSLY . . .

PROUDLY . . . ENTHUSIASTICALLY.



HAD WE CHANGED? . . .

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF OUR LIFE . . .

FIGUREHEAD
of the
U.S.S.
AWARE
1817
HOME!
'74

DEFINITELY!

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE . . .

IN SICKNESS, IN HEALTH . . .

YES. WE WERE MARRIED . . .

SOME TO WIVES . . .

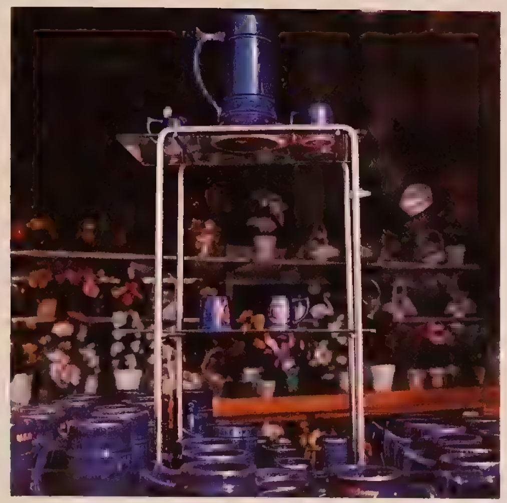
ALL OF US TO THE MILITARY.

F

IS IT A GOOD UNION? . . .

ONLY TIME WILL TELL.

WE KNOW FOR SURE THAT WE HAVE SEEN USNA.

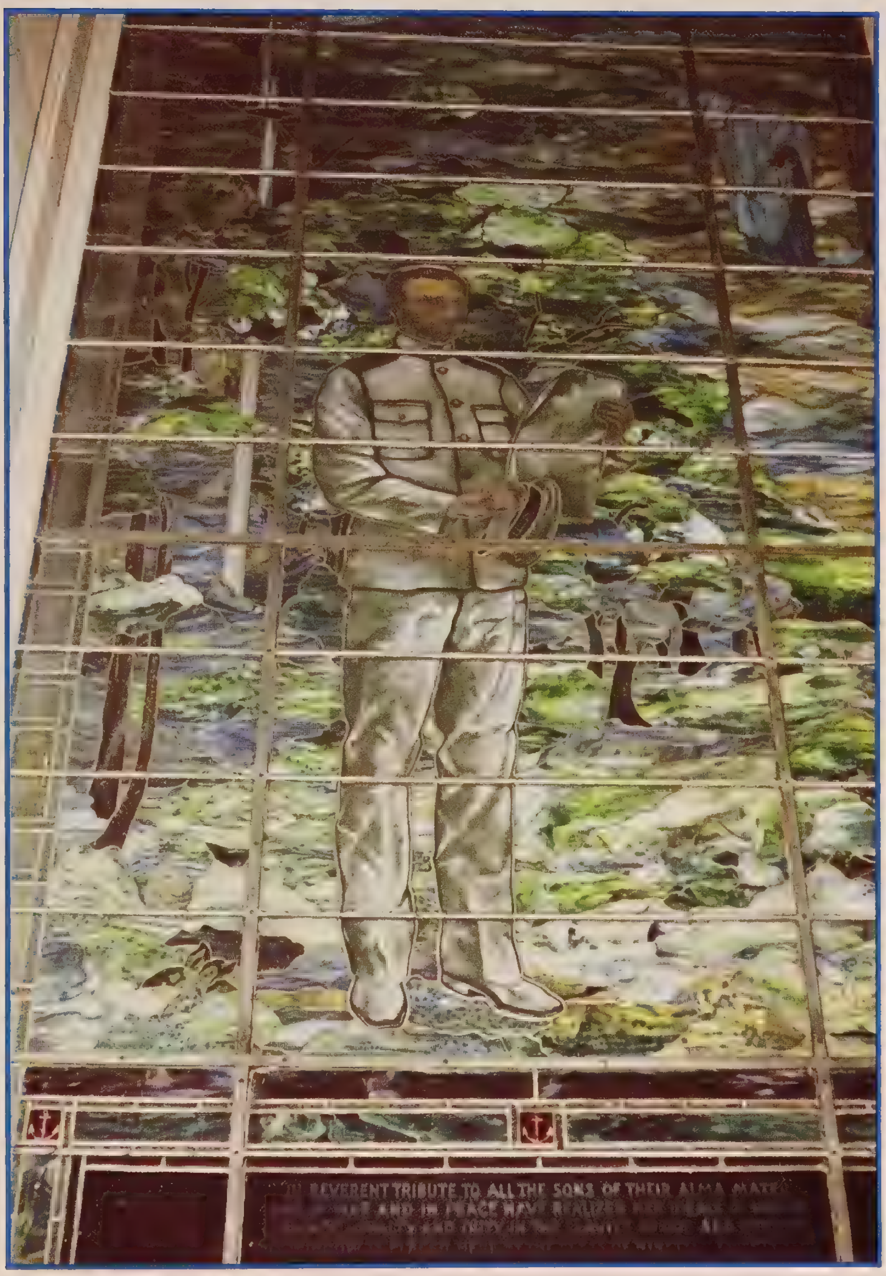


UNIFORMS
Peerless
MENS
LADIES
WEAR

PEPSI-COLA
CHRIS' SUBMARINE BASE
RAW BAR
Olde Towne
SEA FOOD SHOPPE

WE WON'T FORGET IT . . .

WILLINGLY OR NOT . . .


IN REVERENT TRIBUTE TO ALL THE SONS OF THEIR ALMA MATER

FOR WE ARE SONS OF MOTHER B!

The Lucky Bag 1975

ANDREW C. HOWARD
Editor-in-Chief

RAYMOND P. WASSEL, JR.
Managing Editor

JOHN M. KUCINSKI
Business Manager

the united states naval academy: annapolis, maryland 21412

an annual publication of the brigade of midshipmen

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75
U. S.
NAVAL
ACADEMY
EX
SCIENTIA
TRIDENS
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

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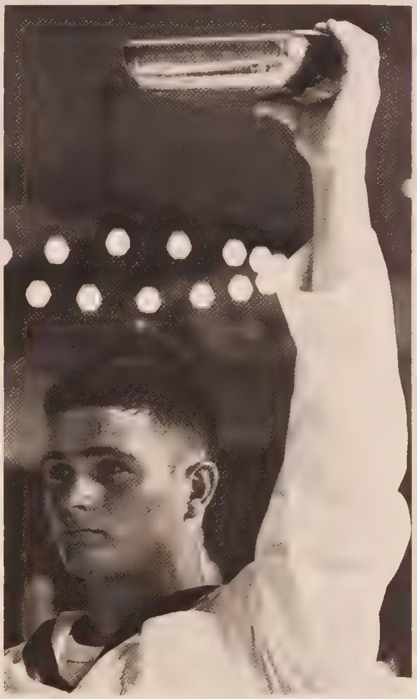
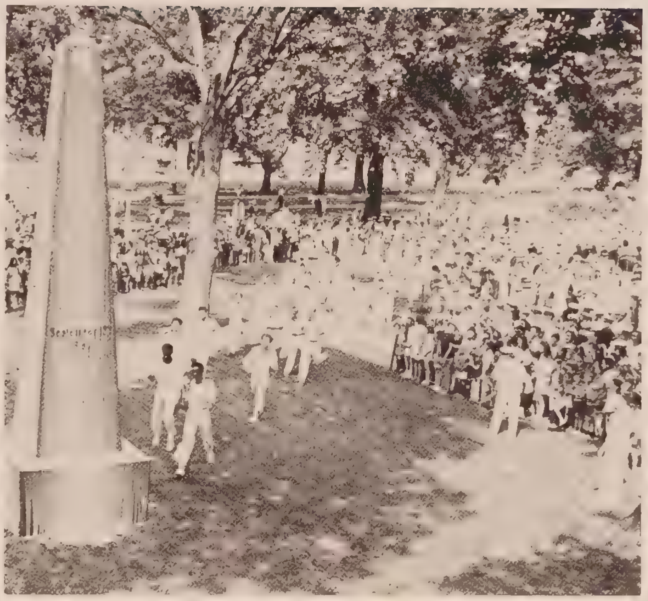
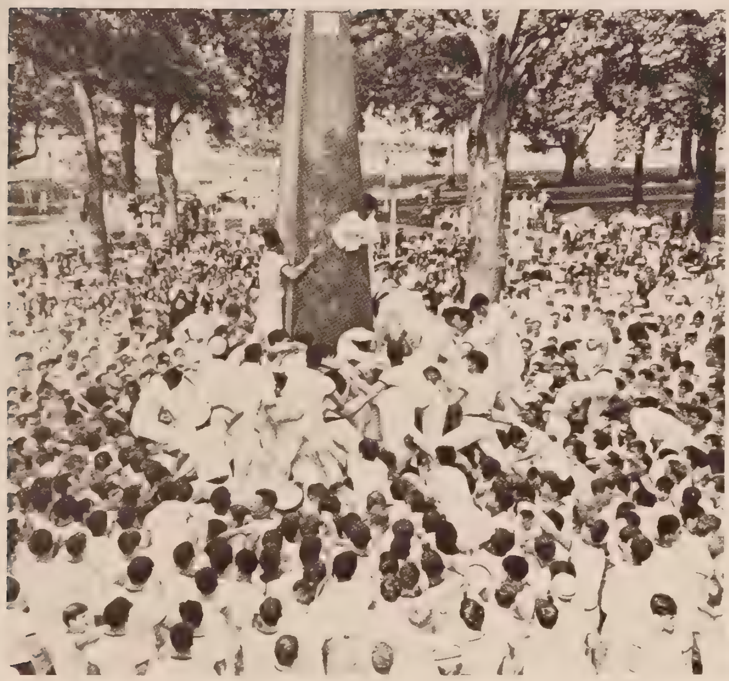


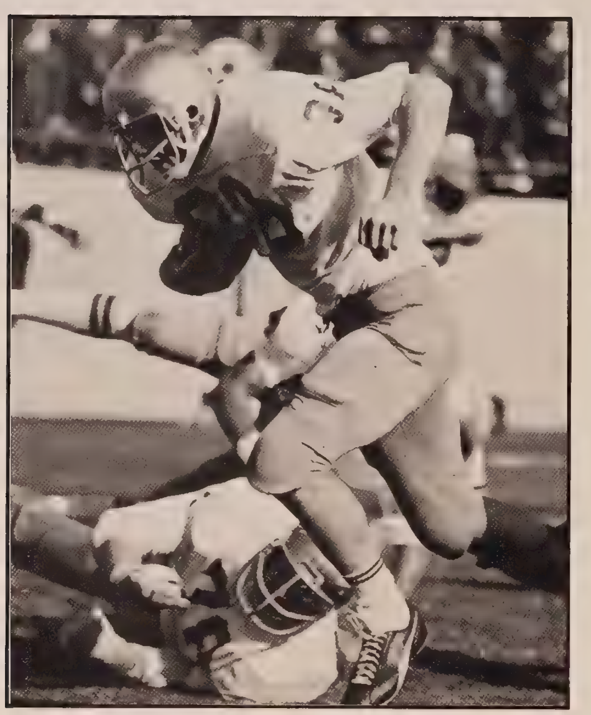




72
72

ATHLETICS

PENN STATE
NAVY
QUARTER
TIME OUTS LEFT 2
DOWN
TO GO
YARD LINE
PENALTY
YARDS
SB
SC
SD
SE



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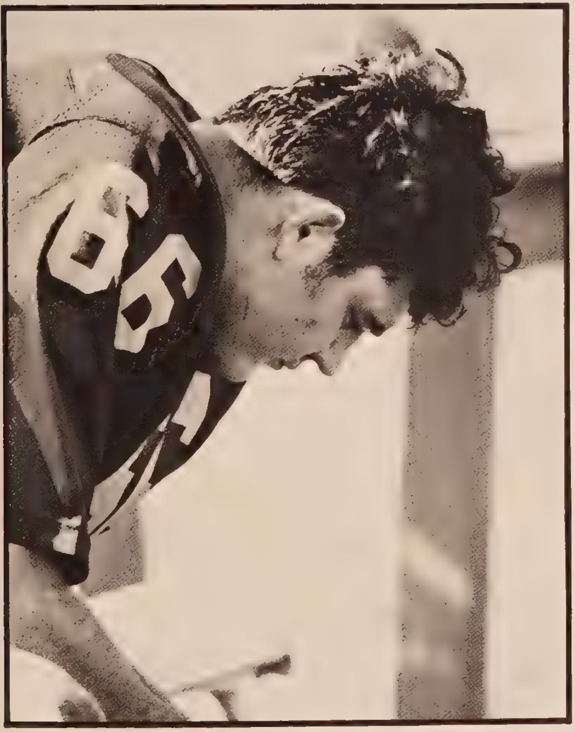

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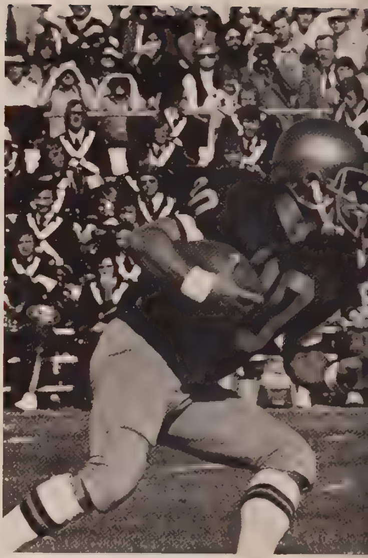

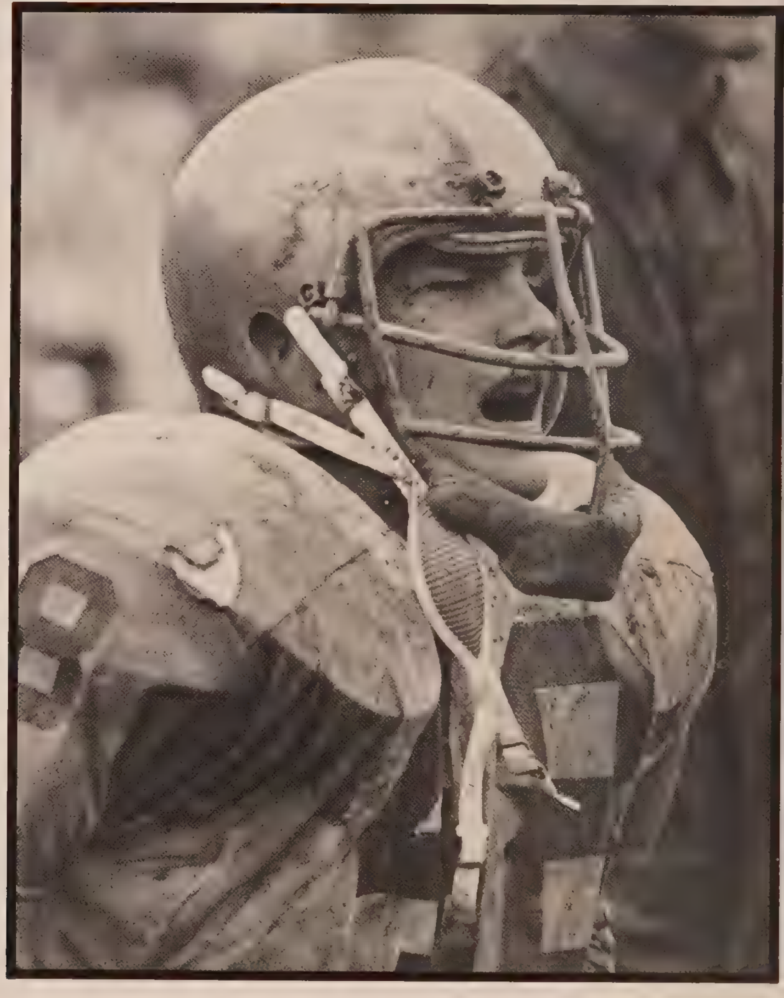

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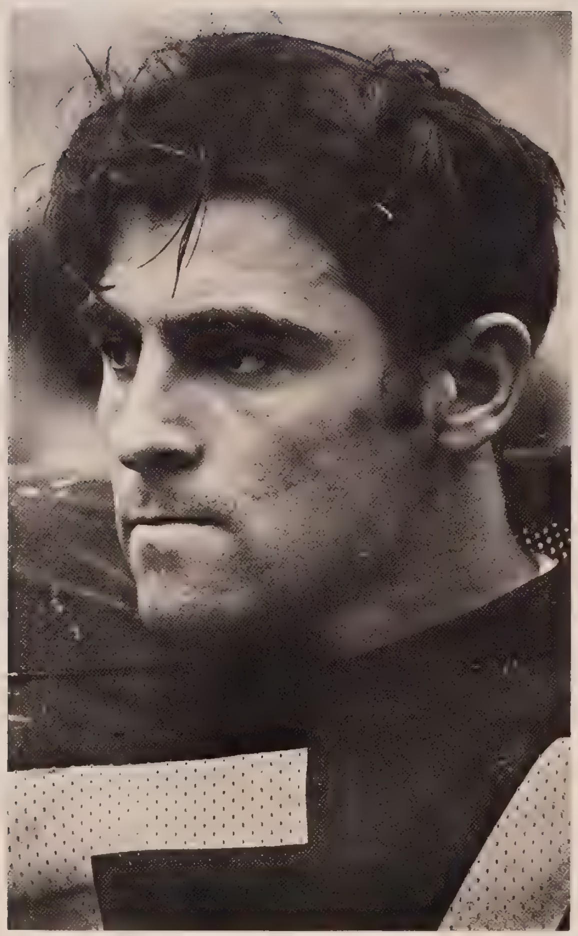
Miss Maryland



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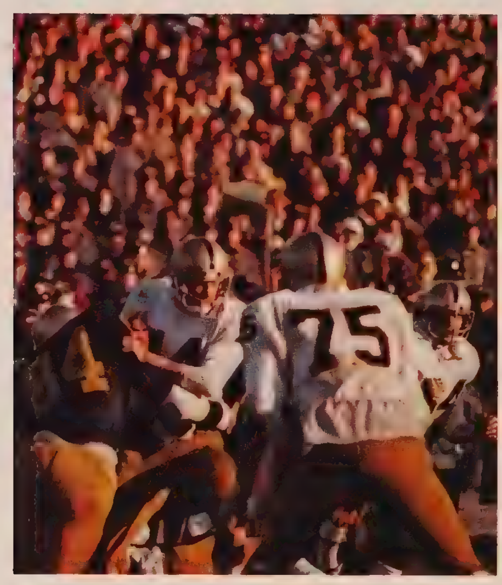
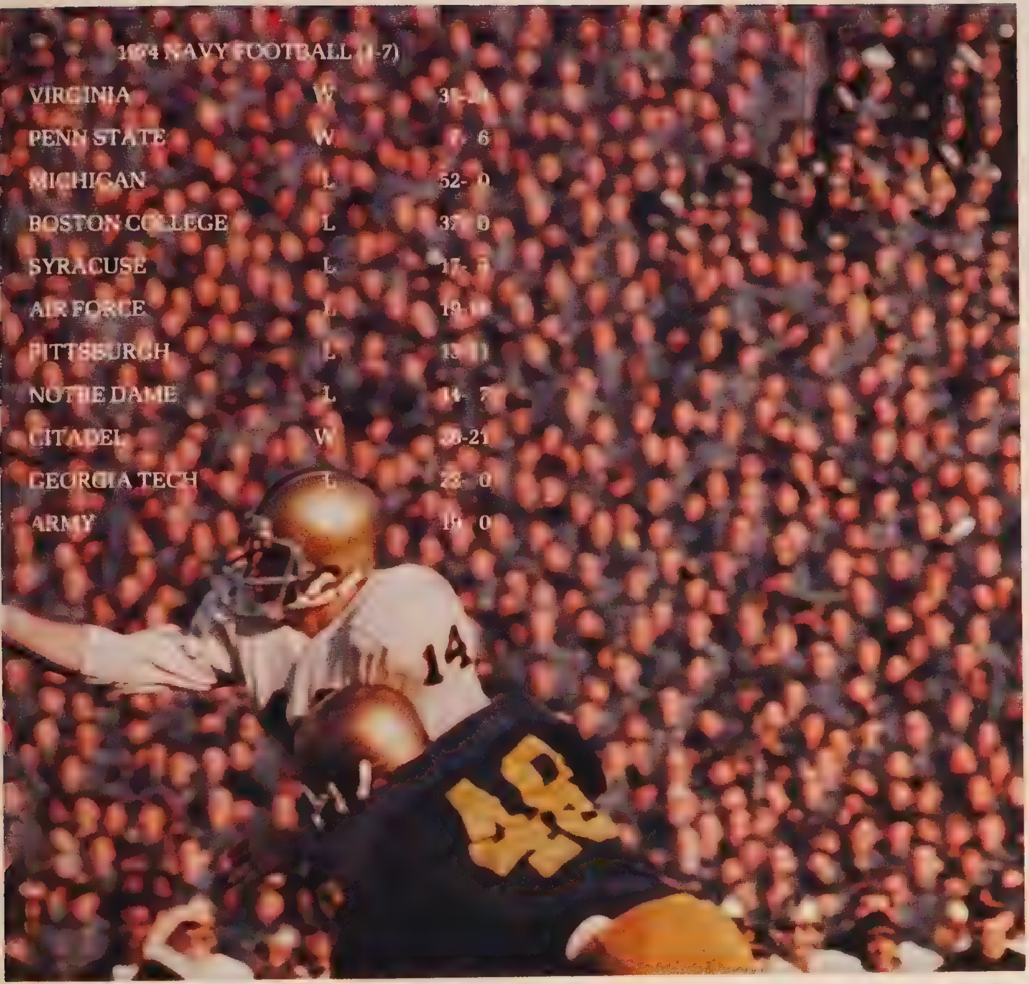
PA 653?



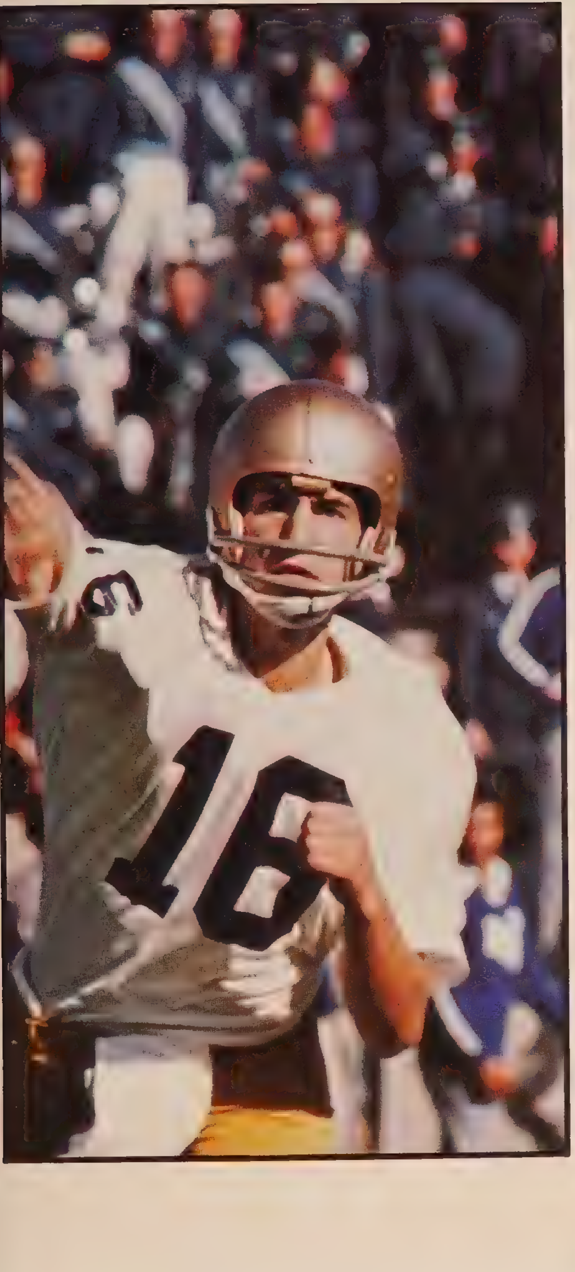


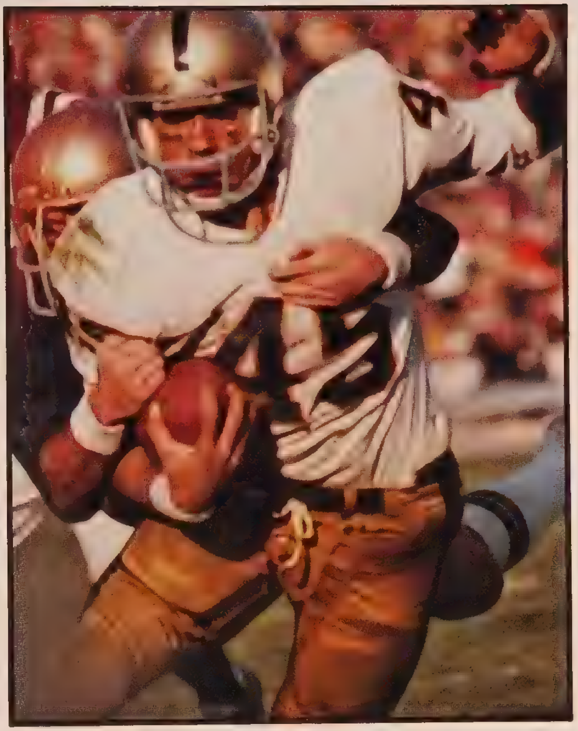
1974 NAVY FOOTBALL ([illegible]-7)

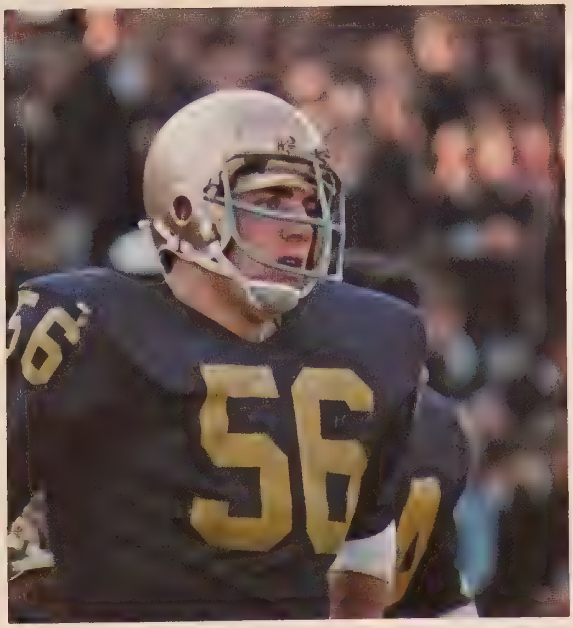
VIRGINIA	W	3[illegible]-2[illegible]
PENN STATE	W	7- 6
MICHIGAN	L	52- 0
BOSTON COLLEGE	L	37- 0
SYRACUSE	L	17- [illegible]
AIR FORCE	L	19-1[illegible]
PITTSBURGH	L	13-11
NOTRE DAME	L	14- 7
CITADEL	W	[illegible]-21
GEORGIA TECH	L	2[illegible]- 0
ARMY		19- 0

NAVY

BEAT ARMY
N
NAVY







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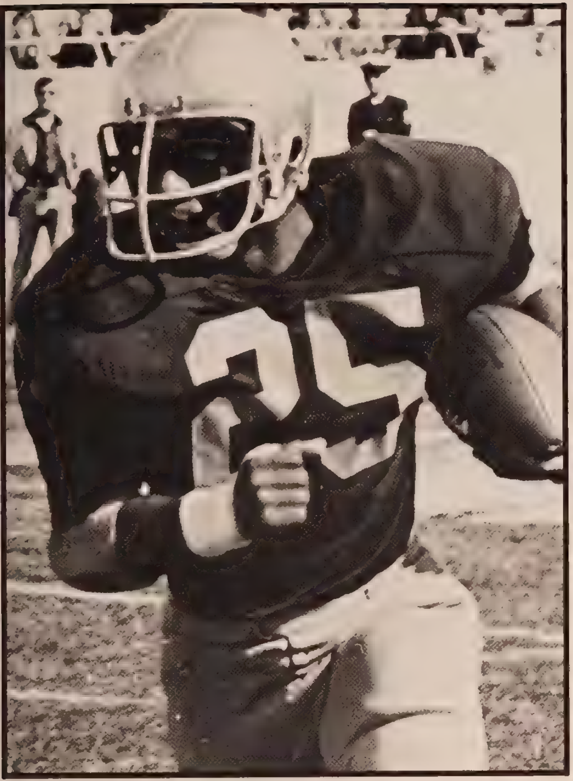
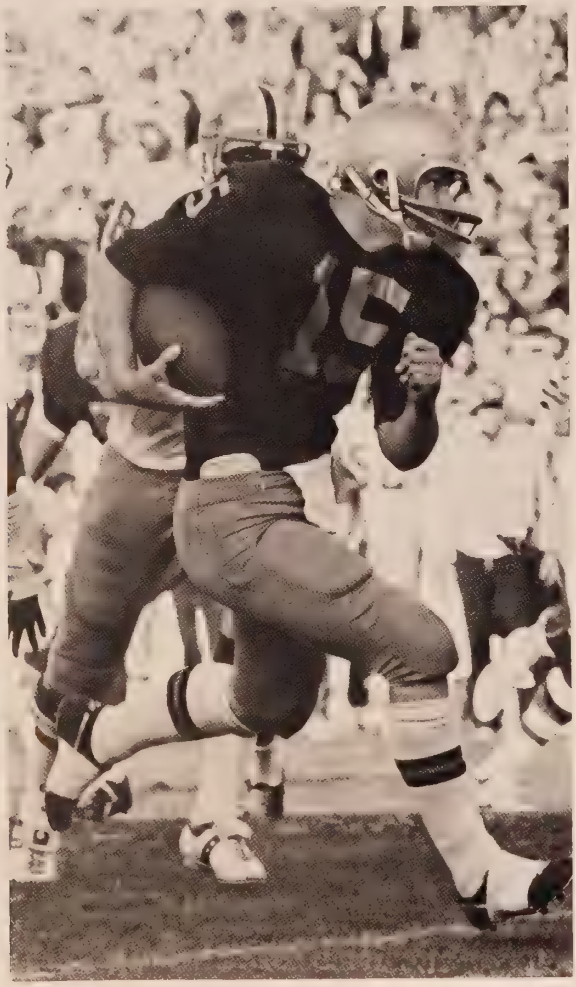


BEAT ARMY
Go NAVY
NAVY



BEAT ARMY
BEAT ARMY

ESPOSITO

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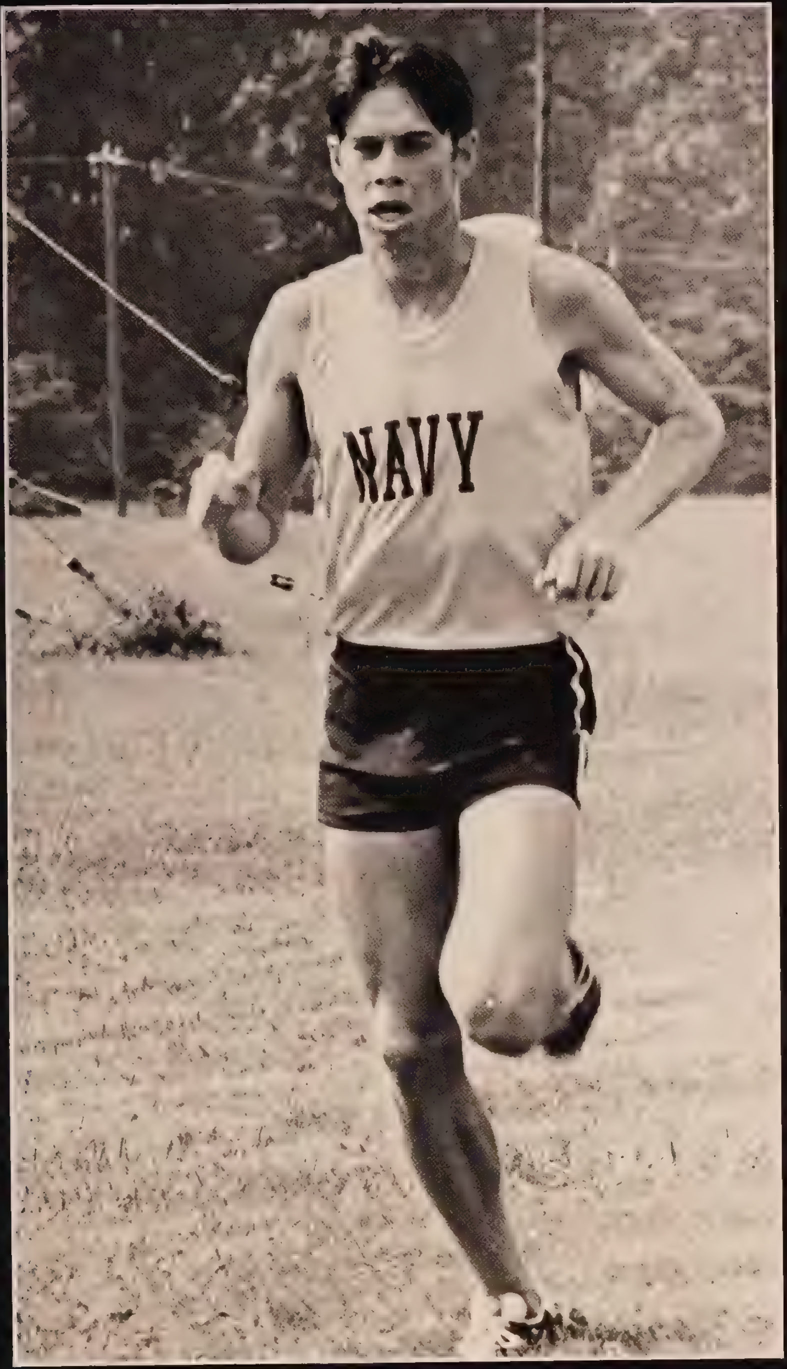

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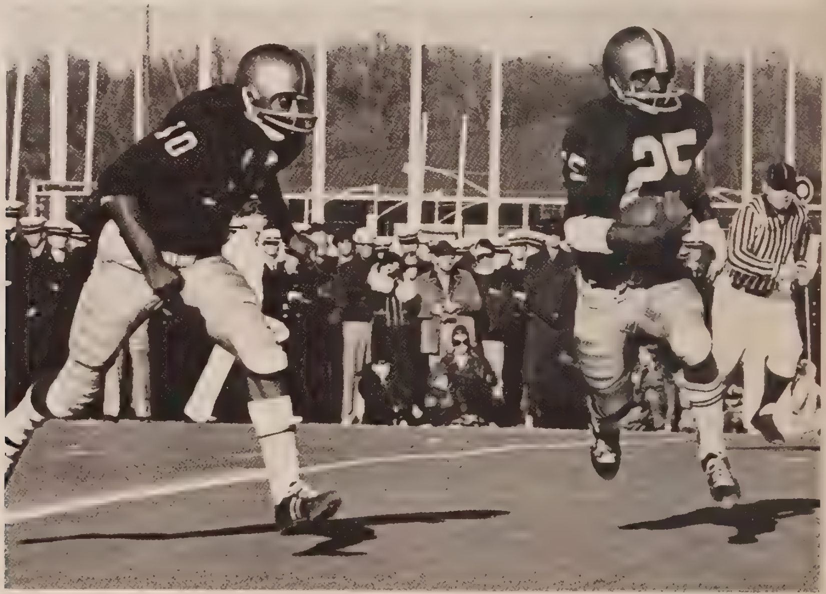

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78
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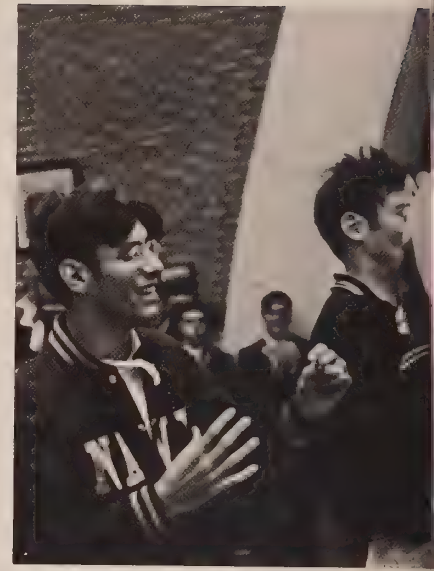
NAVY

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PENN

TUF-WEAR
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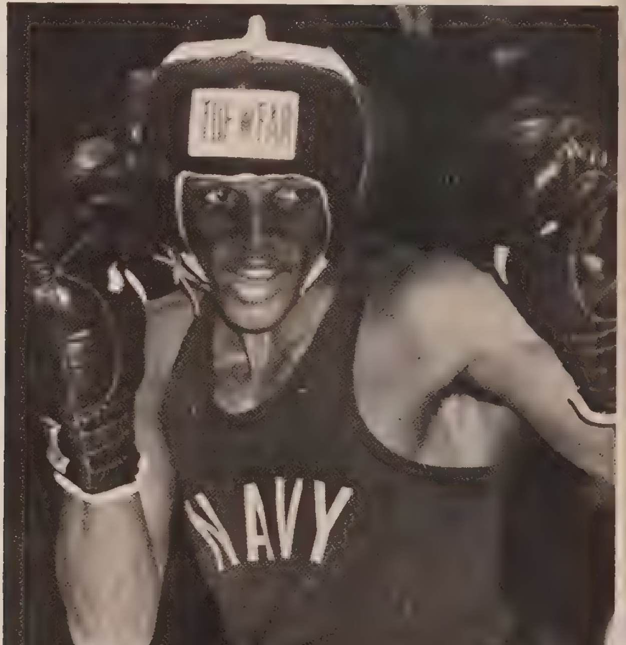
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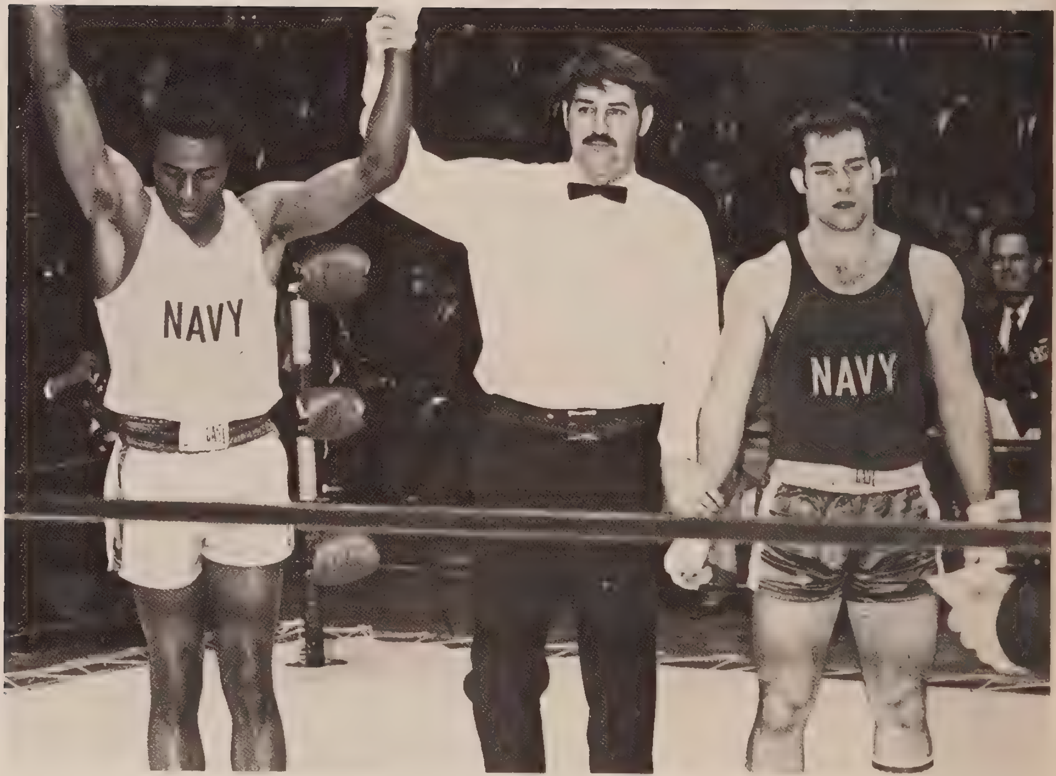
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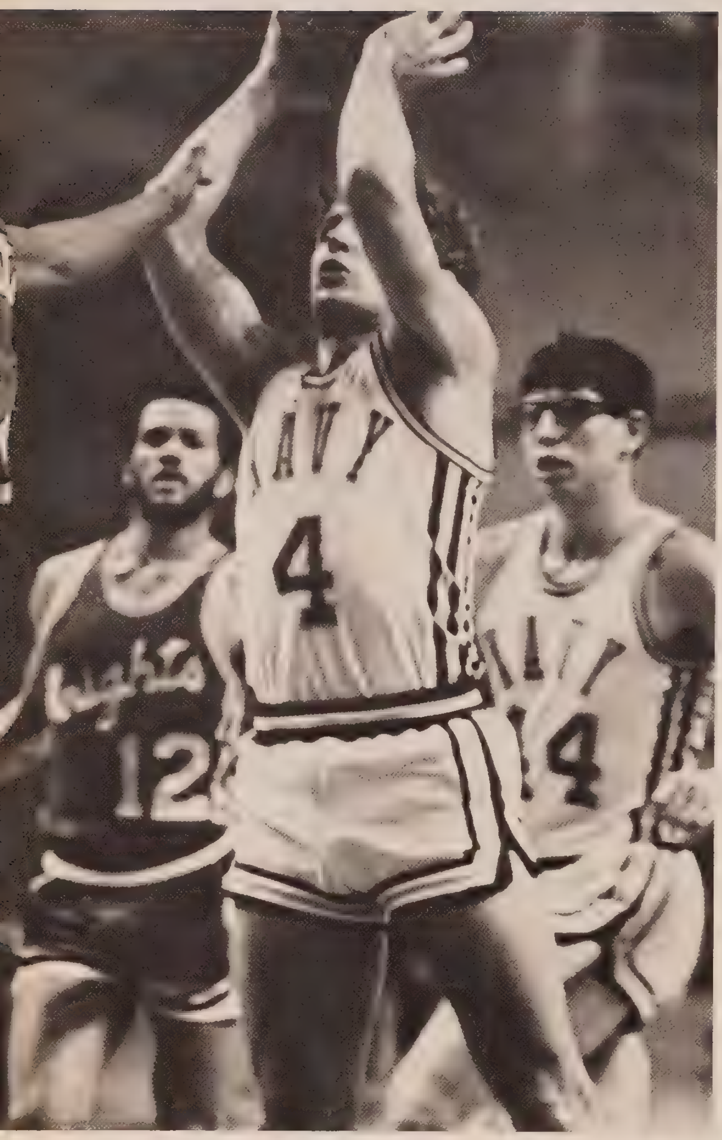
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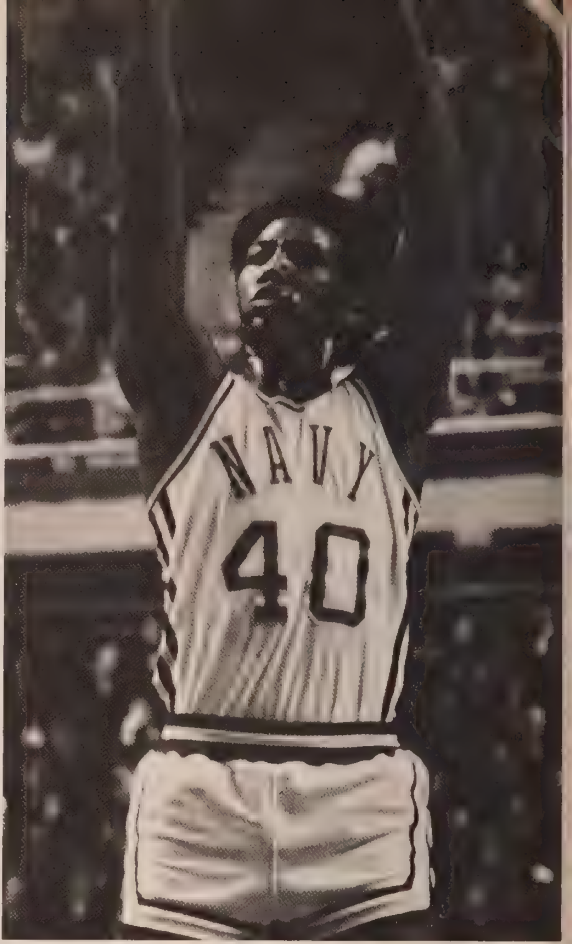
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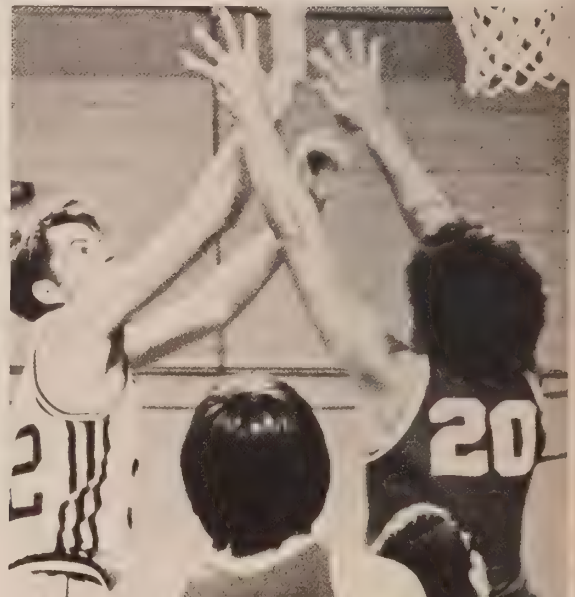
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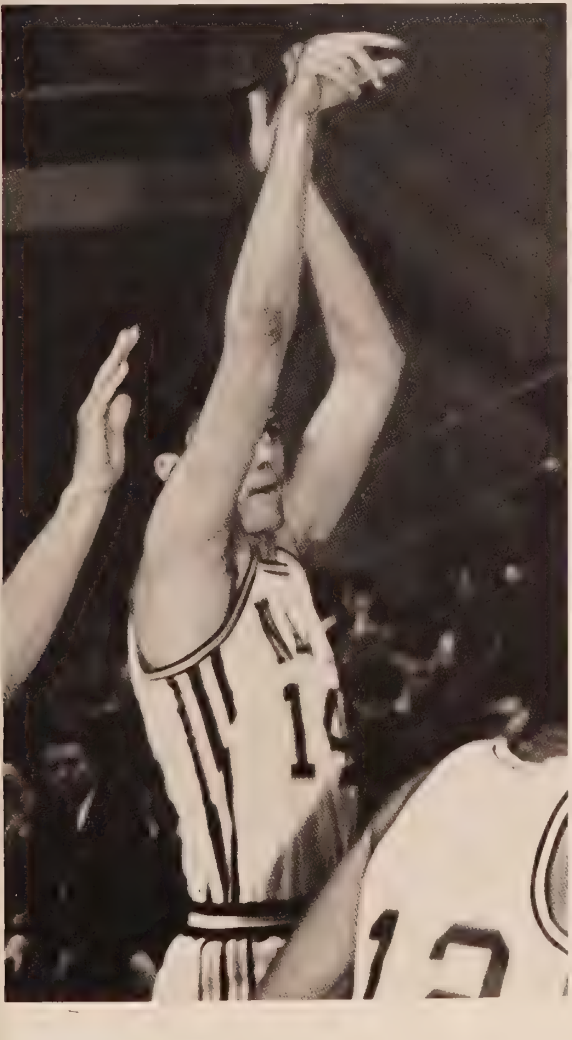

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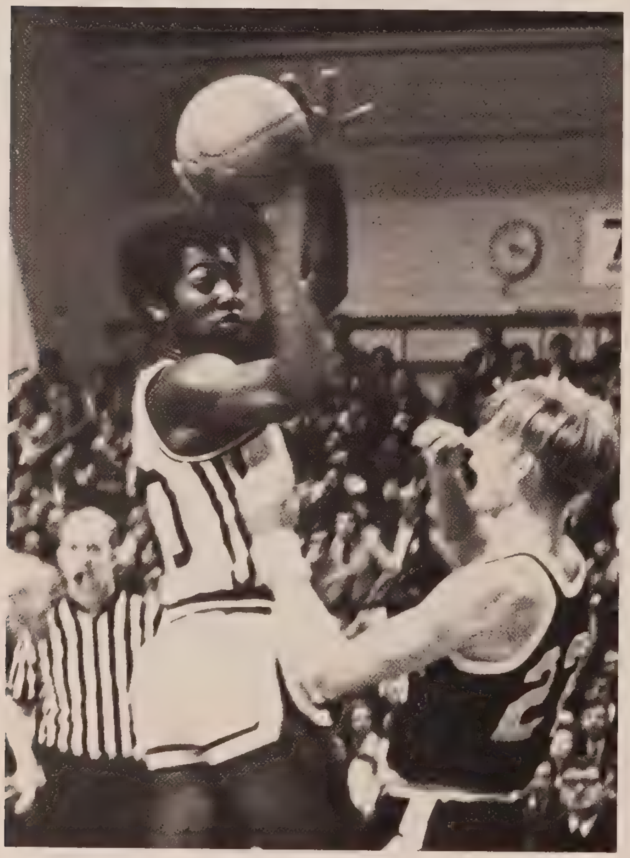

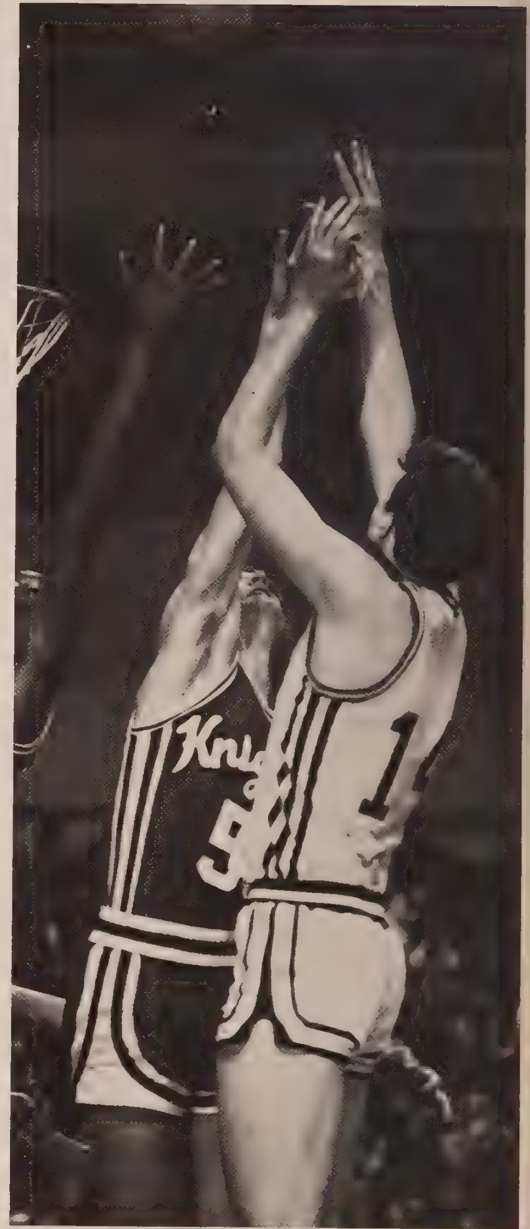

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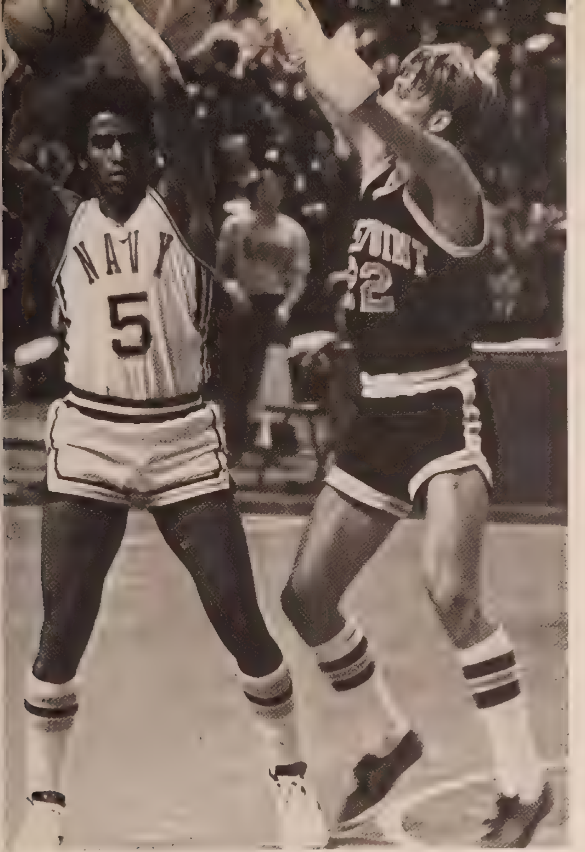
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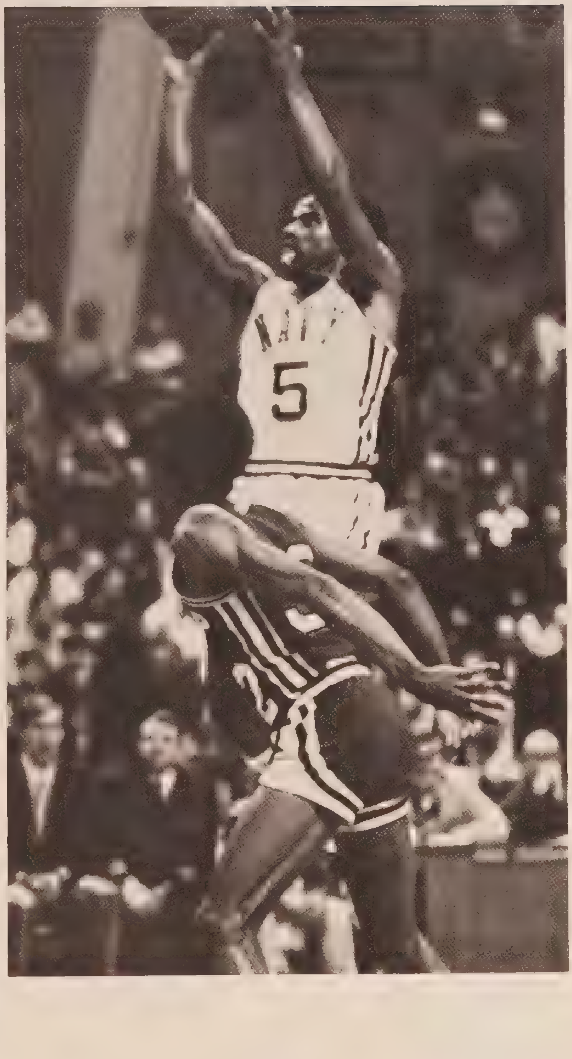
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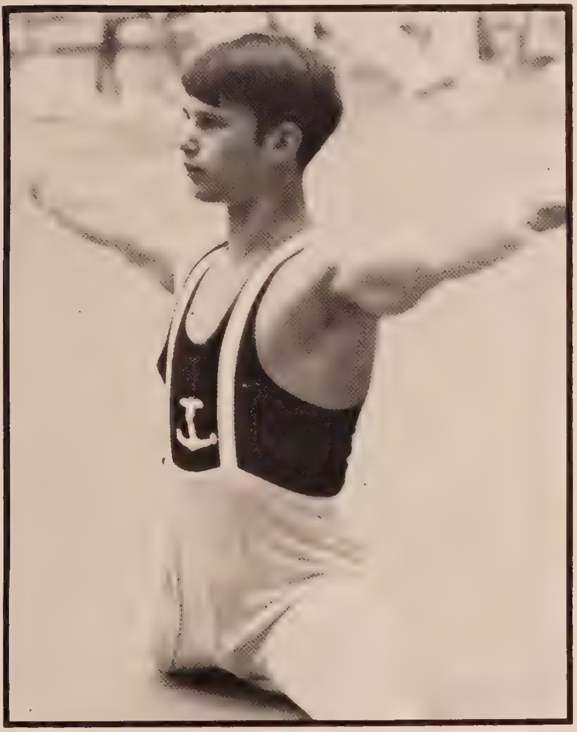

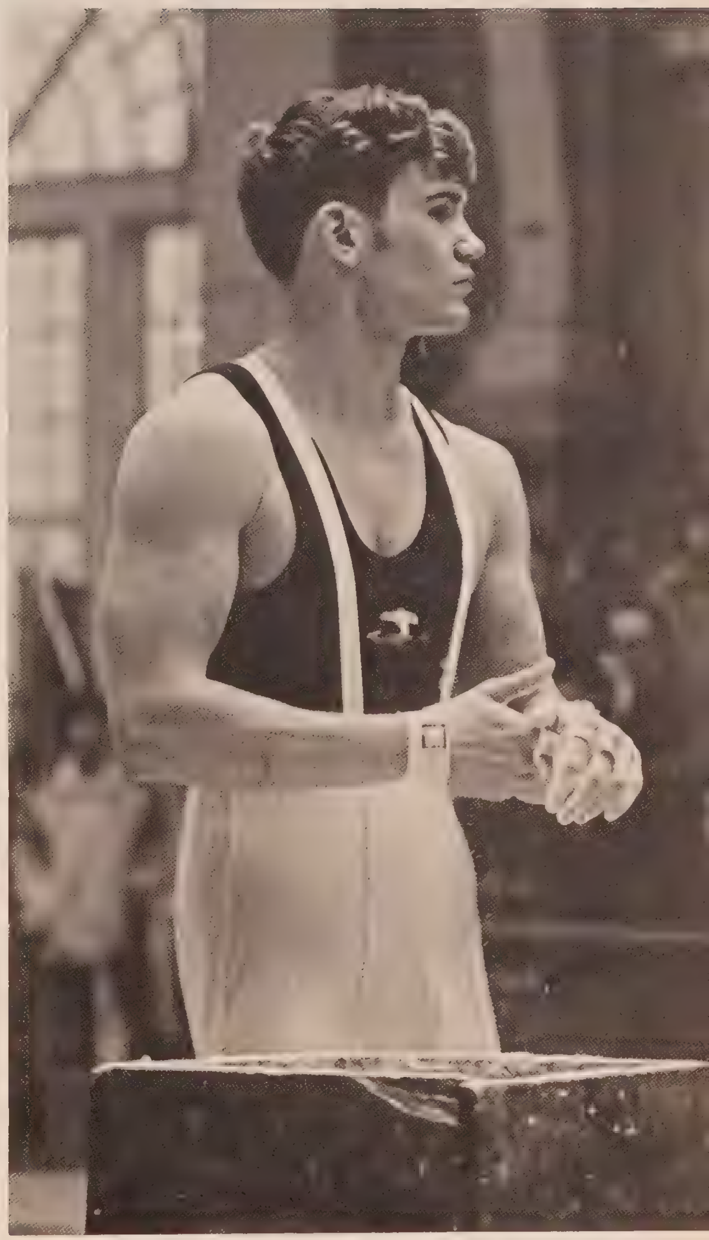

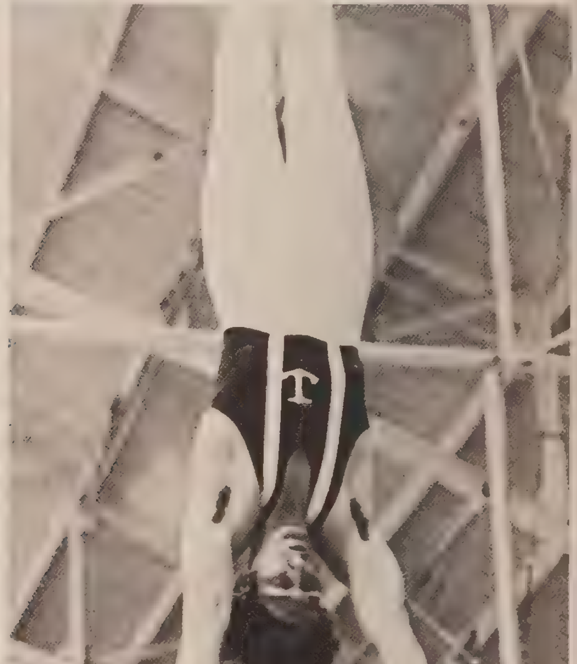

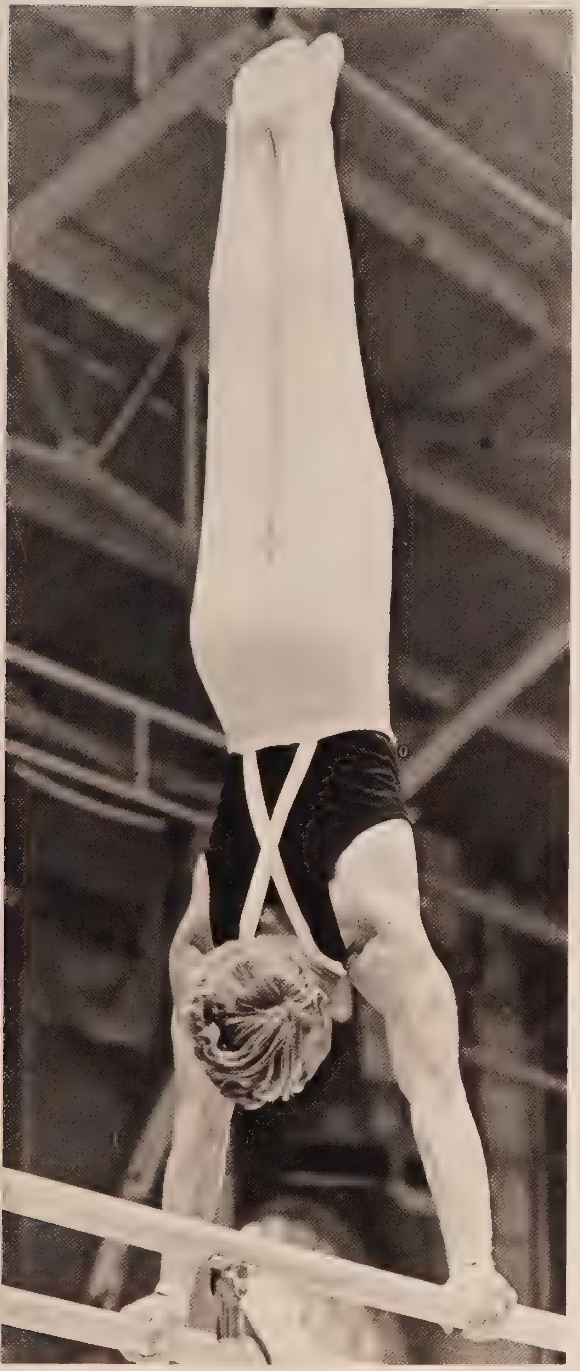

7
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NAVY
3
NAVY
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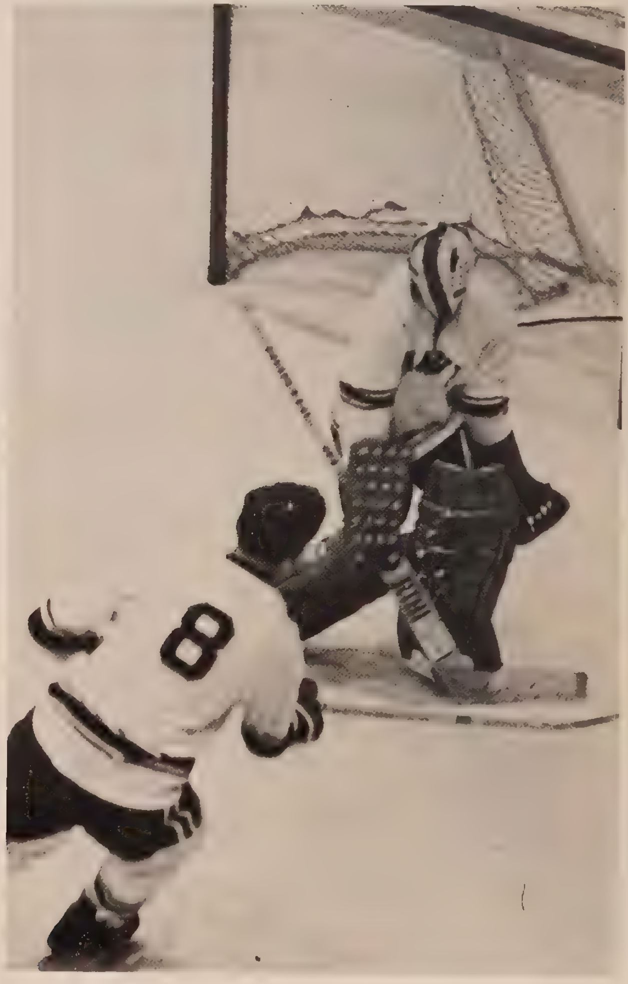
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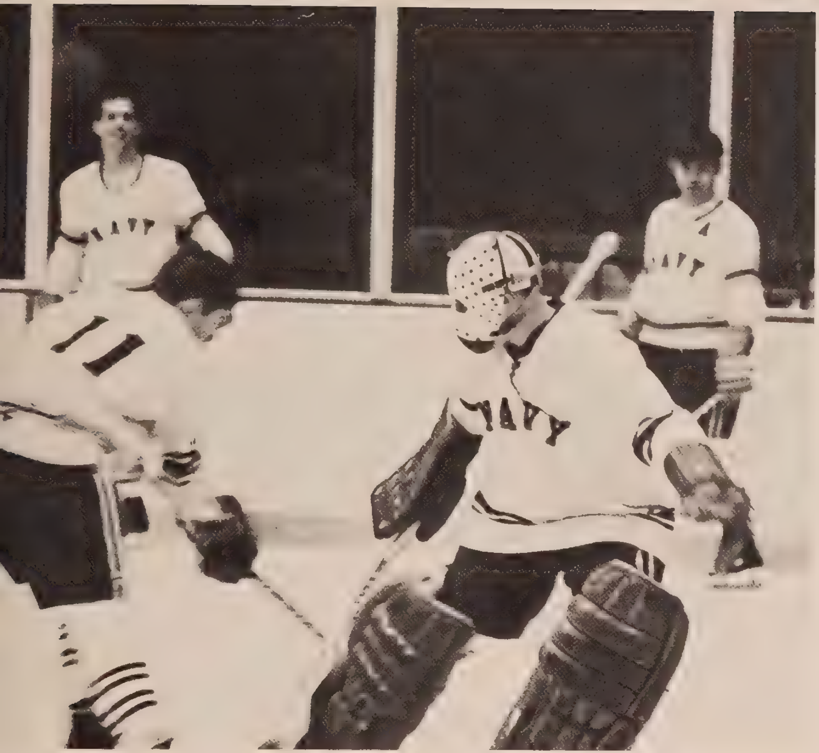

NAVY
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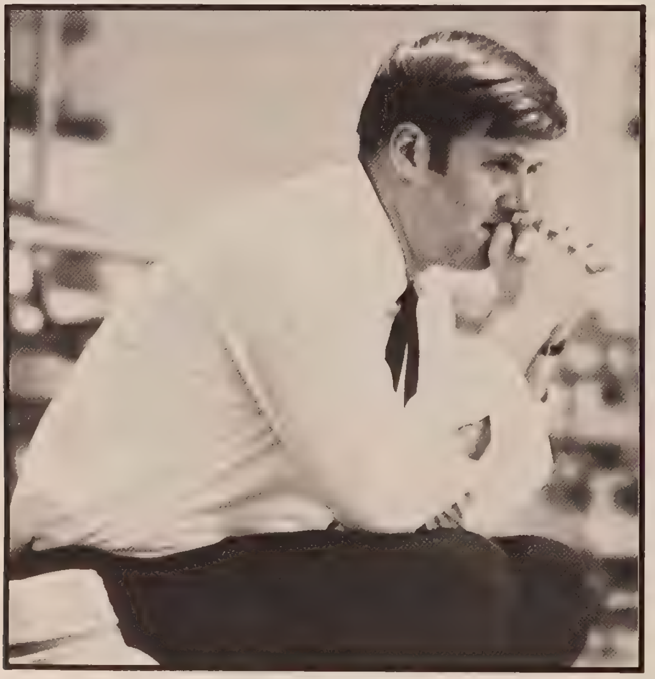
CHRISTIAN



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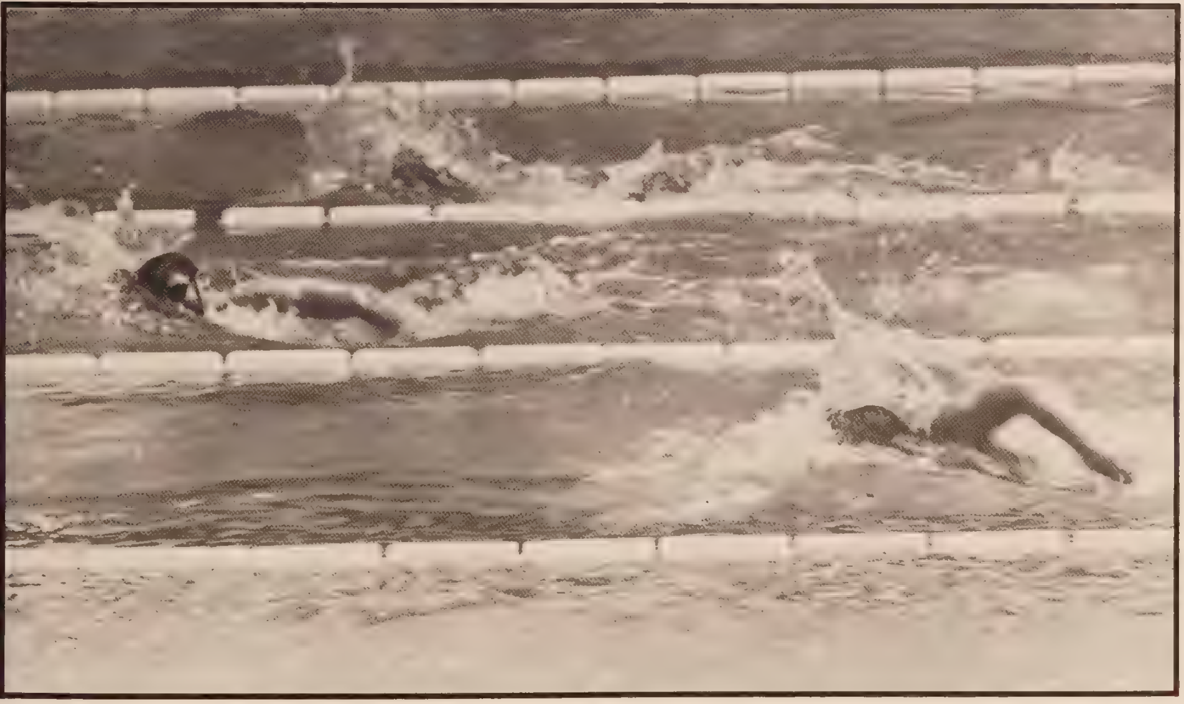

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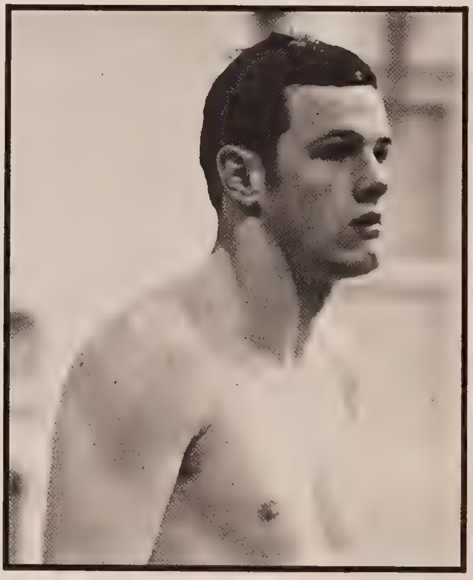

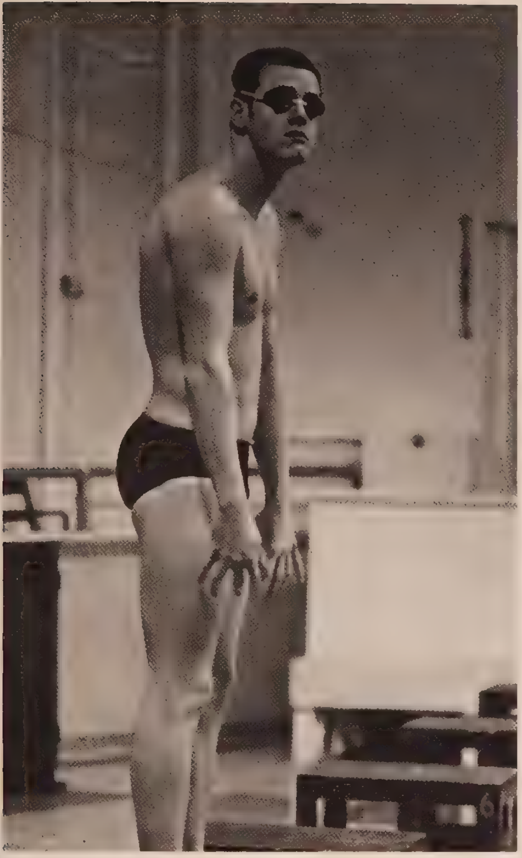

N

Navy
Navy
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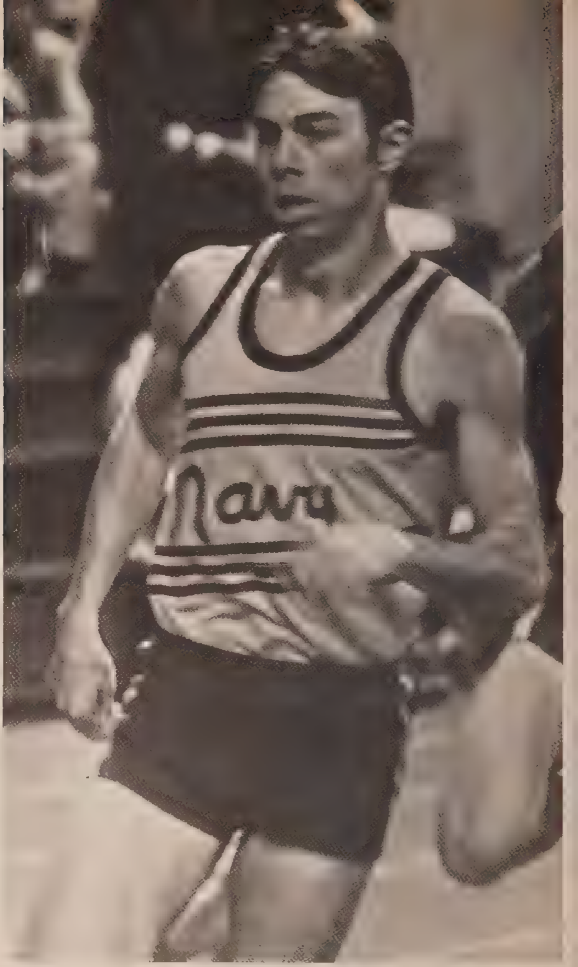
ISTA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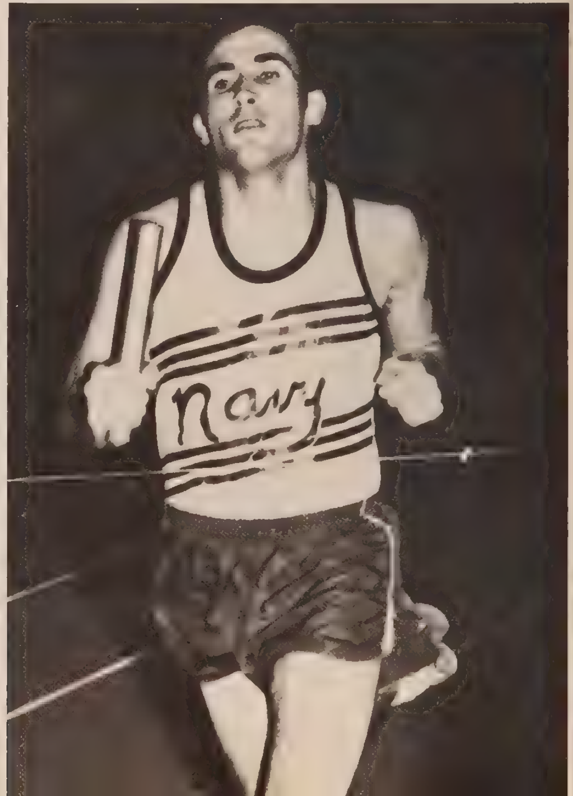
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Port-A-Pi

Navy
PENN STATE
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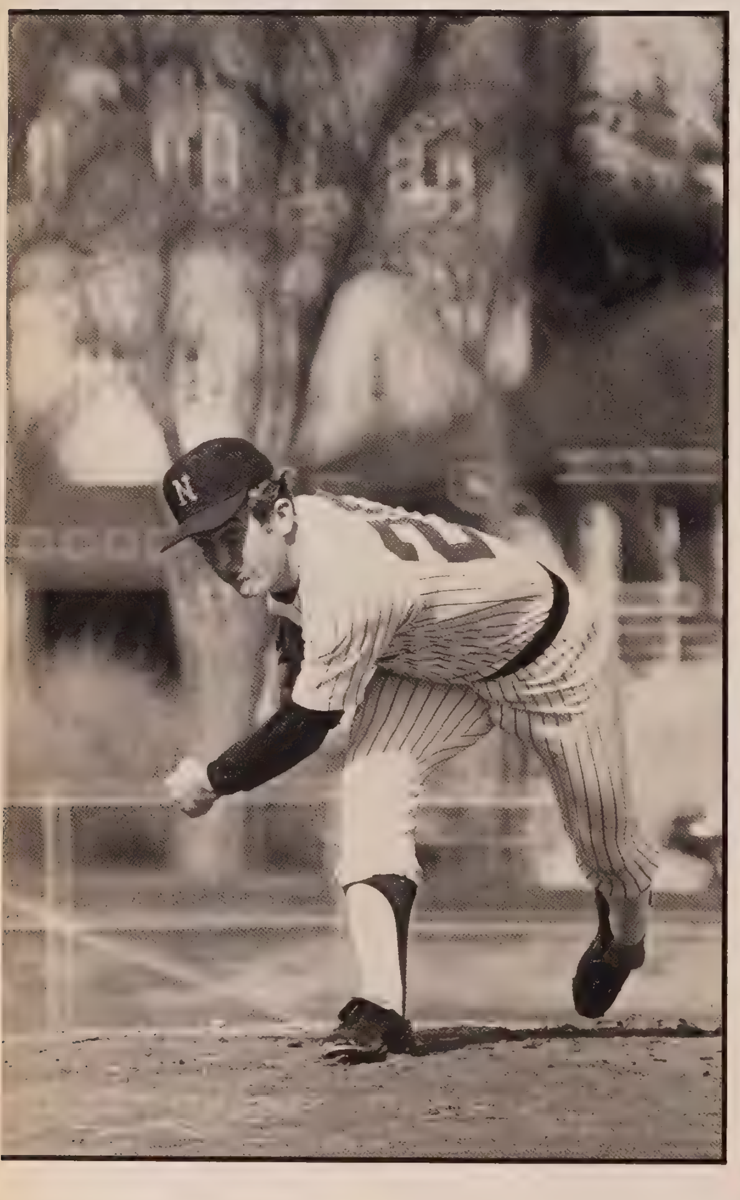

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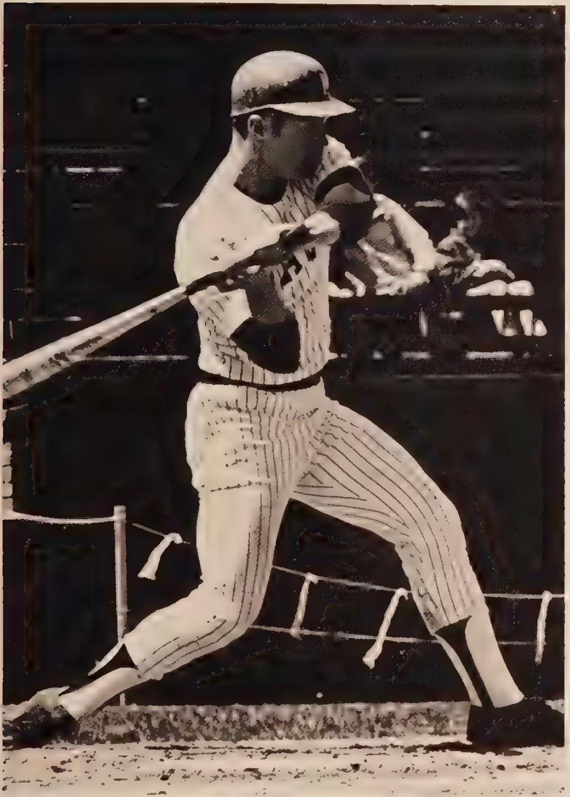
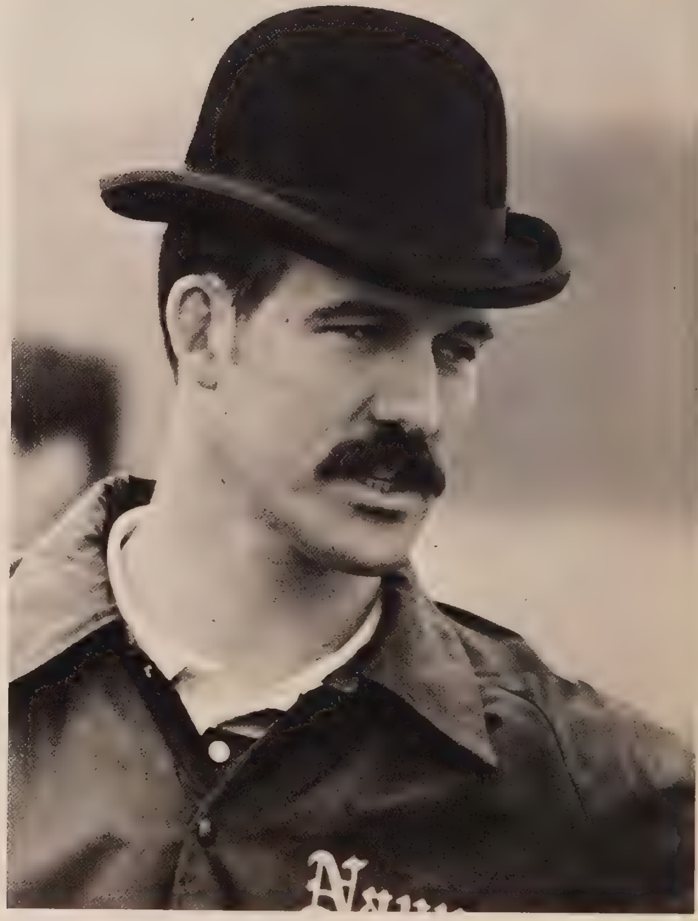


BALL
STRIKE
AT BAT
VISITOR
NAVY
FORSTER MEMO
NAVY

9

2



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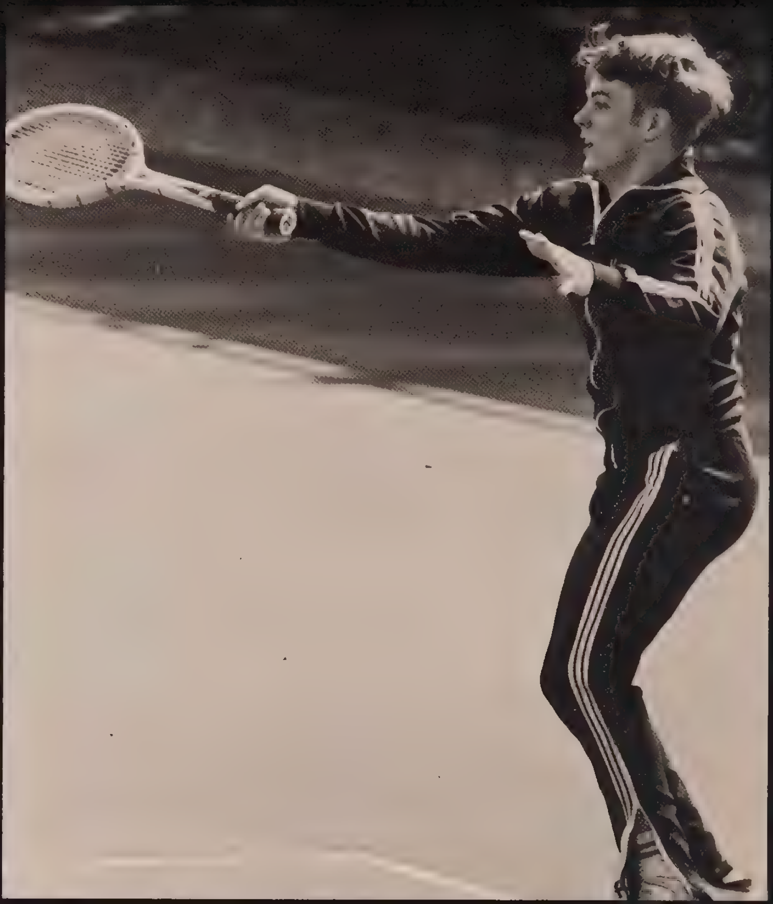

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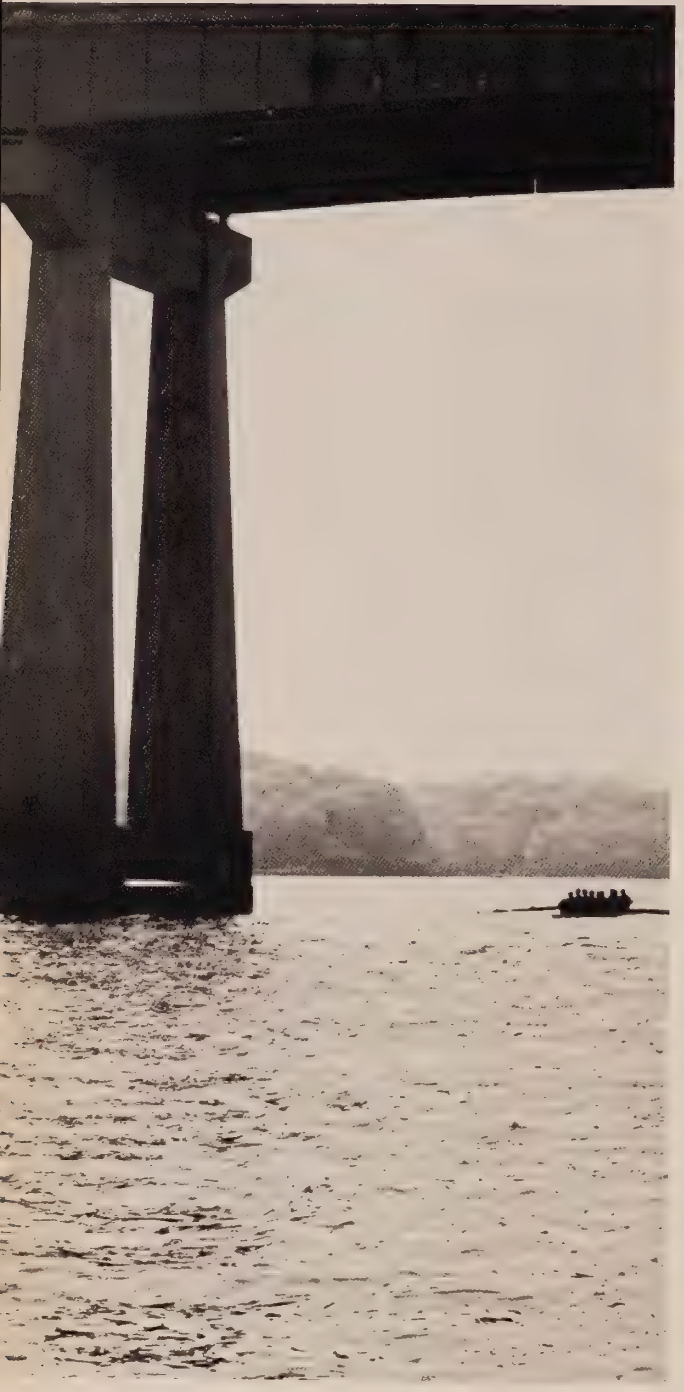

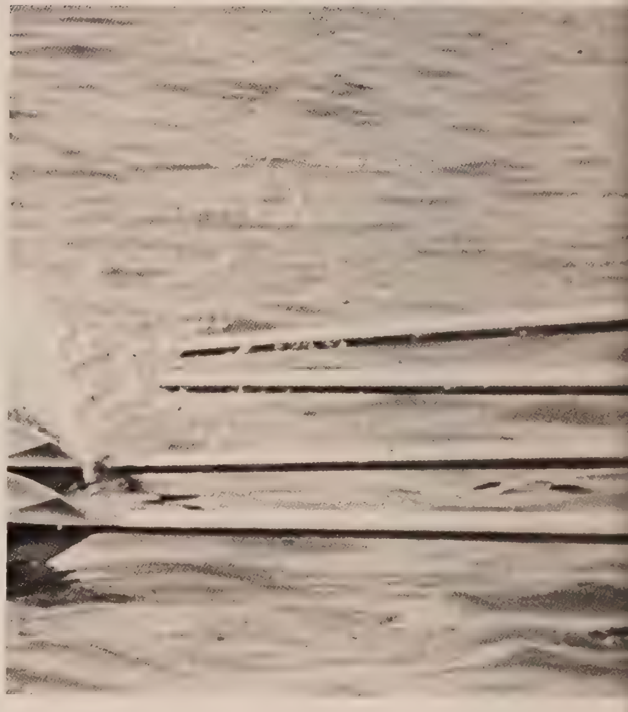

NYU
NYU
NYU
CREW
CREW

NAV

CBA

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MARYLAND
17
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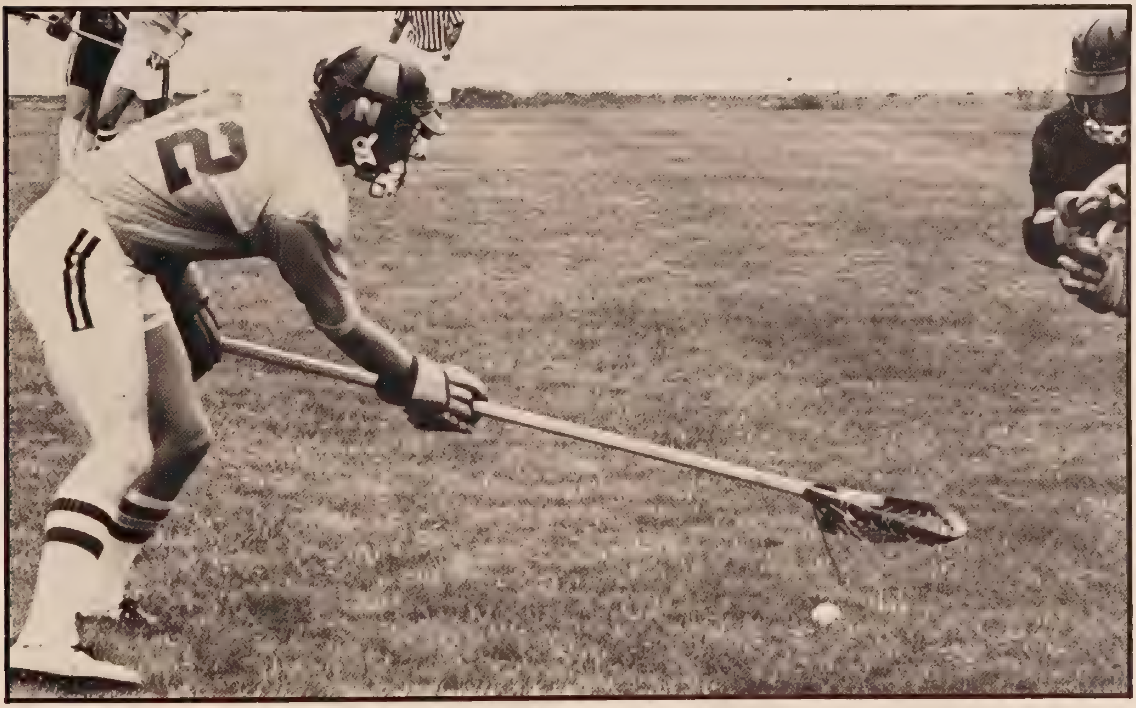
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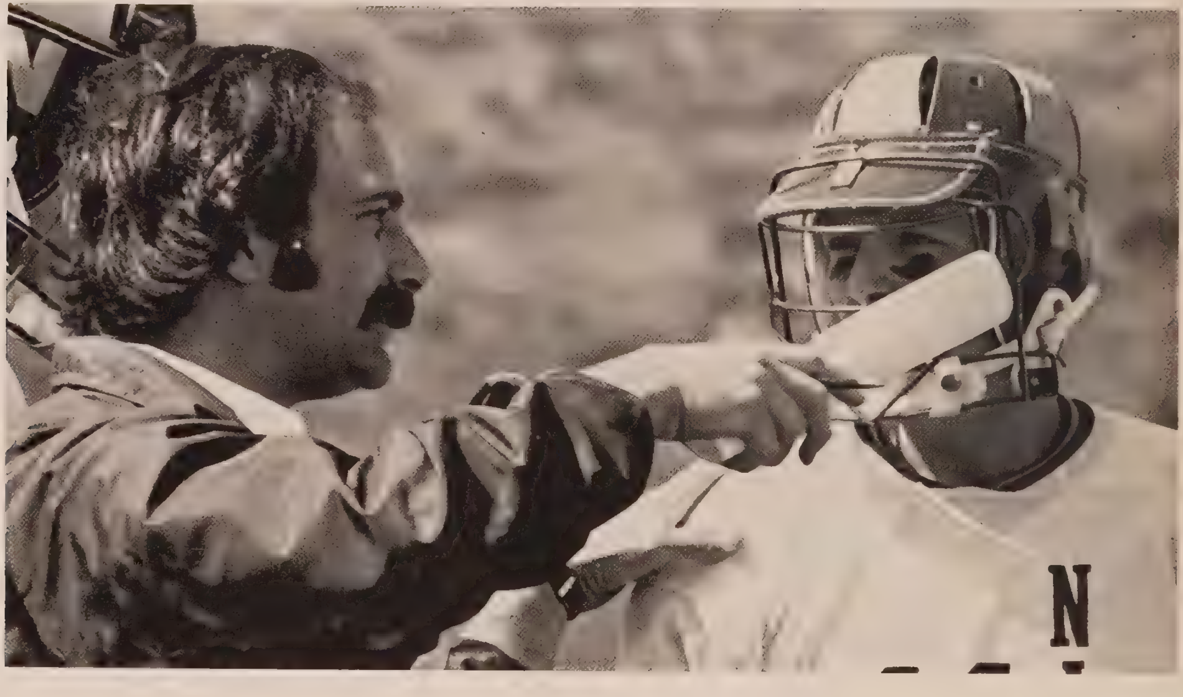
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BETHMANN
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9

Navy
WEST PO

Navy
Navy

WEST POINT
Navy

Navy

Navy

Navy

INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

FALL

BASKETBALL	19th Company
SOCCER	29th Company
BOXING	2nd Battalion
CREW	2nd Battalion
CROSS COUNTRY	6th Battalion
FENCING	3rd Battalion
FOOTBALL	6th Battalion
HANDBALL	3rd Battalion
SQUASH	4th Battalion
SWIMMING	6th Battalion
TENNIS	1st Battalion
WRESTLING	1st Battalion

WINTER

FIELDBALL	9th Company
HEAVYWEIGHT FOOTBALL	33rd Company
LIGHTWEIGHT FOOTBALL	34th Company
HANDBALL	2nd Battalion
SQUASH	1st Battalion
TEAM HANDBALL	2nd Battalion

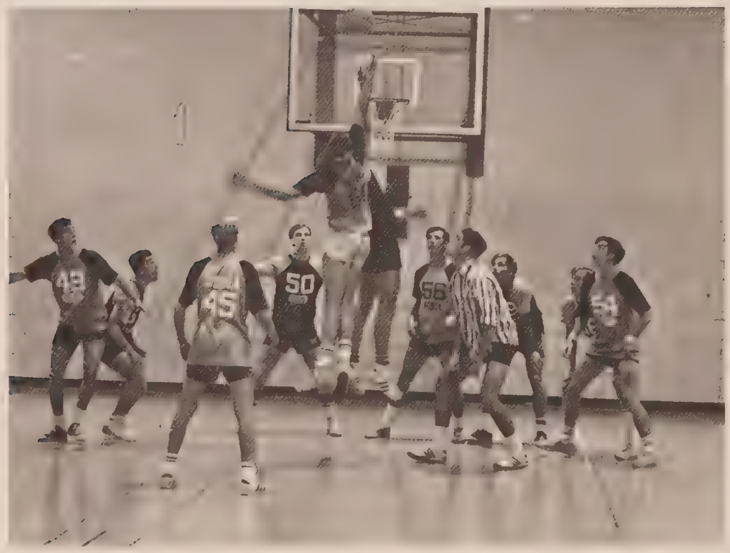
SPRING

KNOCKABOUTS	5th Company
FAST PITCH SOFTBALL	24th Company
SLOW PITCH SOFTBALL	9th Company
BASKETBALL	1st Battalion
LACROSSE	4th Battalion
RUGBY	2nd Battalion
SQUASH	2nd Battalion
TENNIS	5th Battalion
TRACK	3rd Battalion
VOLLEYBALL	4th Battalion
WATER POLO	4th Battalion
WEIGHT LIFTING	5th Battalion

MENS RESTROOM

USMA
2
USMA
44
USMA
48

45


49
45
50
56
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AVY
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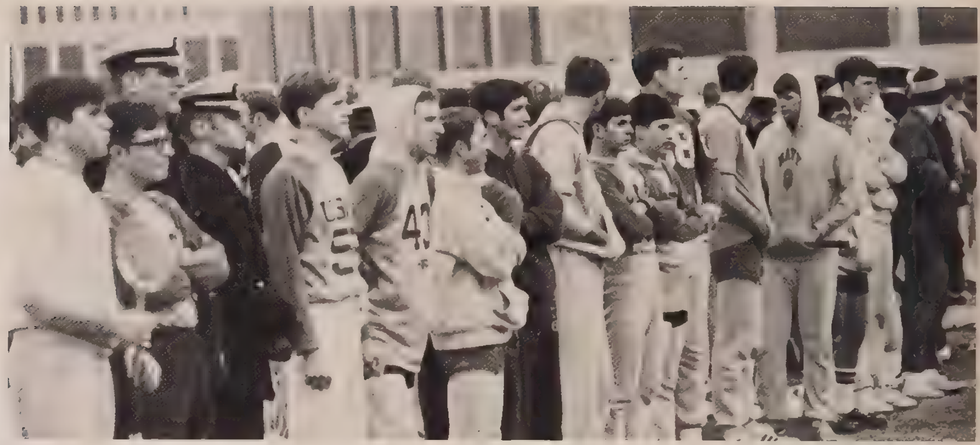
USNA
47
USNA



USNA
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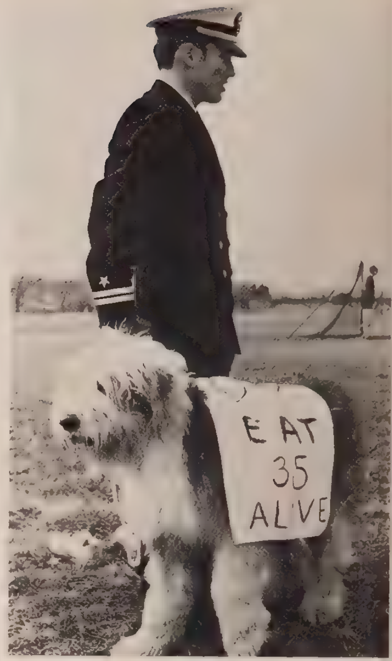
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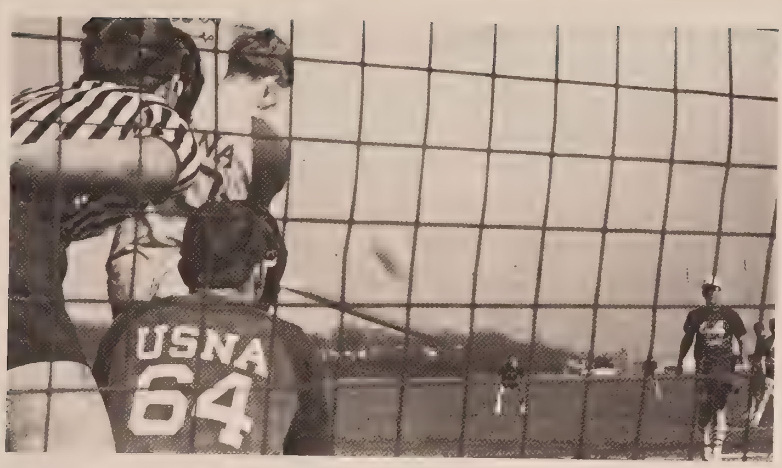
ALIVE


USNA
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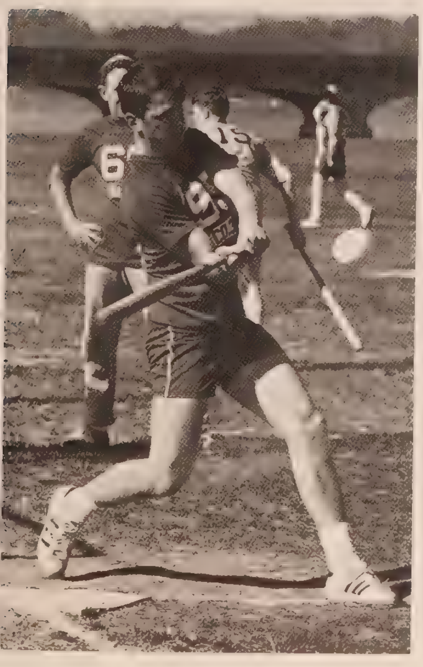


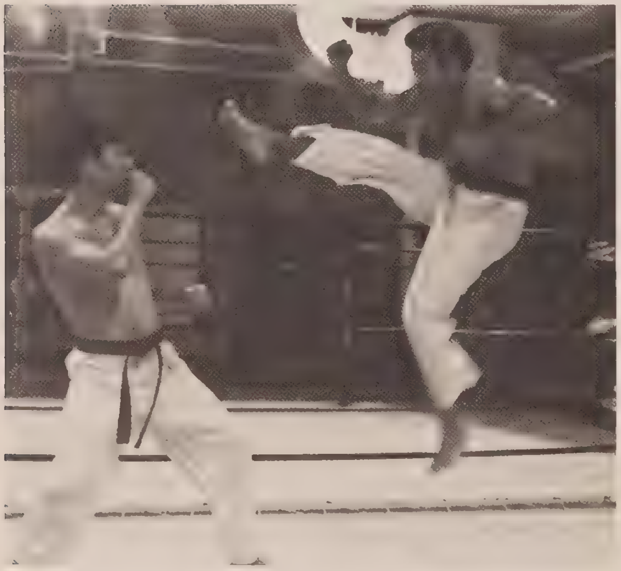
50

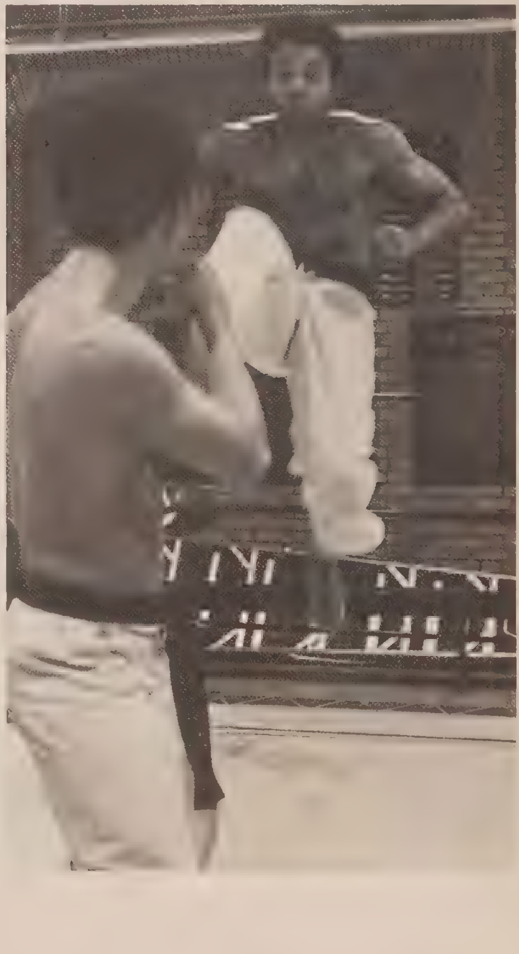
EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

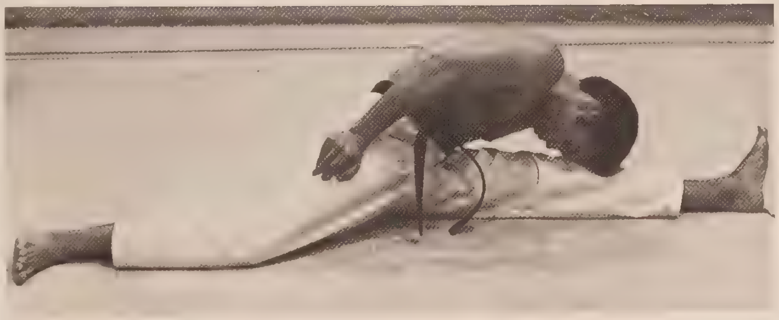
ACTIVITY	PRESIDENT
Amateur Radio Club	J. A. Sanford
American Nuclear Society	C. S. Olexik
American Society of Naval Engineers	L. Foster
Antiphonal Choir	M. L. Pray
Art and Printing Club	J. G. Rader
Big Brothers	T. P. Biggs
Brigade Activities Committee	T. L. Dempsey
Brigade Hop Committee	C. Cikanovich
Cannoneers	J. W. Willis
Car Club	R. H. Stevens
Catholic Chapel Choir	W. H. Daley
Cheerleaders	J. D. Theeuwen
Chemistry Club	D. J. Chatlos
Chess Club	P. F. Sloan
Christmas Card Club	S. A. O'Brien
Churchill Society	R. W. Lowell
Class of 1975	C. R. Quigley
Class of 1976	M. B. Pearsall
Class of 1977	G. A. Ellis
Drum and Bugle Corps	D. S. Herbein
Fellowship of Christian Athletes	D. Michalke
Glee Club	B. E. Graves
Handball Club	C. R. Large
Hockey Club	D. G. Niedermaier
International Club	W. P. Gooley
Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers	J. S. Tandy
Judo Club	P. A. Jacobs
Juice Gang	G. W. Croner
Karate Club	J. W. Robinson
Log Magazine	J. Starvidis
Lucky Bag 1975	A. C. Howard
Lucky Bag 1976	N. Karangelen
Marine Technology Society	K. Nostrant
Masqueraders	G. Strul
Midn Pep Band	N. F. Guernsey
Military Studies Association	J. C. Norris
Naval Academy Christian Association	S. L. Rarig
Newman Club	G. E. Mayer
Officer Christian Fellowship	T. F. Humphrey
Orienteering Club	J. M. Stamos
Parachute Club	B. A. Speer
Photography Club	J. J. Donnelly
Plebe Hop Committee	J. O. Lee
Popular Music Concerts	M. D. Harrington
Protestant Chapel Choir	D. W. Jensen
Public Relations Committee	J. J. Cuff
Radio Station WRNV	J. A. Stanford
Reef Points	F. E. Nunn
Ring and Crest Committee	R. D. Harwell
Ring Dance Committee	G. B. Davis
Rugby Club	F. M. Langley
Scuba Club	P. M. Grant
Sigma Iota Epsilon	D. B. Wick
Sigma Pi Sigma	R. Eichelberger
Ski Club	R E Barba
Sportsman Club	W. Brechtel

ACTIVITY	PRESIDENT
Trident Brass	M. D. Zeiders
Trident Claendar	S. Hill J. Ochenkoski
Trident Magazine	M. D. Harrington
Varsity "N" Club	J. R. Simons
WMID-TV	W. J. Sheppard
YP Squadron	T. J. Gregory
American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics	
American Society of Mechanical Engineers	
Midn Sailing Squadron	

ACTIVITY
Bowling Team
Bridge Club
Brigade Honor Committee
Class of 1978
Forensic Society
History Club
Lucky Bag 1977
Midn Modern Music Bands
Omicron Delta Epsilon



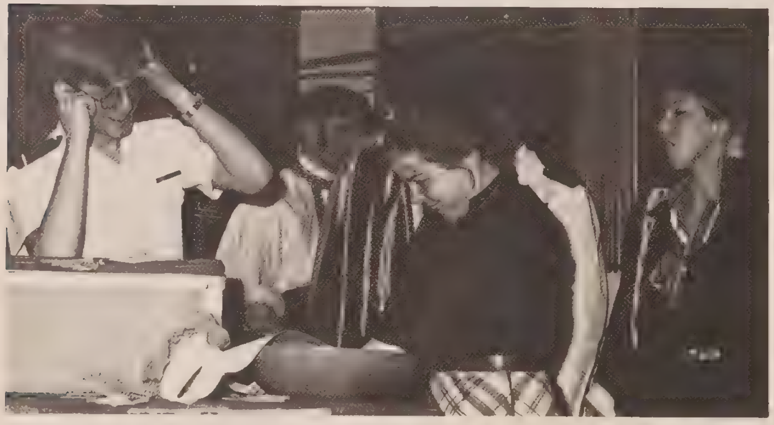




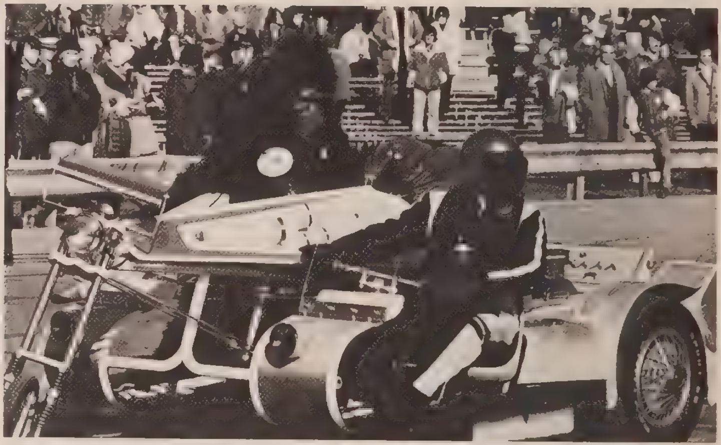
TWO FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

ANYTHING GOES

The Diary of a Scoundrel



DIARY
OF A
SCOUNDREL

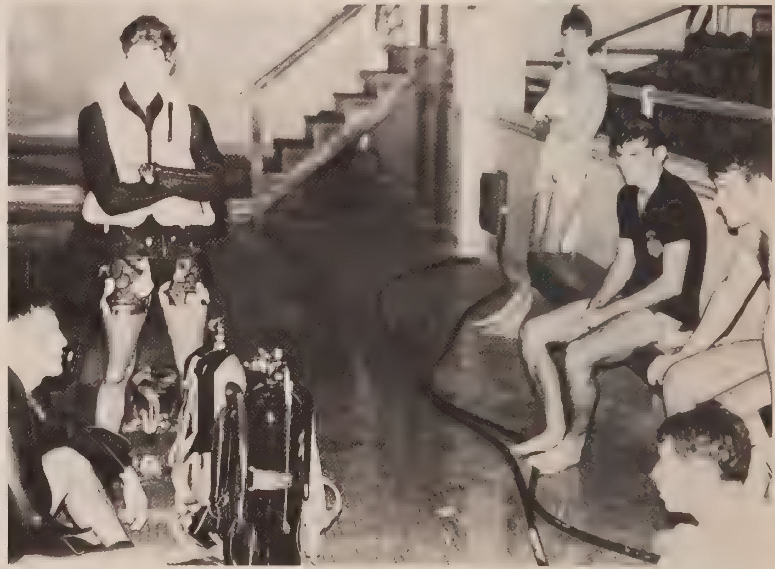


BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
DRUM & BUGLE CORPS

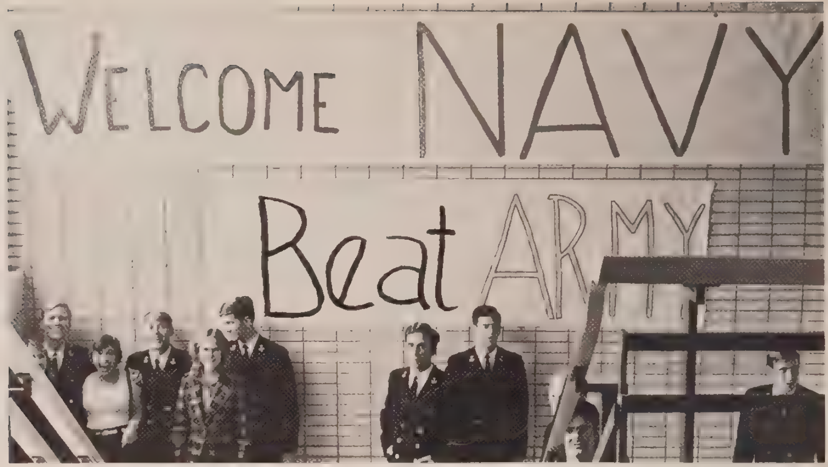
BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN
U.S. NAVAL ACADEM

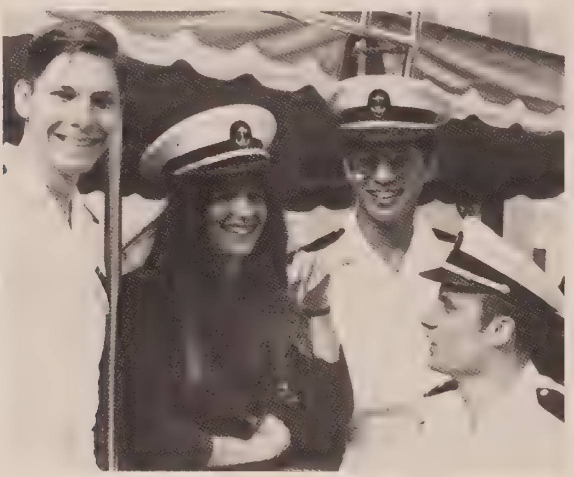
BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
DRUM & BUGLE CORPS

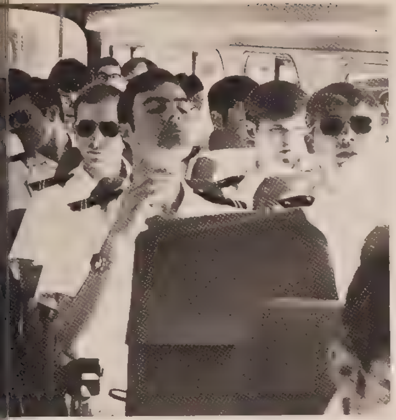
U.S. MIDSHIPMEN
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS



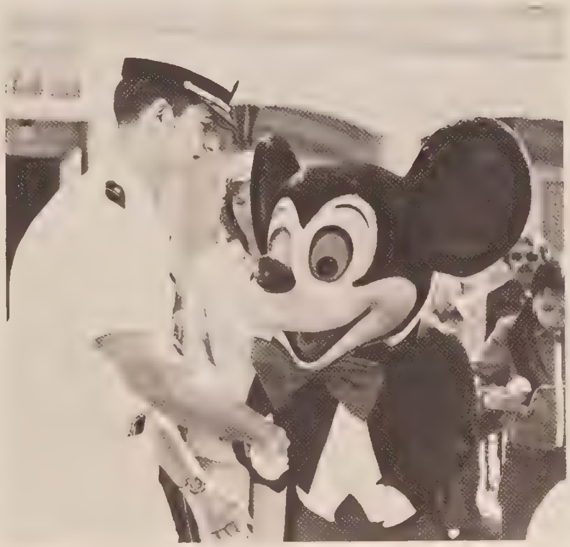
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
AEROSPACE ENGINEERING
N2908A

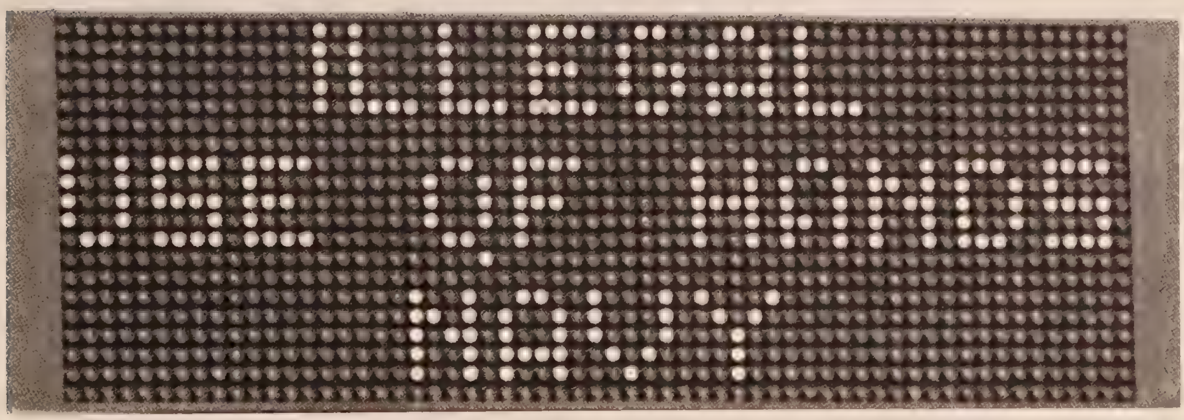

WELCOME NAVY
Beat ARMY

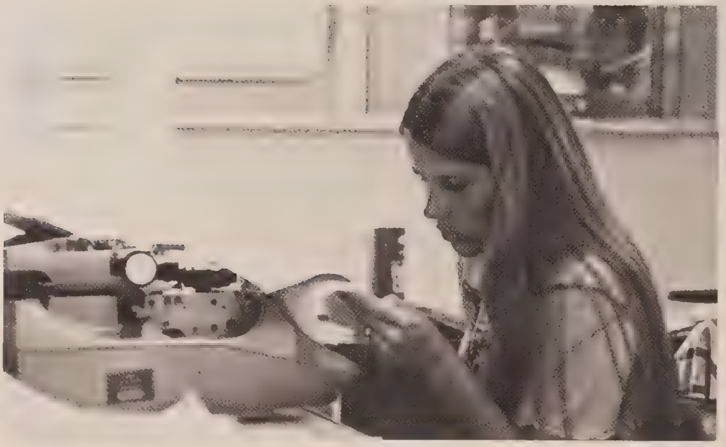




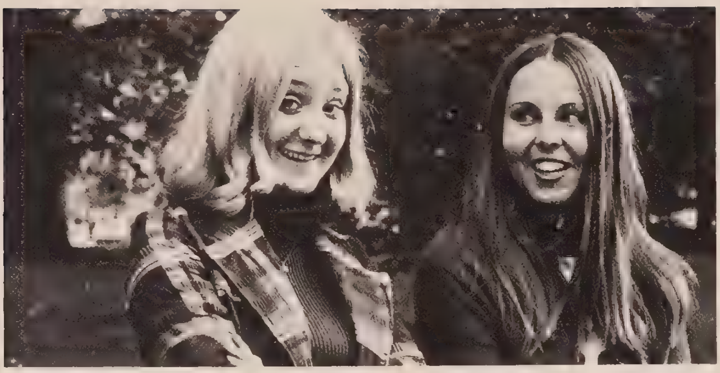
Welcome TO THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL



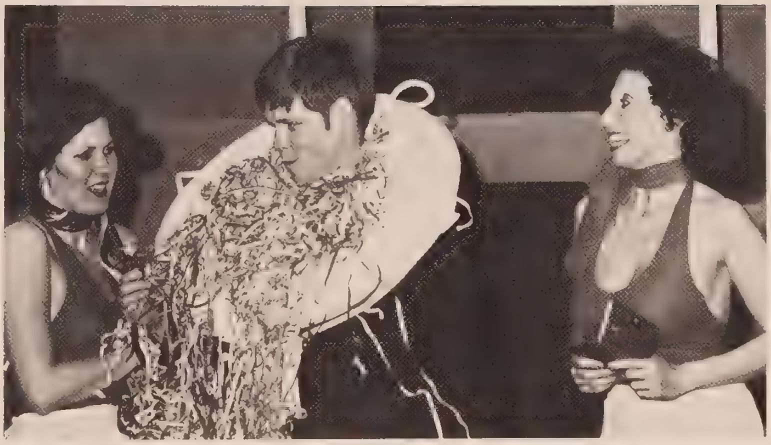


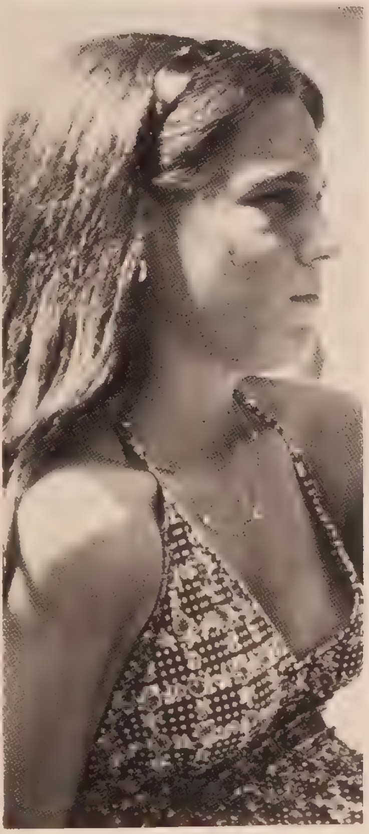


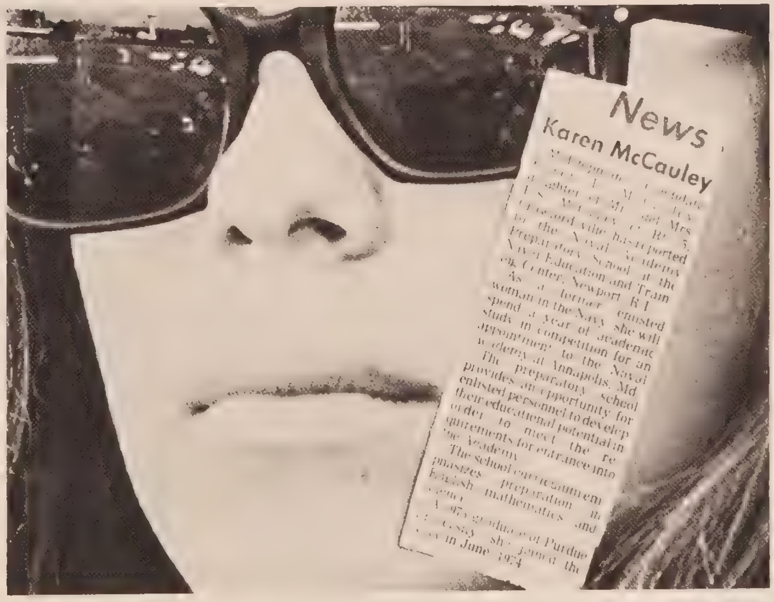
"KISS ME
I'M A MID"



KISS
ME I'M







News

Karen McCauley

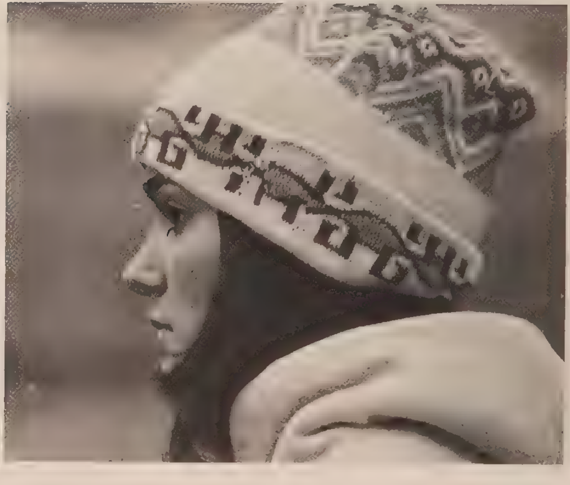
[illegible] daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Rt. 5, Crawfordsville has reported to the Naval Academy Preparatory School at the Naval Education and Training Center, Newport R.I.

As a former enlisted woman in the Navy she will spend a year of academic study in competition for an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

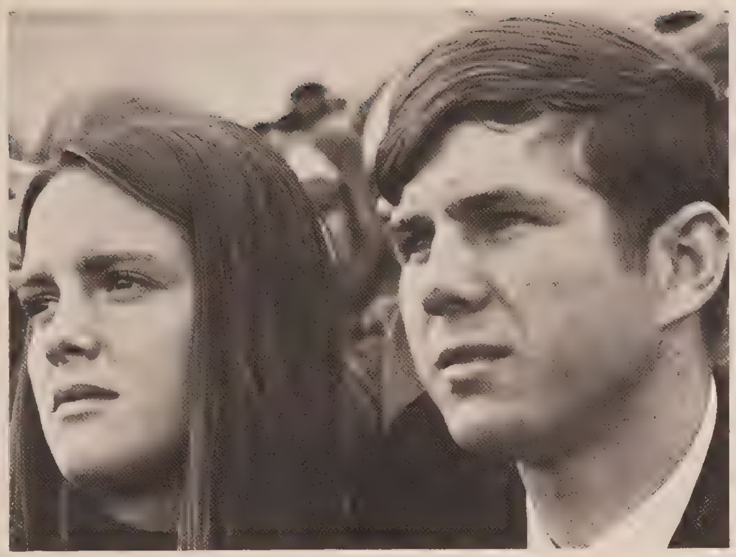
The preparatory school provides an opportunity for enlisted personnel to develop their educational potential in order to meet the requirements for entrance into the Academy.

The school curriculum emphasizes preparation in English, mathematics and science.

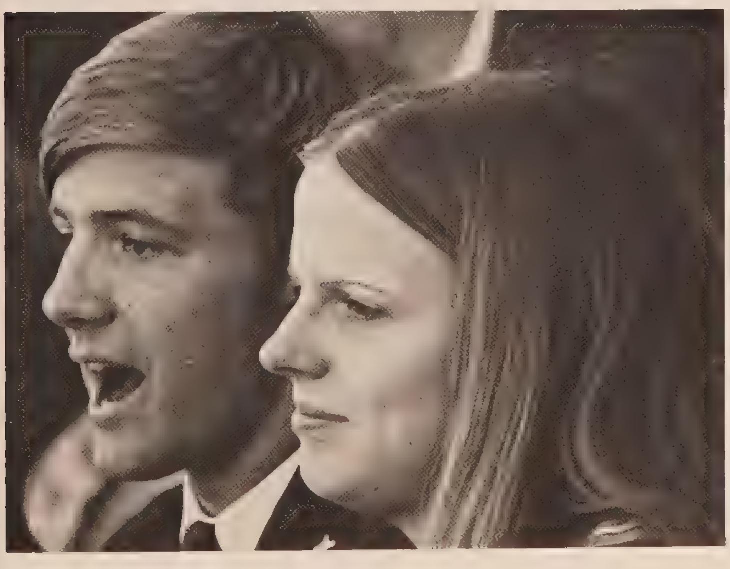
A [illegible] graduate of Purdue University, she joined the [illegible] in June 1974.



BEAT
ARMY



NAVY



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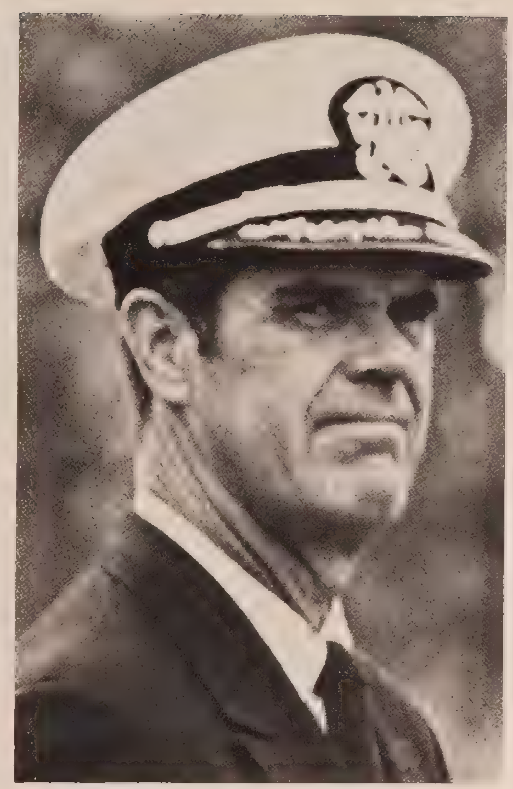
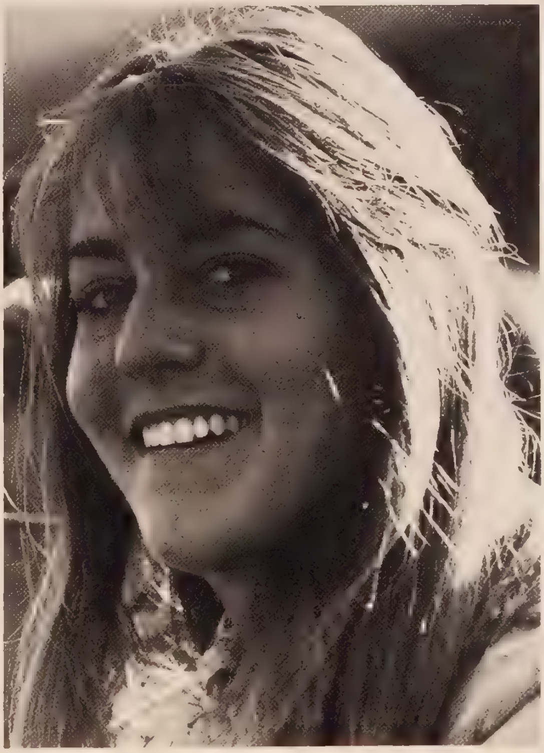
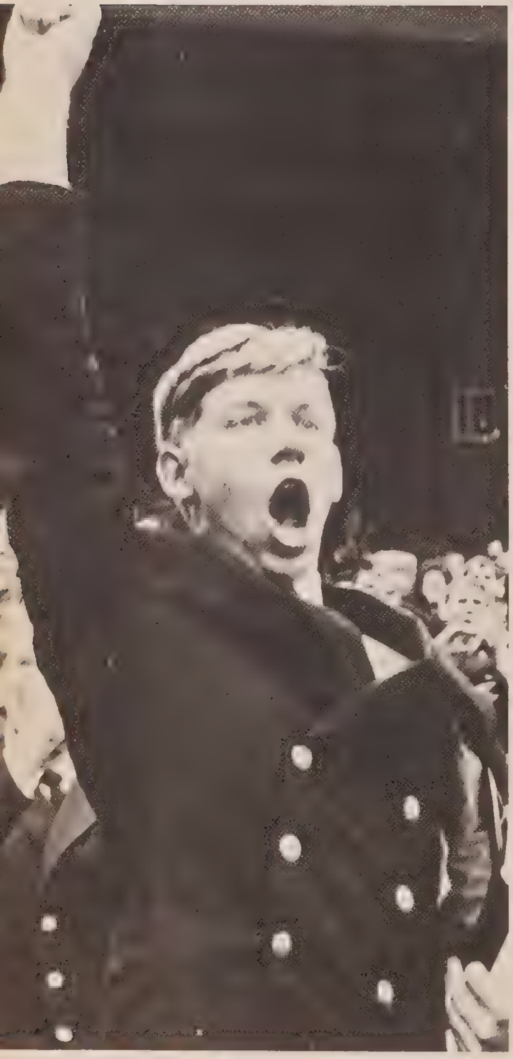
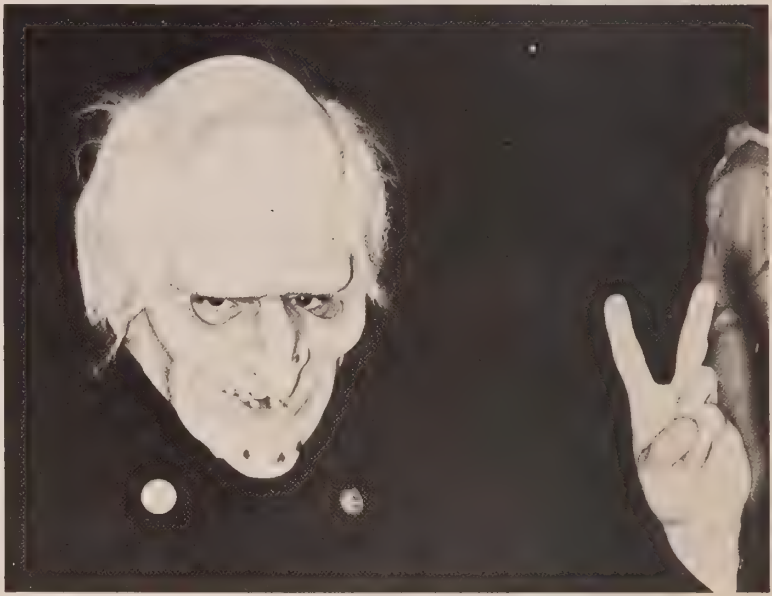


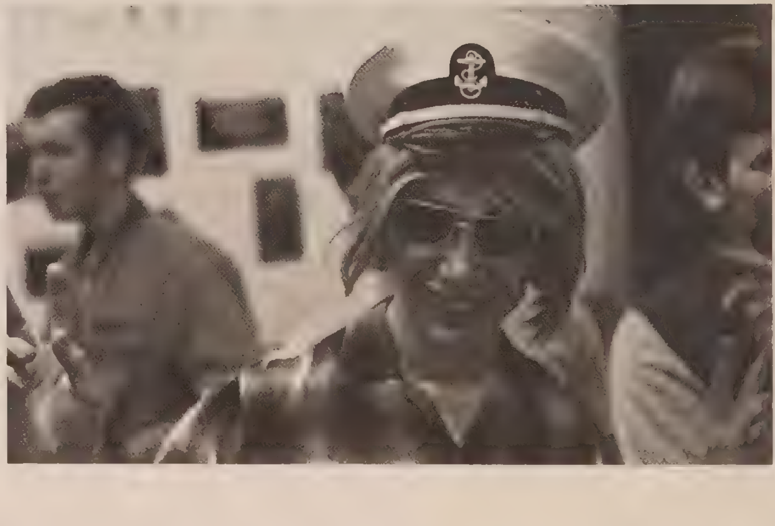
HAIL TO THE CLASS OF 1975½
(FLUNKEES AND BAD BOYS)



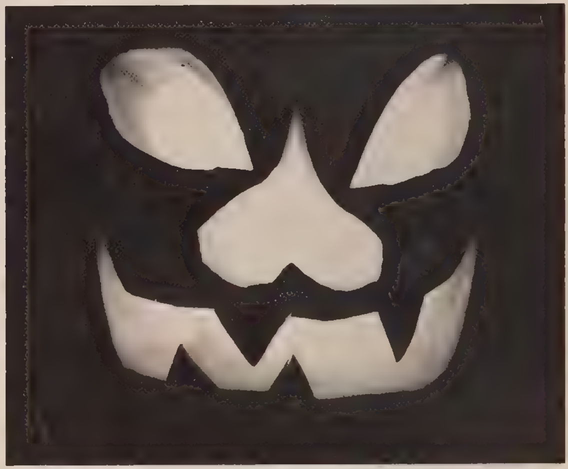
USMC







MILITARY POLICE
U.S ARMY



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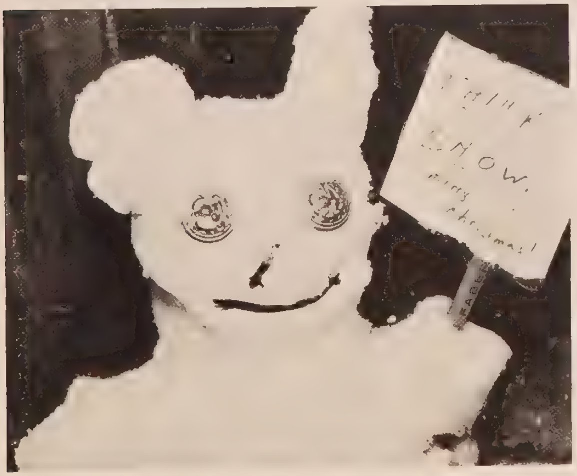
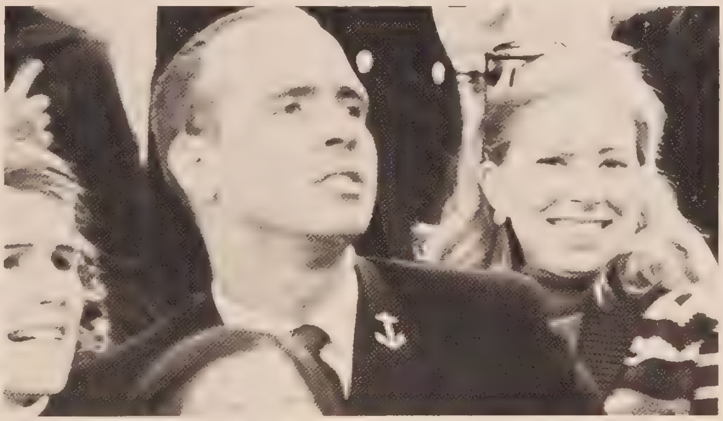
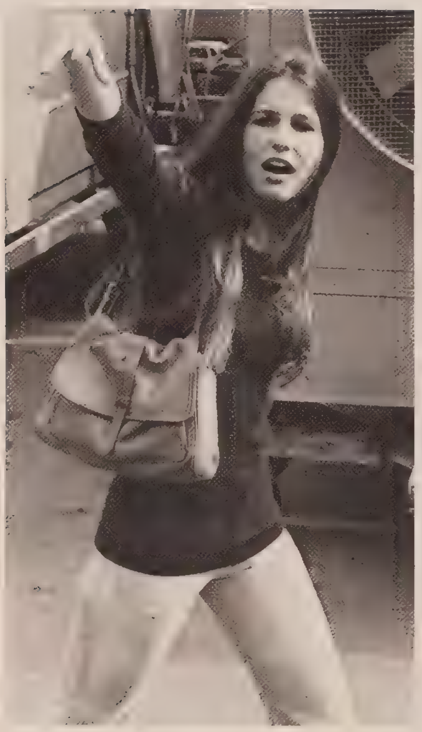
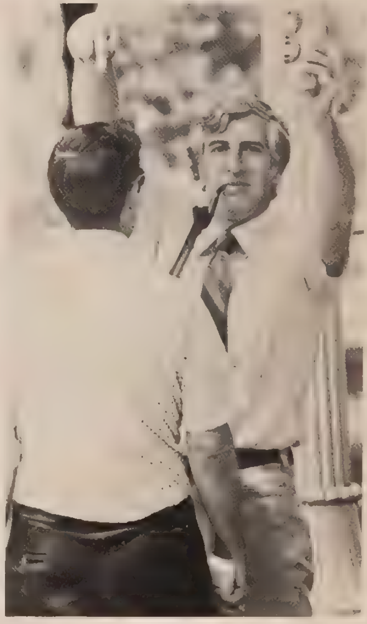
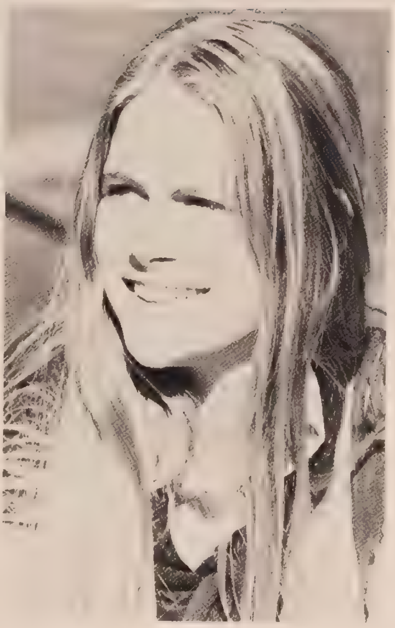
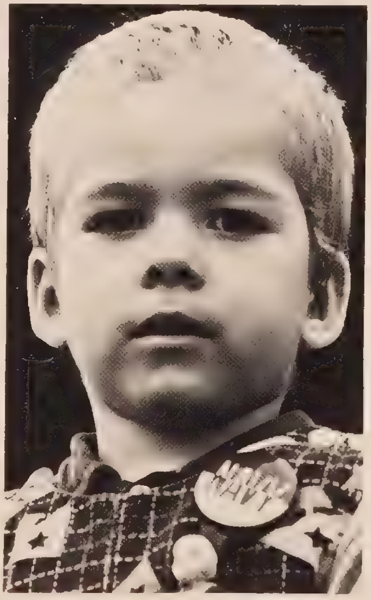

SNOW.
merry christmas!





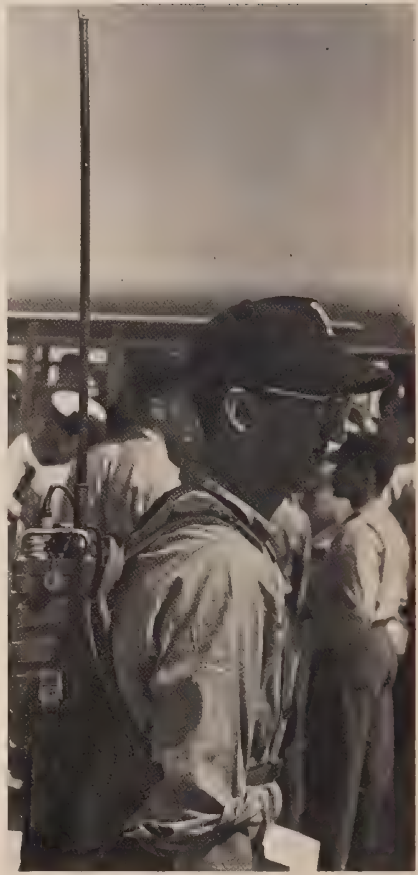






1972-1973

SL
REP-2
3



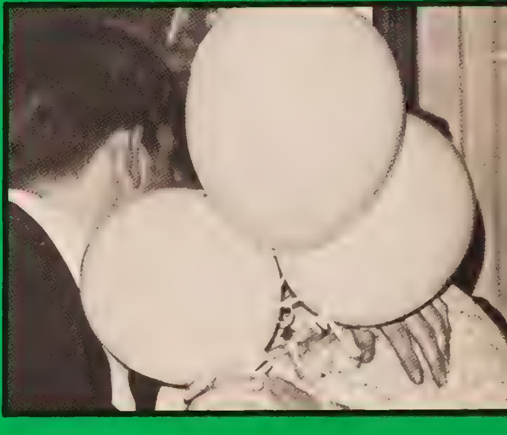
BEWARE OF ROTORS

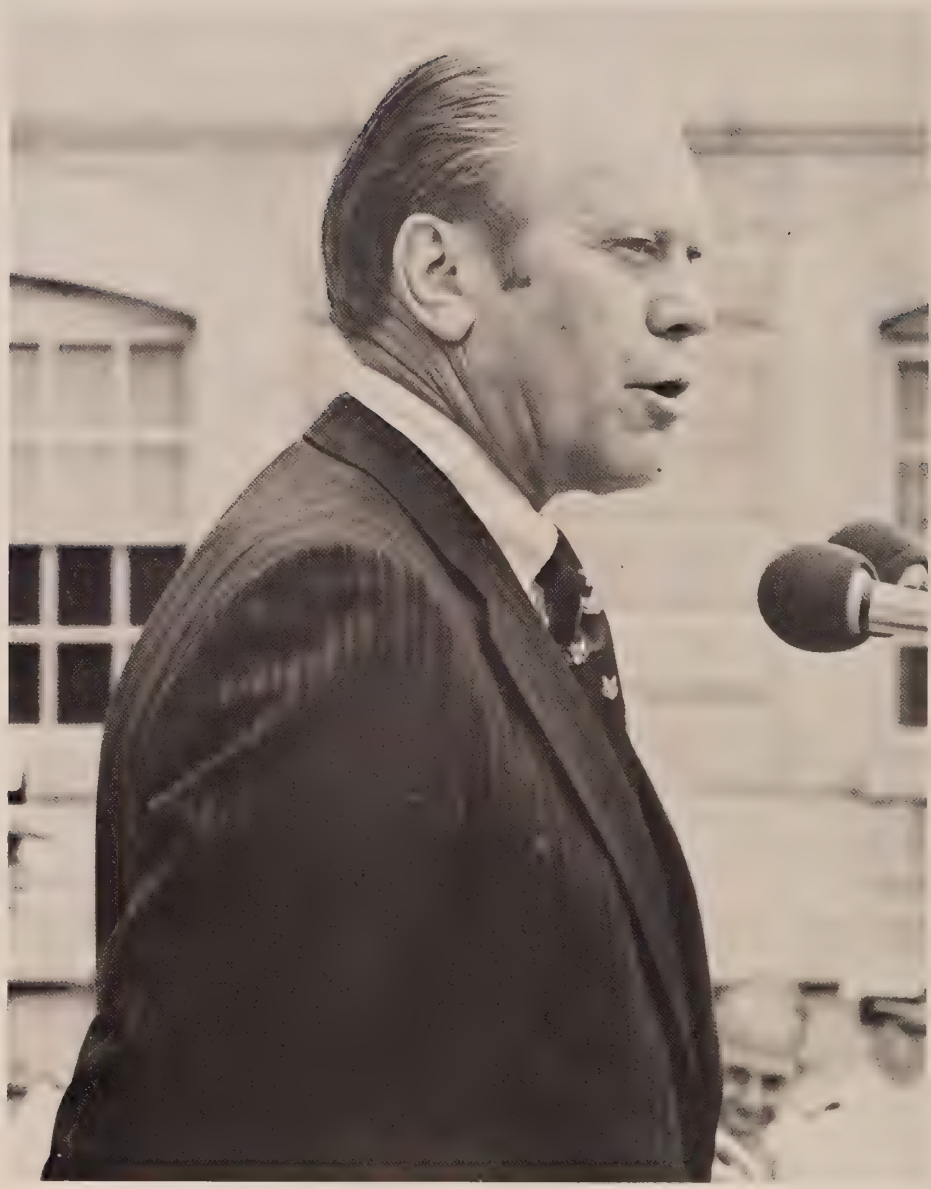
U2-9

SEALS & CROFTS

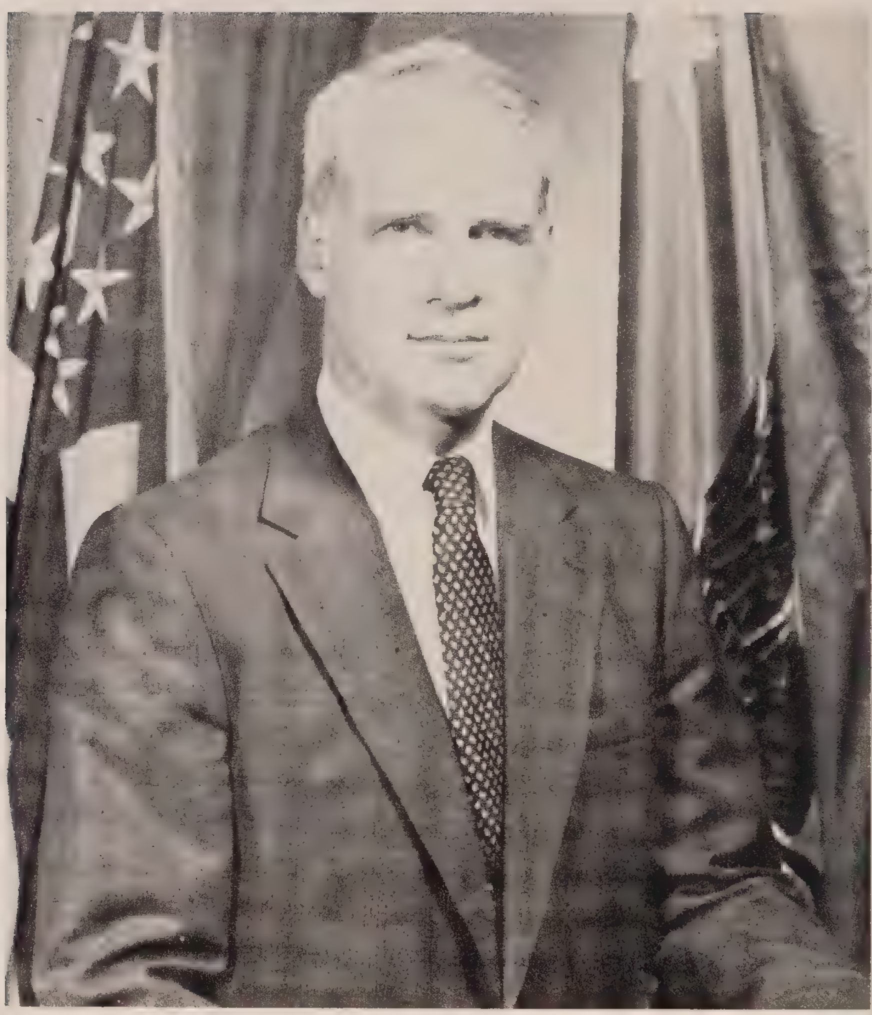
MARY TRAVERS

LIVINGSTON TAYLOR



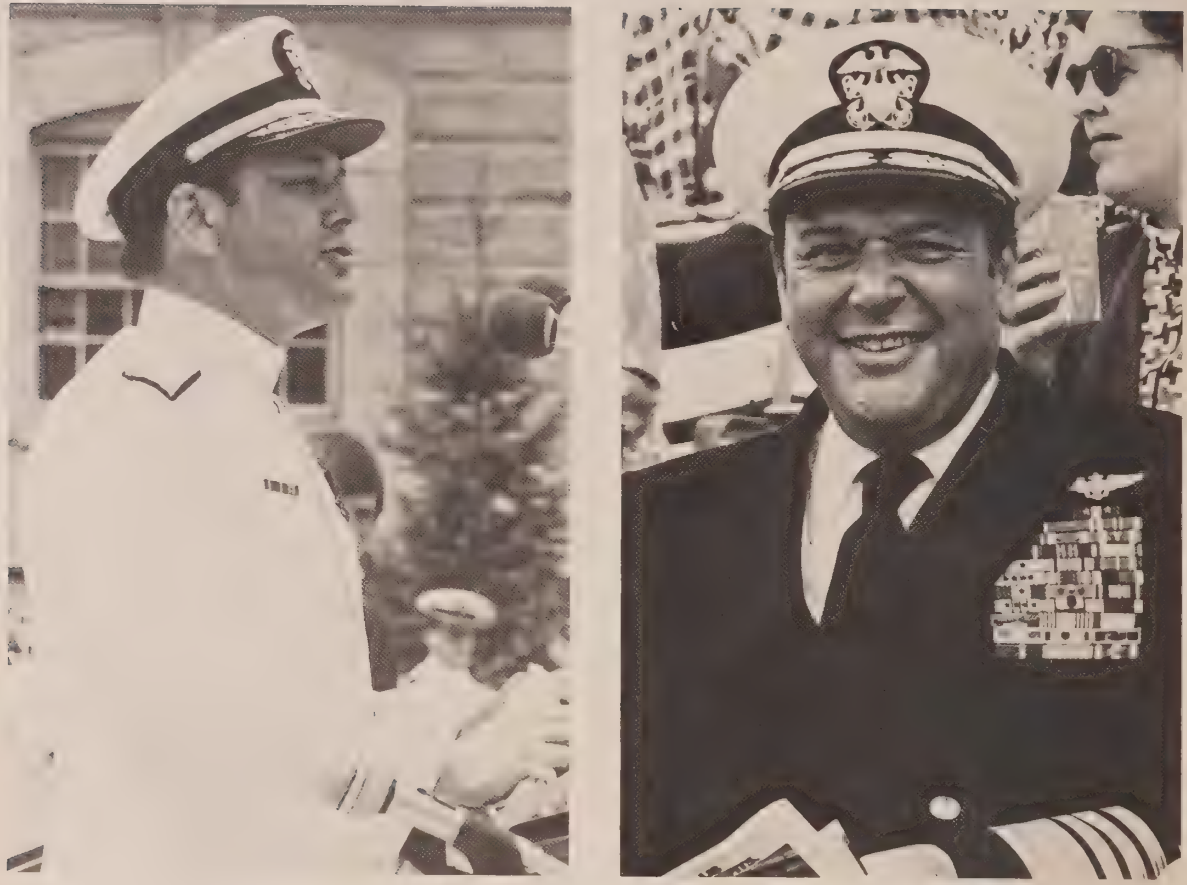


COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
President Gerald Rudolph Ford



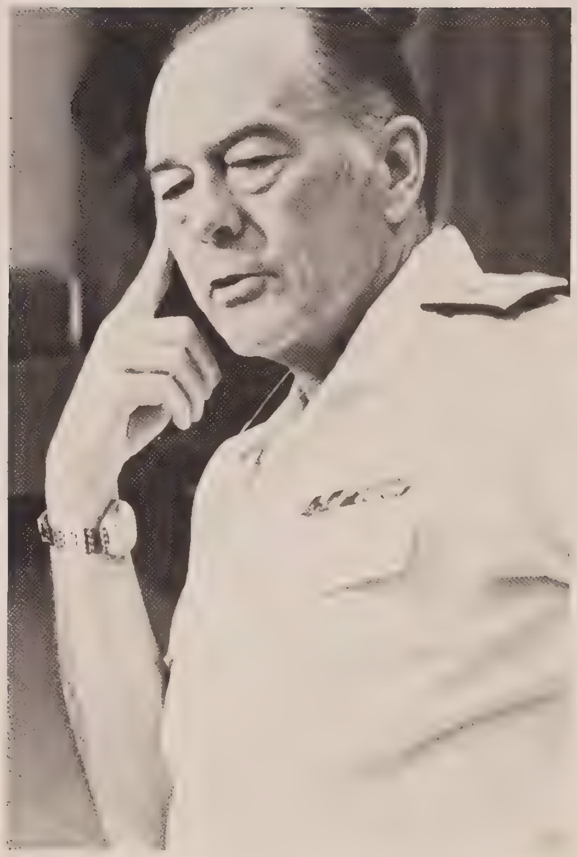
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE — James R. Schleisinger

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY — J. William Middendorf II



CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS — Vice Admiral J. L. Holloway, III

COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS —
General Robert E. Cushman, Jr.



VADM WILLIAM P. MACK, USN
Superintendent, U.S. Naval Academy

CAPT DONALD K. FORBES
Commandant, U.S. Naval Academy

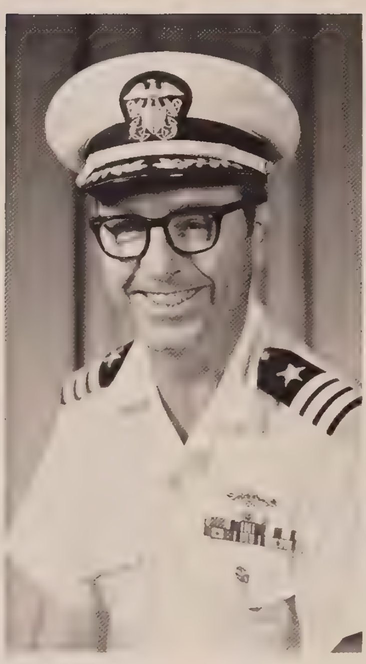
DEPUTY COMMANDANT — Capt. W. G. Fisher, USN

ACADEMIC DEAN — Bruce M. Davidson

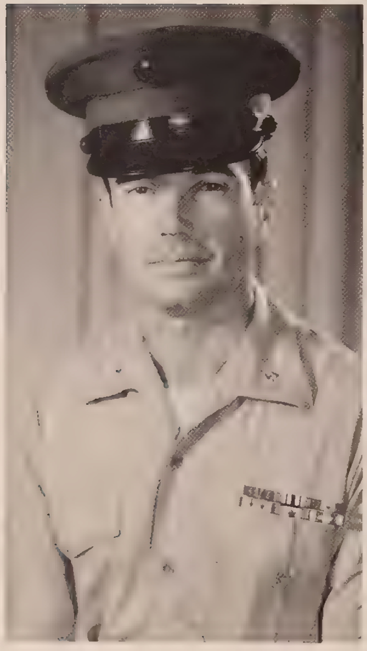
SOCIAL DIRECTOR — Mrs. J. G. Marshall

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC — Mr. John Talley

FIRST BATTALION OFFICER
Cdr. C. Albrecht, USN

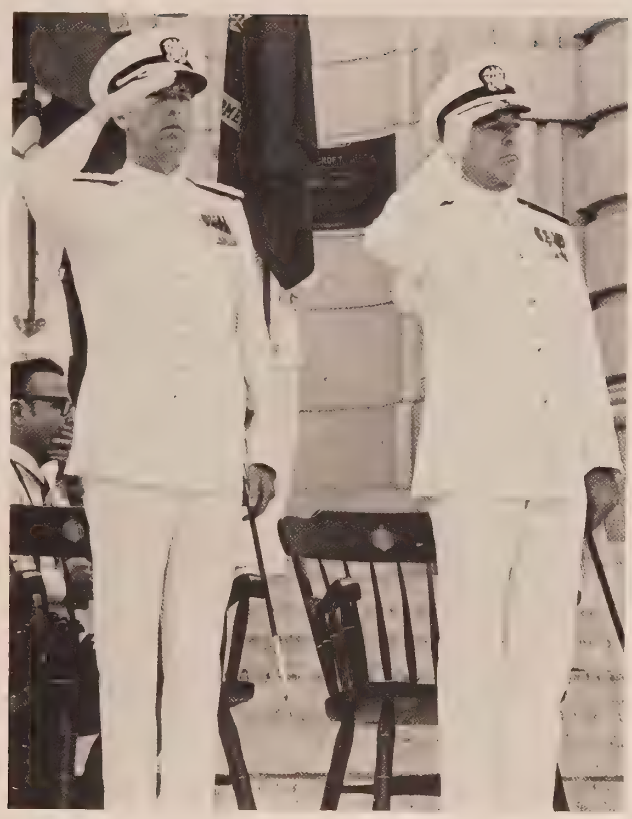

SECOND BATTALION OFFICER
Cdr. W. Holland, USN

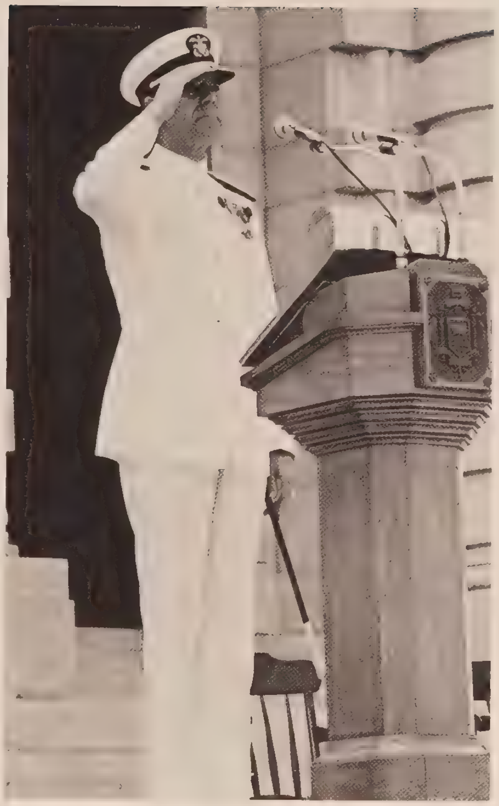
THIRD BATTALION OFFICER
Cdr. M. Parsons, USN


FOURTH BATTALION OFFICER
Lt. Col M. Robillard
USMC

FIFTH BATTALION OFFICER
Cdr. L. Stone USN

SIXTH BATTALION OFFICER
Cdr. W. Martin USN

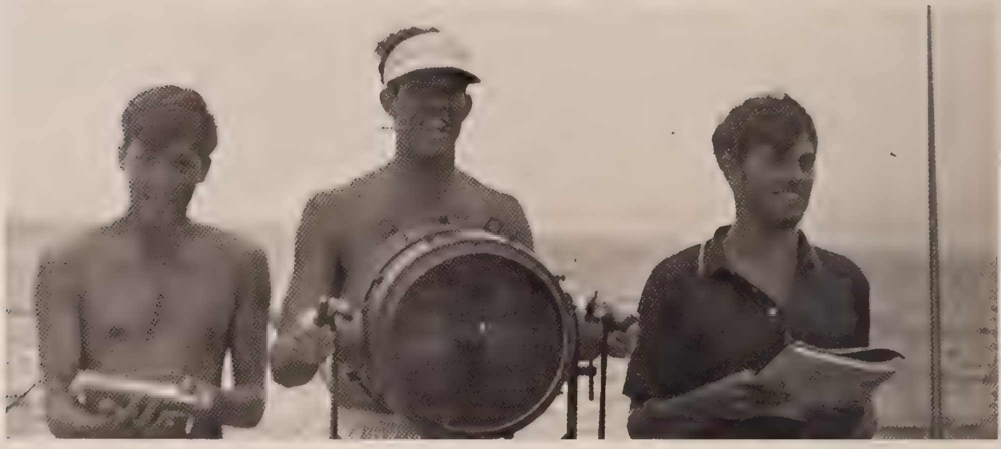




Go NAVY
NAVY

MIDSHIPMEN CHAIN OF COMMAND

POSITION (RANK)	*FIRST SET*	*SECOND SET*	*THIRD SET*
		BRIGADE STAFFS	
BRIGADE COMMANDER (M/CAPT)	J. J. Adams	R. K. Miller	D. B. Wick
DEPUTY BRIGADE COMMANDER (M/CDR)	M. Harper	J. Stufflebeem	G. L. Miller
OPERATIONS OFFICER (M/LCDR)	C. S. Matasic	T. R. Powers	E. R. Hawkens
ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER (M/LCDR)	S. Simonson	B. Miller	M. R. Groothousen
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	W. H. King	R. Stevens	M. Cecere
FIRST LIEUTENANT (M/LT)	D. R. Conway	M. Campagna	J. Crowley
SUPPLY OFFICER (M/LT)	R. D. Corley	J. F. Ennis	D. A. Wheeler
		REGIMENTAL STAFFS	
		First Regiment	
COMMANDER (M/CDR)	J. Inghram	J. A. Phillips	D. L. Keeler
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	M. B. Washington	G. D. Hatstat	P. Engleman
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	B. Beuchel	A. L. Eaton	H. W. Gutzman
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LT)	P. S. Stanley	R. C. Torgerson	R. Connell
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	R. Vendeland	D Batze	C. H. June
SUPPLY (M/LT)	C. Mortonson	M. Douglas	R. E. Reed
		Second Regiment	
COMMANDER (M/CDR)	T. C. Nollie	R. L. Goodwin	C. R. Quigley
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	F. E. Wiseman	R. B. Bush	T. L. Metz
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	D. M. McCall	D. A. Stine	N. B. Wham
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LT)	L. McCormick	C. J. Willis	G. D. Bennett
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	J. Murray	M. C. Masley	R. S. Riche
SUPPLY (M/LT)	T. C. Schievelbein	P. W. Viscovich	L. Carey
		BATTALION STAFFS	
		First Battalion	
COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	D. Nordstrom	R. L. Nicol	W. F. Fitzpatrick
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LT)	A. C. Turner	J. D. Bust	G. Martin
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	T. J. O'Connor	C. Galloway	T. E. Boyd
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	M. D. Meier	E. R. Johns	J. R. Wooley
SUPPLY (M/LTJG)	R. A. Brody	E. J. Casey	R. A. Seaward
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LTJG)	J. A. Dinunzio	B. H. Morris	J. J. Lawlor
		Second Battalion	
COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	L. A. Newcommer	R. J. Frigo	R. L. Zeller
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LT)	L. L. Warrenfeltz	W. H. Luebke	D. W. Rogers
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	G. M. Roesler	R. L. Wilson	R. Brownlee
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	J. L. Kittler	F. Kearney	K. E. Wallace
SUPPLY (M/LTJG)	D. Phillips	L. R. Walker	J. B. Boyer
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LTJG)	S. R. Oslund	E. E. Boyd	R. Dick
		Third Battalion	
COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	D. R. Ahle	T. C. Brasco	J. Moody
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LT)	T. Waechter	P. Siedsma	K. Nostrant
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	D. Thompson	B. Bailey	J. R. Gabor
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	J. A. Arildsen	M. P. Stephenson	K. Miller
SUPPLY (M/LTJG)	J. Alexander	M. Brown	S. D. Silvast
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LTJG)	C. T. Allen	B. Buckiewicz	J. H. Jordan
		Fourth Battalion	
COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	S. D. Thorne	T S. Harden	K. K. Owen
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LT)	A. A. Barbieri	D. K. Ault	C. R. Nielsen
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	J. G. Lindemann	E. G. Firth	C. Kondrack
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	R. L. McFarland	D. B. Gough	W. Squires
SUPPLY (M/LTJG)	J. E. Fay	C. R. Jennings	K. J. Nietmann
ADMINISTRATIVE (LTJG)	H. H. Daniels	T. L. Spilman	W. R. Neill
		Fifth Battalion	
COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	T. C. Brannon	W. A. Woods	W. Chimiak
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LT)	F. Ervin	C. C. Souder	S. L. Rarig
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	D. M. Cheney	R. Warmbrunn	M. Clements
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	P. D. Ray	G. P. Hetzel	W. C. Absher
SUPPLY (M/LTJG)	T. C. Kelly	N. Z. Bendeck	R. D. Gallaher
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LTJG)	R. E. Richards	S. Yandle	A. Baptista
		Sixth Battalion	
COMMANDER (M/LCDR)	M. R. Milliken	M. W. Joseph	G. Griffin
SUB-COMMANDER (M/LT)	W. H. Daley	D. Dundics	S. Hubbard
OPERATIONS (M/LT)	J. W. Baker	S. A. Richards	S. Hall
ADJUTANT (M/LT)	R. D. Gibson	J. R. Sampson	S. Buescher
SUPPLY (M/LTJG)	M. Johnson	J. C. Norris	D. Muthler
ADMINISTRATIVE (M/LTJG)	L. A. Kern	R. Hammond	C. Messick



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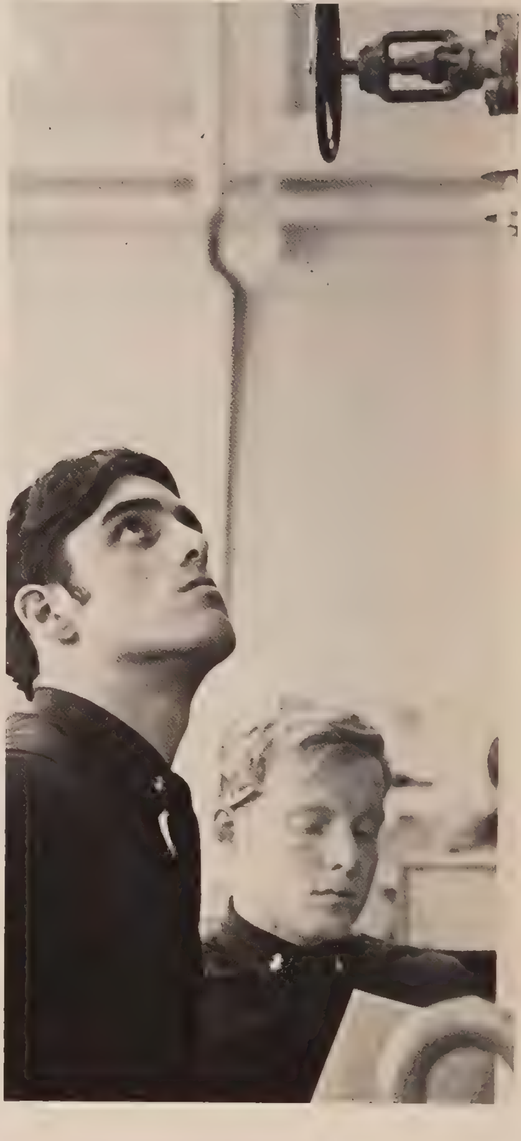
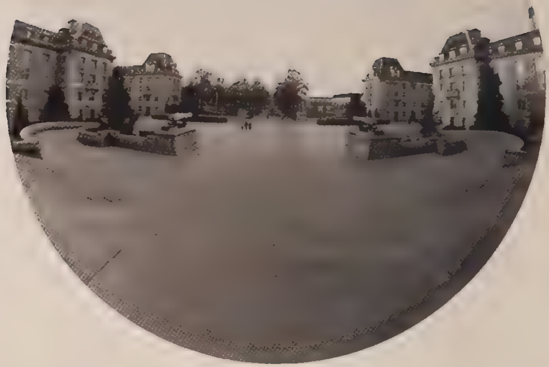
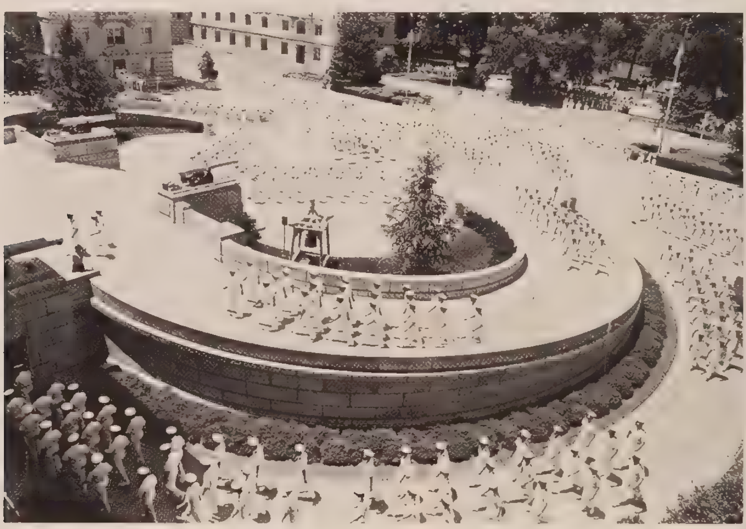
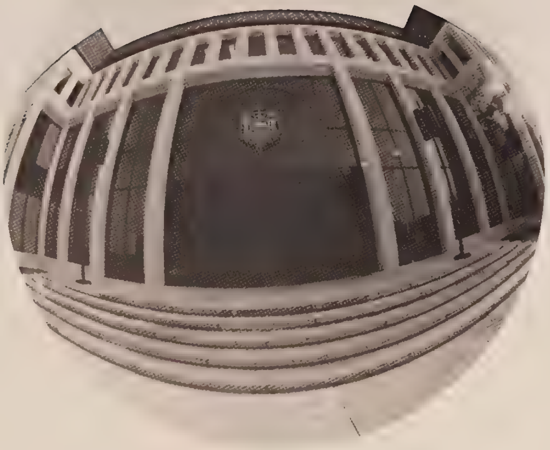


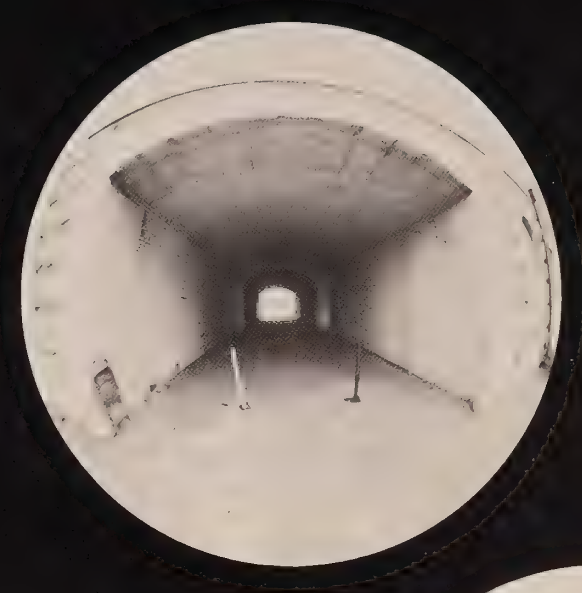
BEAT
GETEM
BIG
ARMY



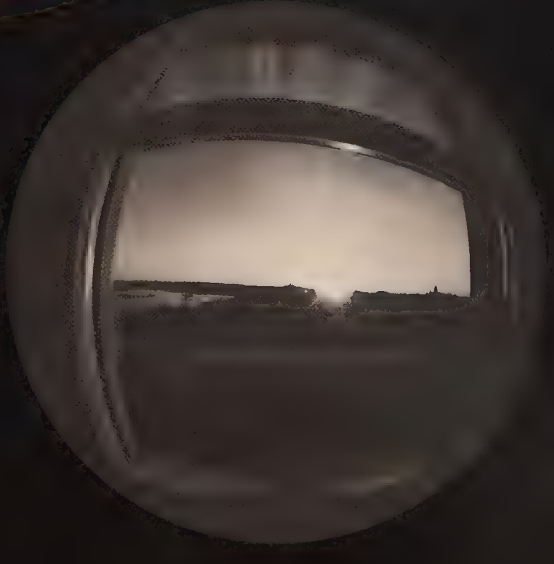


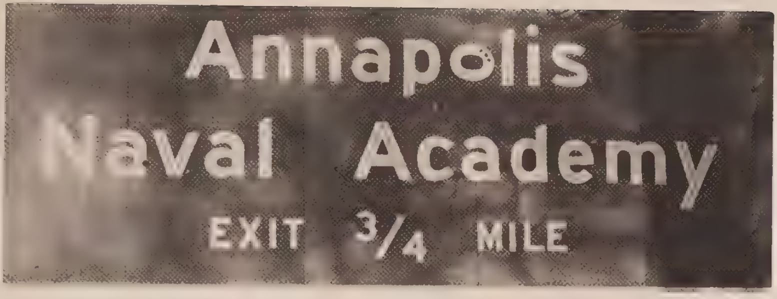
NIMITZ LIBRARY





AVY



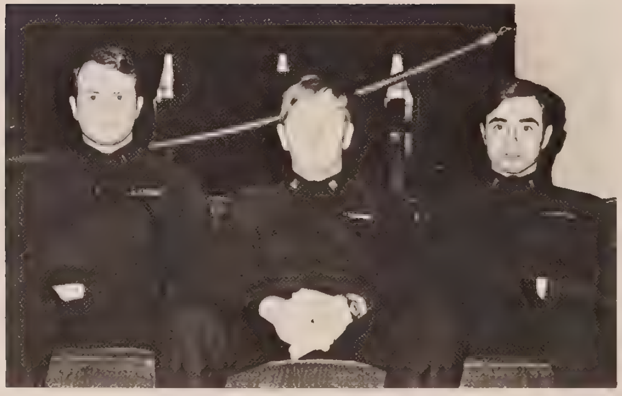

Annapolis
Naval Academy
EXIT 3/4 MILE

JUNIORS
SOPHOMORES
FRESHMEN

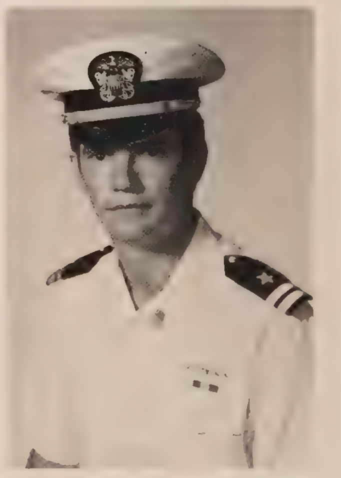
1

1st Set: R. Reed, M. Mathews, M. McDermott

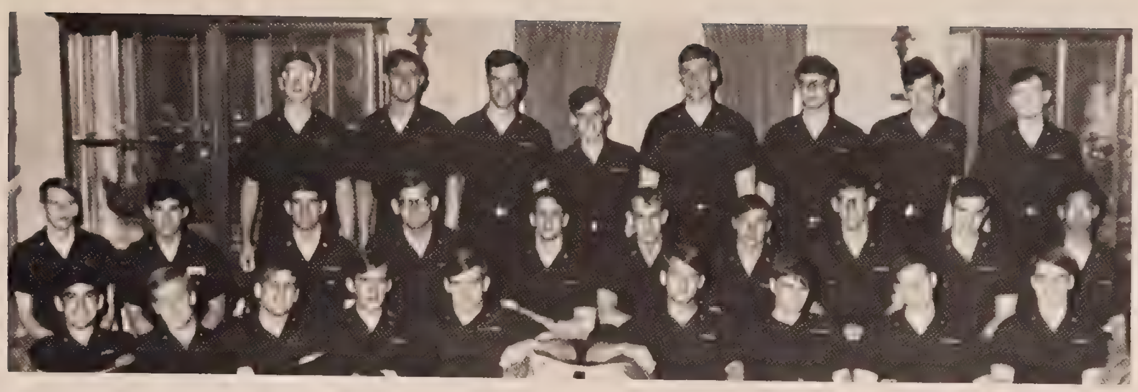
2nd Set: G. Jones, H. Lattes, R. Udicious



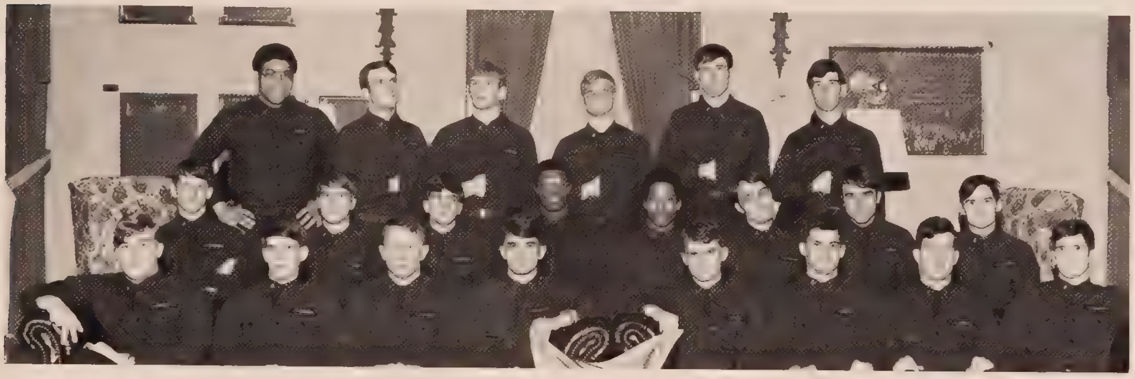
3rd Set: M. Meier, R. Udicious, H. Lattes



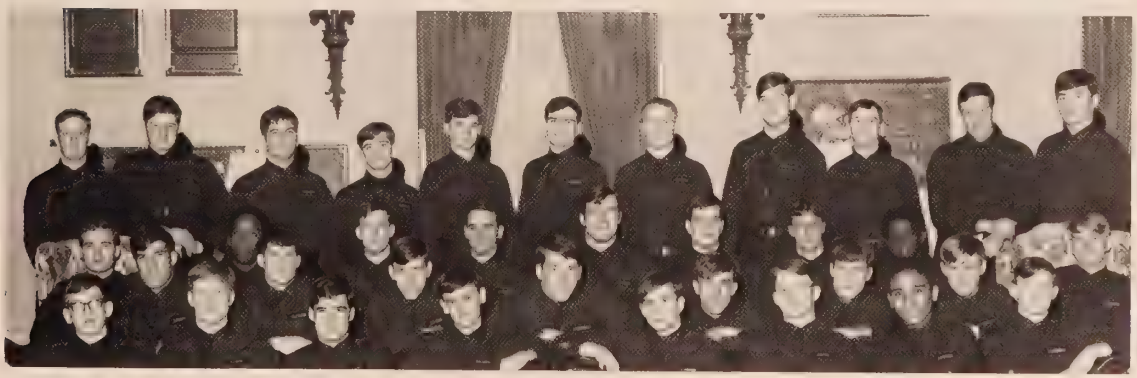
Lcdr. R. Buchanan, USN



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Bealer, B. Shimp, C. Engels, D. Murphy, E. Stutsman, F. Ortloff, G. Gerrard, H. Sichall, I. Butler. ROW 2: J Buflod, K. Agor, L. Somers, M. Tyler, N. Benoir, P Hill, Q. Loeffler, R. Decker, S. Kelley, T. Kukler. ROW 3: U. Monroe, V. Fox, W. Vorgang, X. Jolicoeur, Y. Langley, Z. Carwile, A. Clarke, B. O'Hanlon.



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. Bannister, J. Schrum, D. Dalton, J. Bogovich, D. Hall, W. Adsit, J. Rowley, T. Hawkins. ROW 2: R. Hammonds, R. Jenks, J. Kovalchik, L. Jackson, S. Lee, J. Gaillard, D. Filippini, H. Bracewell. ROW 3: J. Sapp, C. Diller, J. Althans, G. Buchanan, G. Grice, J Stride



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: G. Pullen, W. Krull, D. Wight, R. Cassi, M. Hubal, J. Day, R. Robbins, M. Wingertzalin. ROW 2: B. Baetzel, D. Van Hutten, F. Hunt, B. Nicol, H. Pruitt, N. Rajacich, E. Rosenlof, J. McCourt. ROW 3: J. Hynes, J. Link, J. McClean, M. Poston, G. Roncolato, C. Garvin, J. Nuelon.

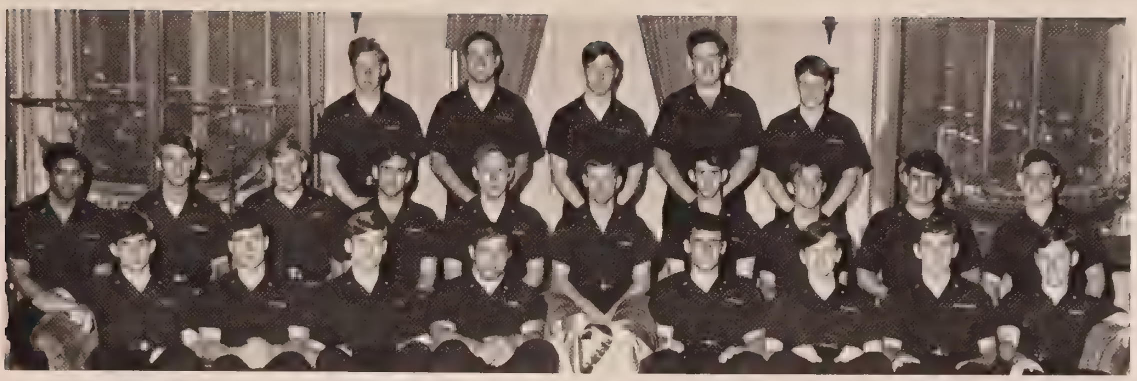
2

1st Set: R. Enzenauer, D. Northrup, G. Siragusa

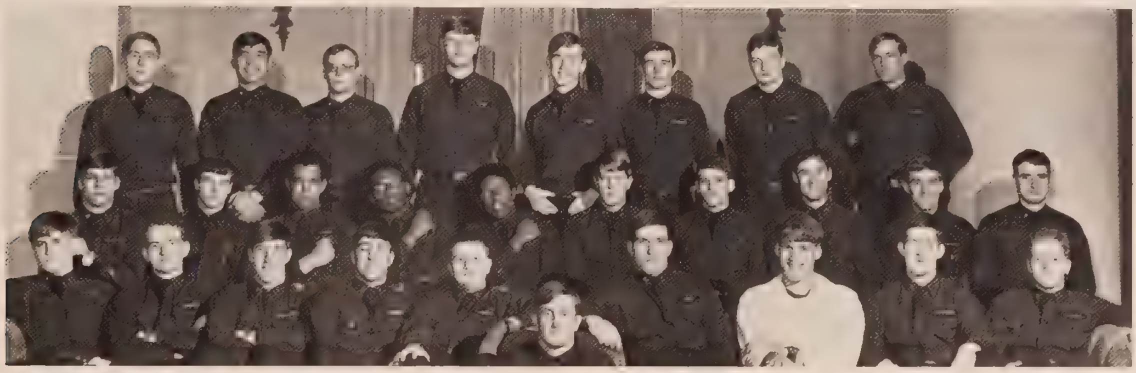
Lcdr. T. Nunno, USN

2nd Set: R. Enzenaur, M. Tharp, J. Delpino

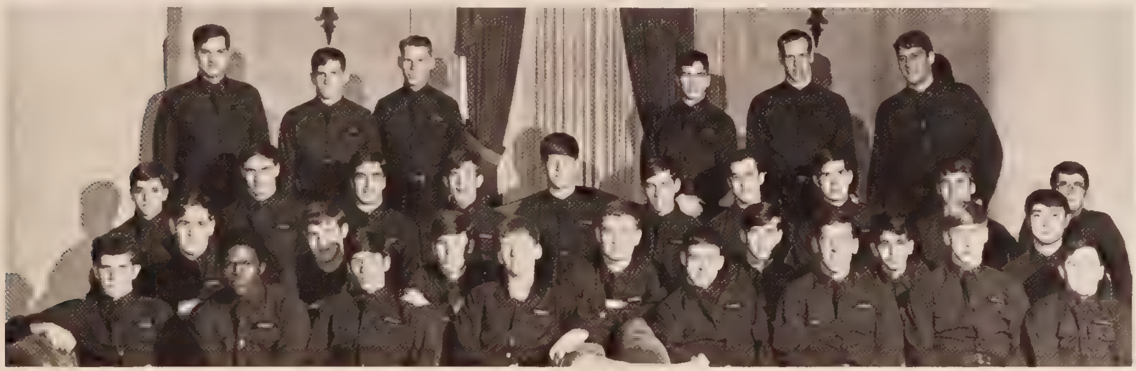
3rd Set: J. Connel, E. Ulmer, R. Adamson



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Robbins, D. Haines, R. Smith, C. Snee, D. Dilucente, D. Deverill, M. Fusselman, T. Thedy. ROW 2: G Littlejohn, P. Mahoney, D. Thieme, C. Handley, D. Meyer, J. Mobley, L. Piano, H. Neighbour, M. Anthony, J. Neufeld. ROW 3: M. Uhron, H. Whalen, J Paquette, T. Sprowls, D. Whitney



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Berner, P. Ferguson, K. Kroszner, B. Vasquez, C. Tuozzolo, J. Kamen, E. Abner, D. Walbourn, J. Schwanz, G. Blixide. ROW 2: W. Bodecker, J. Wendel, E. Wright, K. Trass, J. Palin, W. Lester, L. Wilson, R. Wilde, E. Helleberg, P. Miller. ROW 3: W. Ittner, D. Goolsby, D. Antonio, D. Hunt, J. McIsaac, W. Sobotka, A. Malizio, M. Kranz

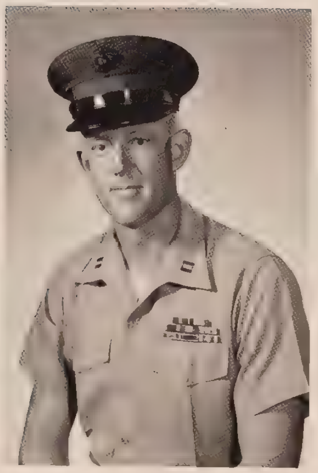


FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: S. Maloney, A. Williams, J. Fiorelli, T. Graessle, M. Miller, W. Robinson, D. Price, W. Kramer. ROW 2: S Hopkins, J. Watters, D. Ray, D. Heinz, J. Brown, D. Urquidez, K. Kerstein. ROW 3: J. Scarpulla, S. Yorcive, V. Bellezza, M. Malinick, T. Semcken, D Christie, M. Pruett, T. McLeod, R. Shinskie, P. Chaisson. ROW 4: W. Kihm, J. Page, J. McCann, J. Wilkens, C. Demarehe, B. Zimmerman

3

1st Set: C. Galloway, R. Carroll, D. Averyt

2nd Set: M. Schoenbauer, J. Jackson, L Weckbaugh

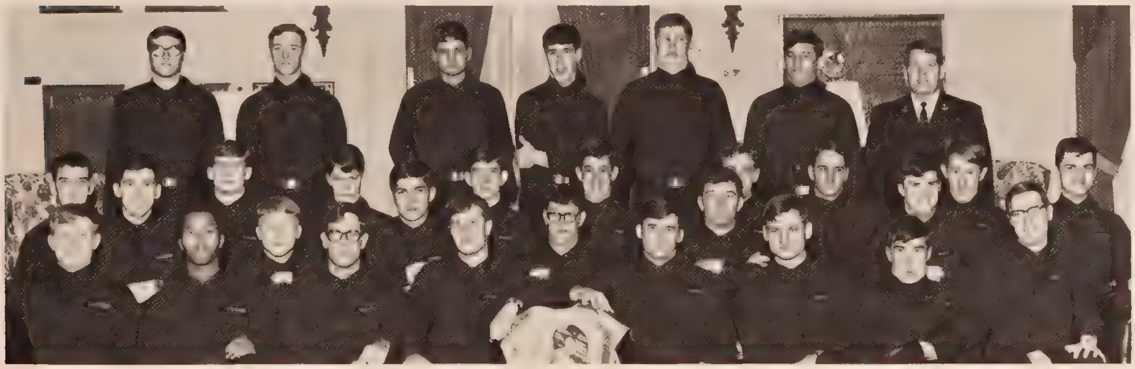


Capt. J. Klimp, USMC

3rd Set: S. Harmon, R. Estilow, B. Weaver

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. Blacky, D. DeGeus, R. Weiss, R. Emmel, S. Nimitz, J. Thompson, J. Sturm, H. Willis. ROW 2: J. Steiner, W Sheppard, D. Barclay.

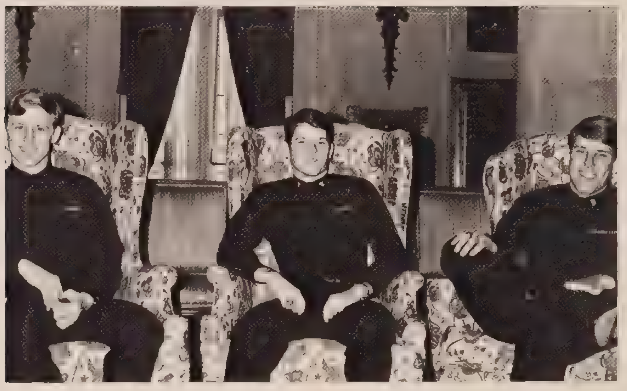
THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Puz, S. Rice, T. Arminio, C. Builta, D. Bonner, C. Butler, T. Coverick, D. Gates. ROW 2: M. Tryon, W. Stiles, G. Wright, R. Wilson, A. Richardson, M. Brock, J. Melear, M. Frick, S. Rennie. ROW 3: H. Maugans, G. Reuss, C. Eischen, J. Gassaway, B. Eves, J Liming, R. Thompson, C. Stathus, S. Harper, H. MacArthur, R. Sticinski.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Mossbarger, L. Thompson, S. Dirickson, R. Tuohy, T. Miller, B. Smith, M. McNish, J. Hemry. ROW 2: G Guerrero, D. Bowers, D. Aiken, A. Trevino, S. Rogitz, W. Levis. ROW 3: W. Dunkin, D. Williams, D. Roberts, D. Ireland, S. Kinney, B. Bole, R. Lamont, J Hancock, J. Vause. ROW 4: C. Lageman, P. Jaquith, R. Reitz, M. Huber, M. Roban, R. Tyson, M. Boster

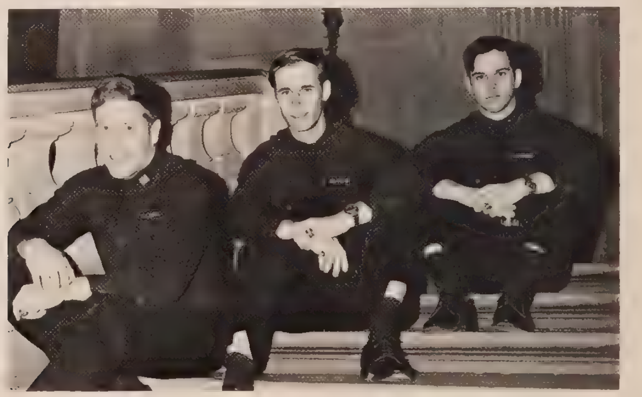
1st Set: C. Coy, R. Sweeney, P. Farrell

Lcdr. N. Brennan, USN

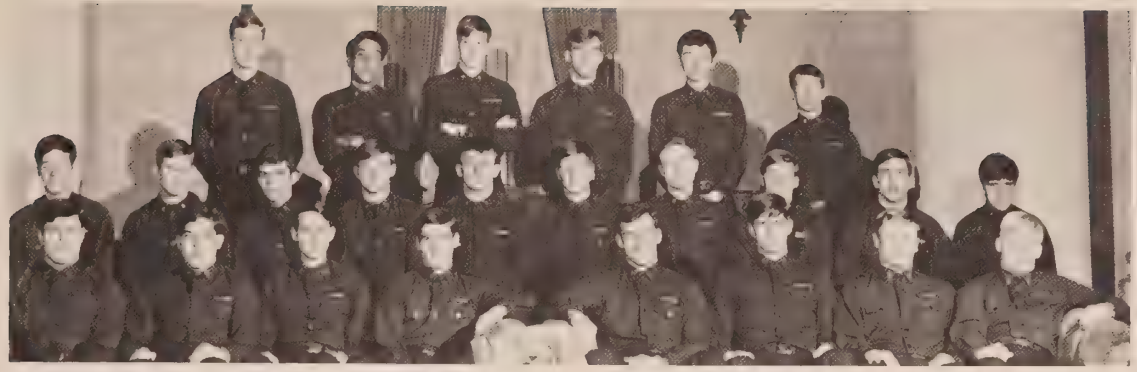


2nd Set: L. Dawson, J. Mehula, S. Anderson

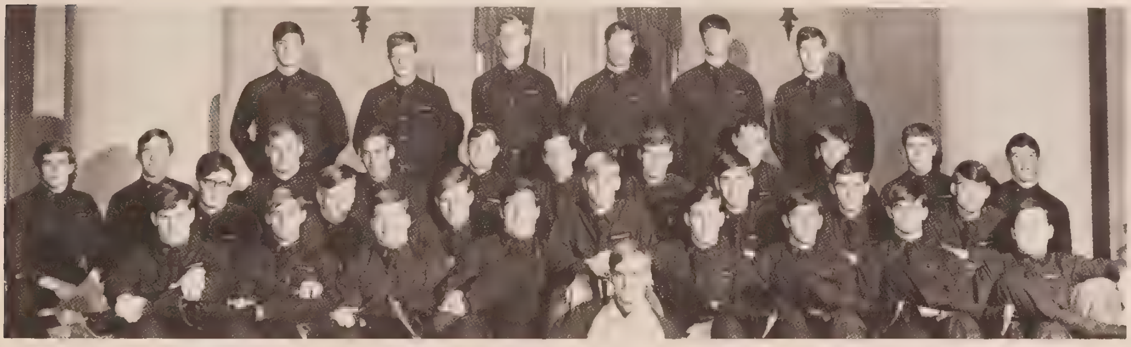
4



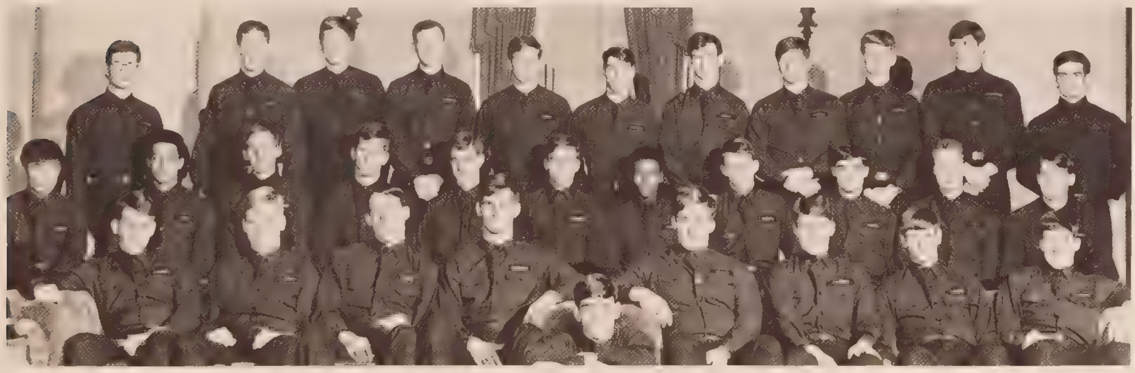
3rd Set: A. Cetel, R. Boyce, J. Conley



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Logar, P. Fisher, M. Kiser, W. Daze, C. Mihalko, M. Murton, P. Bole, W. McMinn. ROW 2: M. McKenny, G Brock, A. Chenault, F. Craft, B. Northridge, R. Pratt, S. Hastings, M. Bacon, J. Schumacher, V. Sanchez. ROW 3: R. MacDougall, G. Moore, B. Webster, B. Ingham, S. Chronister, R. Seizert



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. McDonald, L. Plisco, B. Smith, F. Delape, F. Spence, R. Frahler, J. Viotto, M. Bond, W. McCullough. ROW 2: J. Parker, J. Abbott, J. Dolan, R. Fleischer, G. Bacon, C. Barron, K. Kingsman. ROW 3: M. Troiani, B. Wilcox, R. Galvin, J. Knox, C. Swinton, D. Jones, G Morrison, B. Tilgner, R. Vogel, T. McNamara, A. Clever. ROW 4: E. Christofferson, W. Schlaper, B. Anderson, D. Haines, P. Nelson, R. Sutter

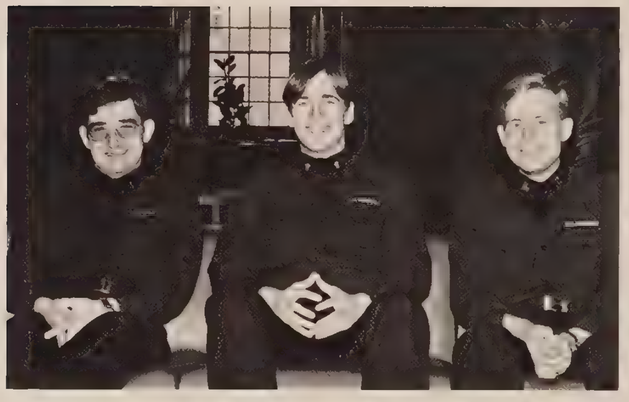


FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: E. Vaughan, D. Merler, S. Bartie, M. Manthey, S. Bradford, D. Liller, J. Gardiner, C. Lipski, J. Williams. ROW 2: R. Chang, C. Perry, J. Trower, B. Stowe, B. Shepherd, P. Mansfield, B. Lloyd, C. Chapman, M. Story, S. Labak, J. Newcomb. ROW 3: M. Holden, M Murphy, M. Warner, F. Schraml, P. Cook, R. Gordon, J. Young, S. Denbigh, J. Woodward, D. Balestrigri, J. Casey

5

Lcdr. W. Dailey, USN

1st Set: S. Dennis, S. Coppins, W. Wasson



2nd Set: N. Tooley, J. Woodall, S. Johnson

3rd Set: J. Woodall, R. Glendinning, G. Begley

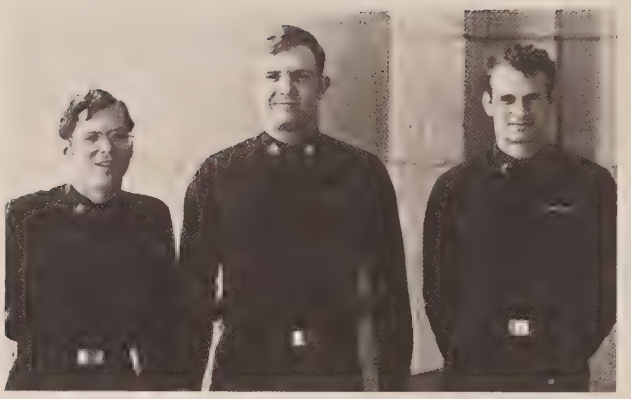
SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Petersen, L. Sparr, W. Beeson Jr., D. DeSilva, G. Spraitzar, P. Johnson. ROW 2: F. Bauer, R. Freckler, J Poole, B. Clarck, J. Mann, A. Walker. ROW 3: T. Criner, W. Driscoll, R. DePrato, R. Mcniel, R. Butt, D. Watts

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: W. Goodwin, E. Anderson, R. Johnson, T. Huisman, R. Wagner, M. Longmeier, S. Delmar, C. Moore. ROW 2: M Capponi, R. Rodgers, D. Hayes, R. Franke, M. Rogers, M. Dinola, J. Bennett, M. Nelson, C. Haren, J. Calleros, J. Stone. ROW 3; J. Clement, K. Dykes, R Briggs

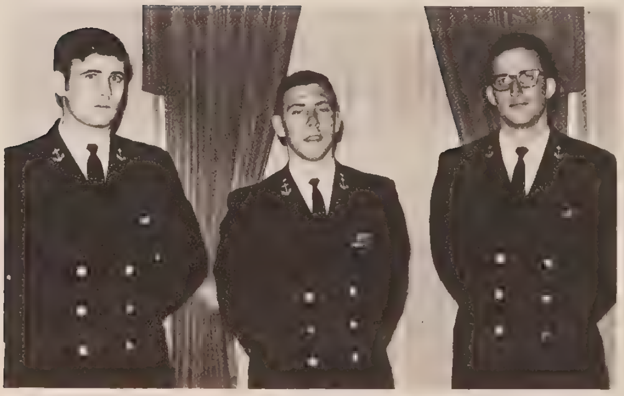
FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: F. Hilder, M. Munson, T. Rentz, G. Ball, J. Lademan, S. Bradley, W. Pearce, R. Tobey. ROW 2: M. McGee, W Clark, I. Espinosa, P. Flynn, S. Zehner, R. Askelyn, M. Yurina, B. Trapnell, A. Porcelli. ROW 3: D. Blakeley, M. McGaffrey, K. Bates, P. Mays, F. Goodwin, D. Keuhlen, B. Longstreet, B. Roosevelt Jr., I. Richardson. ROW 4: J. Haley, J. O'dwyer, D. Karcher, J. Hanson, M. Crum, S. Bradley, M. Shaw, B. Kee, B. Vogelsberg, B. Landeg

9

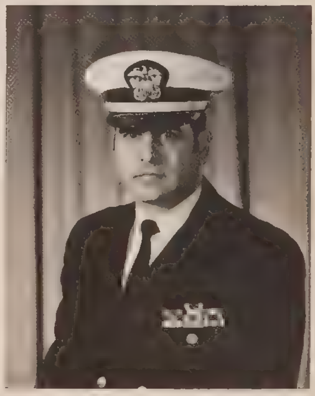
1st SET: J. Brown, L. Roumaya, K. Loll.



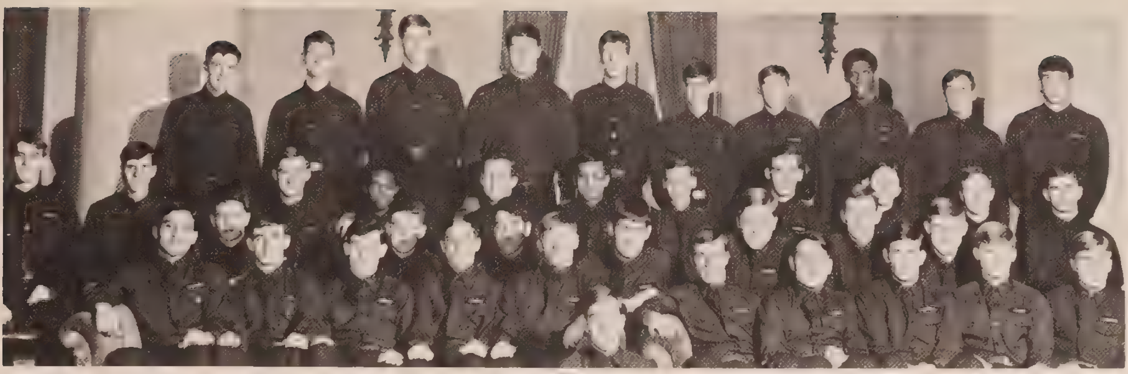
2nd SET: M. Kirk, F. Graff, M. McDonough



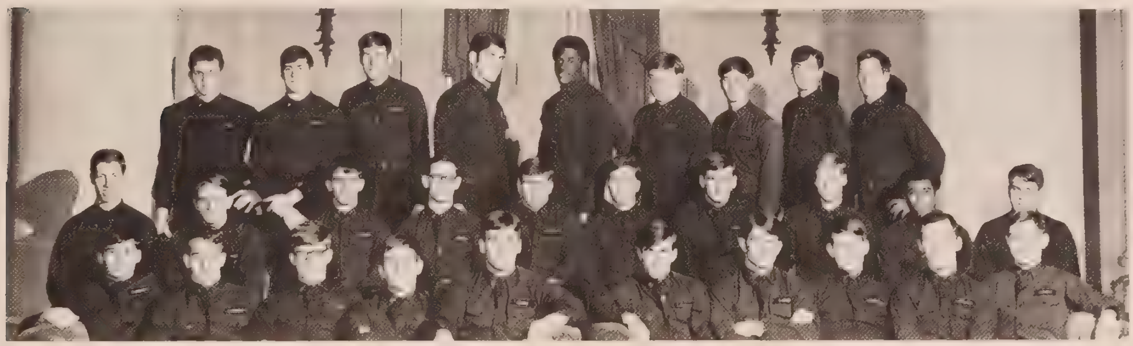
3rd SET: D. Fox, A. Plechash, S. Seney.



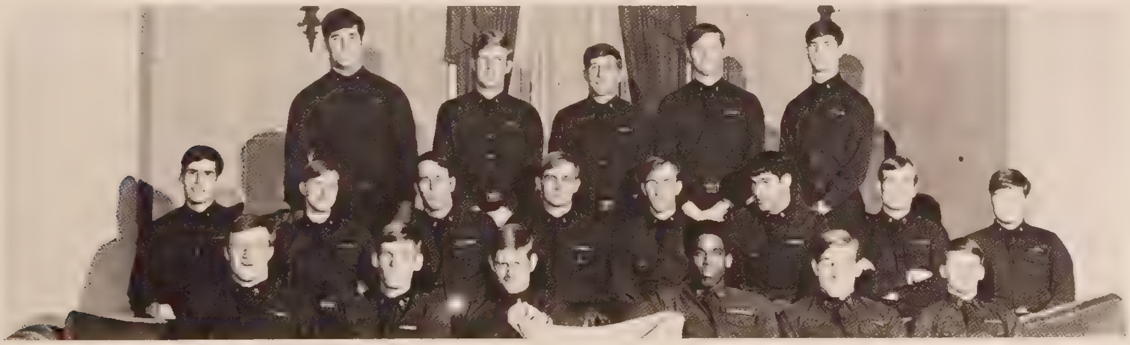
Lcdr. J. Onorato, USN



2/C, L to R, ROW 1: R. Petroka, J. Knight, M. Williams, C. Sharperson, J. Lasko, D. Coggan. ROW 2: M. Moore, E. Kilbourn, E. Neidlinger, J. Janosek, G Munn, W. Dasilva, S. Beaton, J. Cantu. ROW 3: R. Papak, L. Repucci, T. Panik, M. Waldrop, K. Champion



3/C, L to R, ROW 1: R. Whitehurst, D. Allsopp, W. Bristow, R. Derby, D. Coss, L. Endacott, D. Reidy, K. Spangenberg, R. Kirsten, W. Frost. ROW 2: H Brus, J. Jenkins, L. Laughlin, M. Thorp, M. Gardner, D. Fenn, M. Boiler, R. Van't Hof, D. Olliver, M. Ohler. ROW 3: J. Gavin, R. Lamb, G. Cionk, D. Sayner, R. Duplessis, R. Crevier, G. Ackley, P. Grieve, J. Heely



4/C, L to R, ROW 1: R. Luevano, R. Godfrey, J. Koslow, P. Berard, T. Sawyer, L. Ridenhour, D. Serfass, S. Gregor, B. Mattingly, S. Lilly, D. Babcock ROW 2: M. Patton, S. Dowell, J. Anderson, L. Price, R. Cellon, J. O'Neil, M. Simpson. ROW 3: K. Wammack, J. Daisher, J. Lyver, W. Goudy, W. Scott, N Cayabyab, C. Cobb, M. Mengden, B. Baukus, G. Atchison, H. Hopper. ROW 4: T. Grodek, J. Hallgren, G. Jensen, J. Botek, K. Stein, R. Kahn, J. Plencner, J. Petersen, S. Hincks, P. McCormick.

2nd Set: F. Cook, T Schacherer, R. Dick

7

1st Set: R. Tryon, S. Wilson, F. Stanko

Lcdr. A. Lemke, USN

3rd Set: C. Carlson, J. Droddy, W. Maximuck

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. Trude, C. Langford, C. Renner, D. Dobbert, S. Raher, A. Sanford. ROW 2: R. Pinetti, W. Jokubowski, D Venlet, R. Brotherton, B. Hinkley, S. Kundrat, S. Kapitan. ROW 3: J. Rauold, J. Gardiner, T. Perlich, F. Inzirillo, B. Ostendorff

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Surch, R. Bucher, S. Carroll, P. Lantry, J. Nosky, J. Sinnen, H. Holloway, W. Ellison. ROW 2: B. Claridge, J Valdez, W. Teater, D. Nowicki, S. Seal, J. Grace, K. Munson, J. Aero, R. Craig, D. Hovland. ROW 3: S. Locklear, D. Swanson, T. Diggs, T. Lagerstrom, M Finley, J. Cox, E. Johnson, S. Crowe, G. Duchack, R. Janikowsky, K. Buck, W. Mickler

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: E. Davis, J. Cheever, S. Peterson, J. Chartrand, C. Radford, C. Breslin, J. Peterson, J. Zeigler. ROW 2: S Miller, R. Westberg, C. Stephenson, S. Klopps, J. Webster, W. Kology, M. Ferguson, W. Ervin. ROW 3: S. Witten, R. Young, L. Prince, S. Langdon, G Burgess, D. Richards, M. Korsmo, J. Alford, D. Peck, B. Trevino. ROW 4: V. Ramsey, J. Pickard, W. Dreger, C. Ackman, D. Brown, B. Parsons, C. Clites, D. Popiela, P. Martin

T. DONALDSON
D.W. VANOSDOL

1st Set: T. Donaldson, D. Glynn, D. Van Osdol

Lt. R. Bennett, USN

2nd Set: L. Conrad, H. Neal, D. Thompson

THOSE WHO WENT
BEFO US

3rd Set: H. Neal, P. Young, M. Thumm

8

2/C, L TO R, ROW 1: J. Pagan, T. Tielking, B. Scott, J. Gault, S. Wiley, J. Calahorrano, B. Guild, V. Smith. ROW 2: O. Paulding, R. Putt, L. Moss, P. Nevitt, T. Hesketh, S. Ewers, D. Bozeman, M. Tupola. ROW 3: P. Harris, B. Carter, R. Stutler, P. Abbott, T. Reilly, M. Reddix, F. Searl.

3/C, L TO R, ROW 1: P. Montgomery, J. Thorp, R. Gooner, W. Holland, A. Bilotti, J. Taylor, K. Buddenbohn, C. Mackenzie. ROW 2: R. White, G. Cornish, C. Dory, T. Berg, T. Bolton, D. Hownum, K. Milhohn, G. Barton. ROW 3: P. Graaff, R. Julian, T. Greene, P. Ozimek, R. Thayer, K. Kinports, S. Saunders, C. Hallman.

4/C, L TO R, ROW 1: M. McCrabb, R. Chapman, V. Moore, J. Hollyer, L. Lipke, P. Dawson, K. Wray, J. Adolph. ROW 2: L. Wojtowicz, S. Holman, D. Lott, J. Brown, T. Stark. ROW 3: P. Monaghan, W. Robinson, J. Gonzales, J. Will, D. Boland, J. King, G. Mankey, M. Hurley. ROW 4: J. Oldham, K. Roey, D Topolewski, G. Shipman, B. Rochon, W. Tallman, K. Walsh, J. Costello, K. Bacher, R. Stivers.

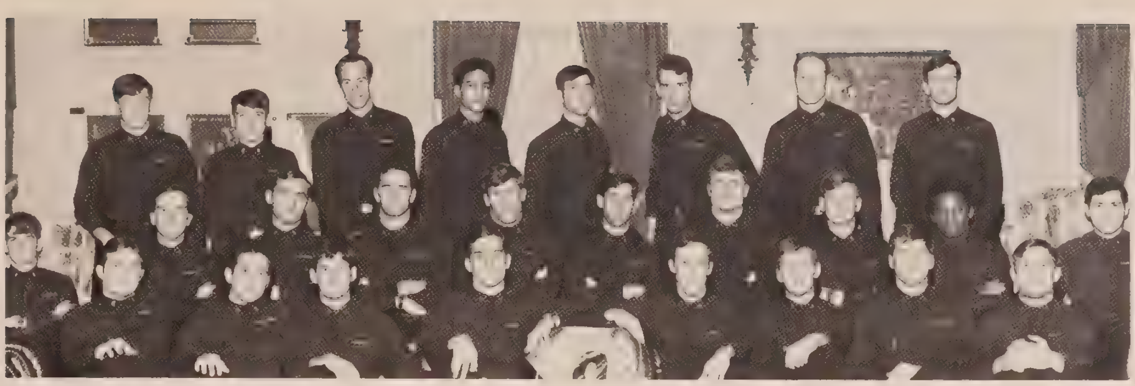
Lt. R. Kadlick, USN

1st Set: F. Yasment, J. Baumgaertel, D. McNeil

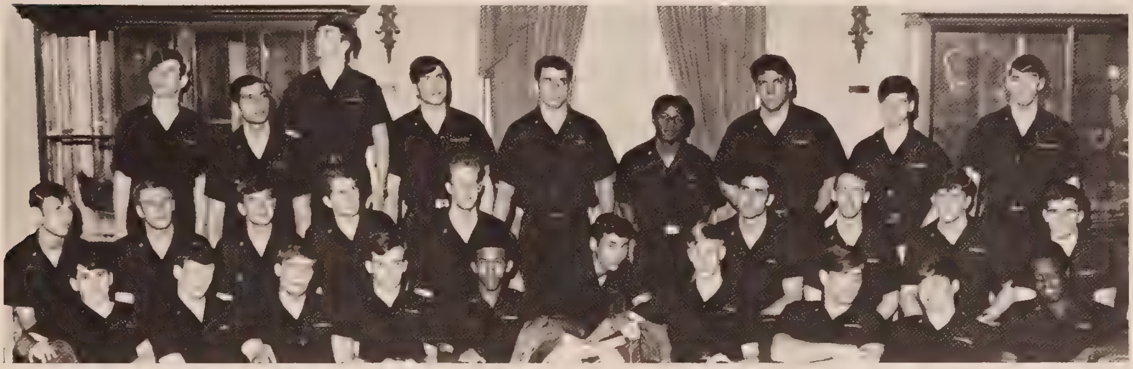
2nd Set: D. Mears, M. Tracy, W. Cummings

3rd Set: R. Borries, T. Swift, R. Shippee

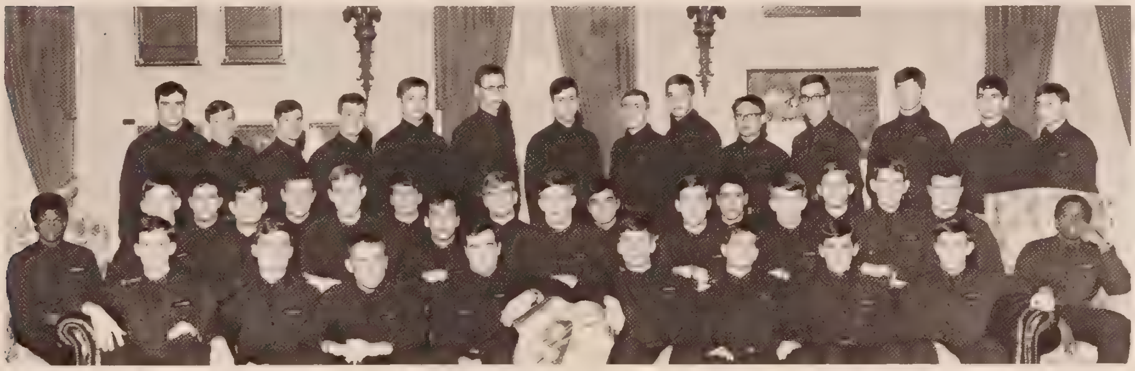
9



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Bakke, R. Nato, J. Carter, A. Cobble, R. Treitz, J. Hann, J. Maciejczyk, C. Litz. ROW 2: P. Ellis, L. Sposato, J. Buranosky, M. Rupprecht, M. Dailey, J. Drerup, L. Mays, D. Ward, R. Mitchell, H. Estabrooks. ROW 3: R. Peterman, W. Hawn, J. Sander, J. Epps, S Gray, W. Craighill, C. Scott, W. Deal



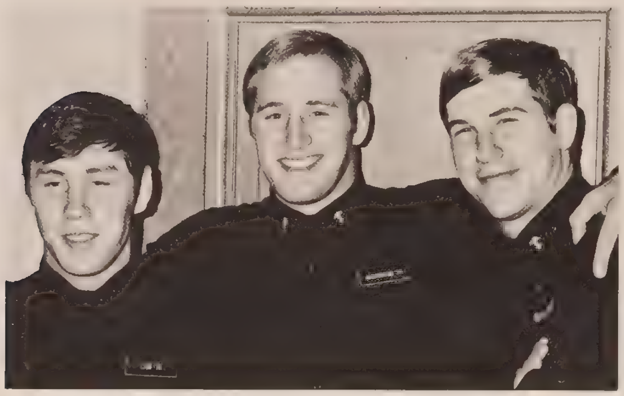
THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Collier, W. Hall, C. Gunnerson, D. Lambert, J. Valentine, Z. Henry, H. Guthmuller, G. Sprung, D. Cooke. ROW 2: S. Bridges, R. Droppa, G. Cook, P. McMahon, A. Ahlgren, V. Tsai, A. Krusi, R. Rotz, R. Sinibaldi, R. Andersen. ROW 3: G. McKenzie, D. Serabek, K Barker, W. Herberger, W. Tart, M. Floyd, N. Makridis, J. Shelden, W. Herndon



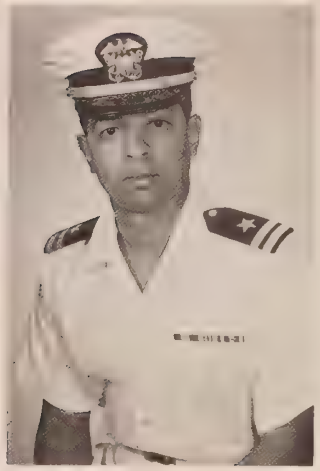
FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. McCready, C. Jackson, G. Johnson, M. Ruth, S. Koroma, W. Miles, J. Fernandez, J. Spegele. ROW 2: D Smith, S. Olechnowicz, R. Zalaskus, M. Delfon, R. Barth, M. Fisk, R. Yarberry, T. Glasgow, H. Woods. ROW 3: R. Goodman, M. Haring, R. Schwartzbeck, G. Anania, J. Foley, G. Herrault, M. Eslava, T. Goodwin, M. Sweeney. ROW 4: C. Jensen, L. Tucker, A. Shutt, C. Weiller, M. Sagness, R. Meals, S. Rosa, M. Matacz, K. Barnes, W. Leong, S. Suttles, S. Stafford, L. Price, S. Broy.

10

1st Set: W. Kelly, M. Morrison, D. Garrett

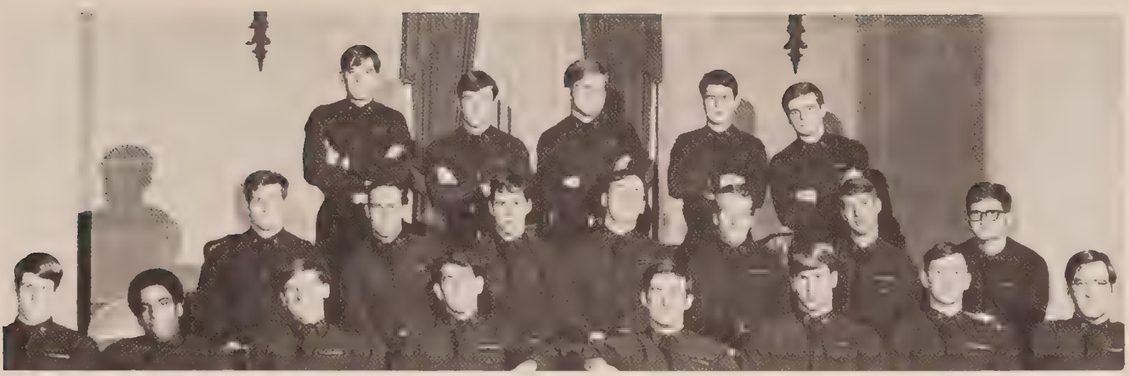


2nd Set: D. Law, G. Amundson, R. Arnold

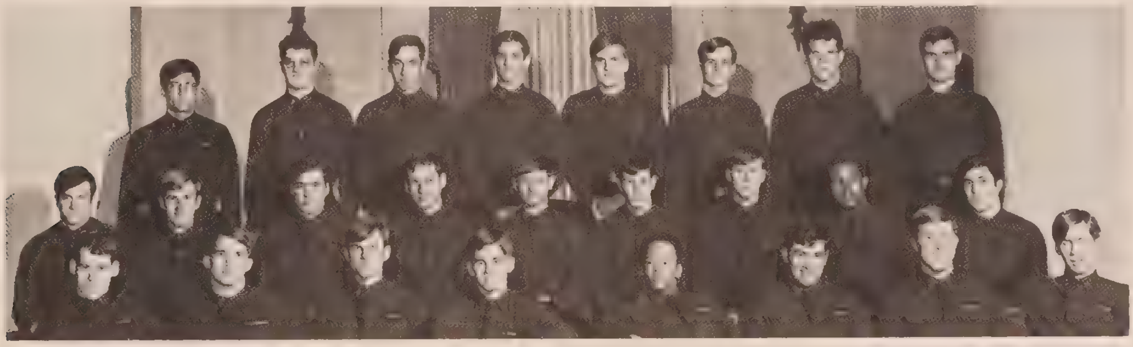


Lcdr. S. Carter, Jr. USN

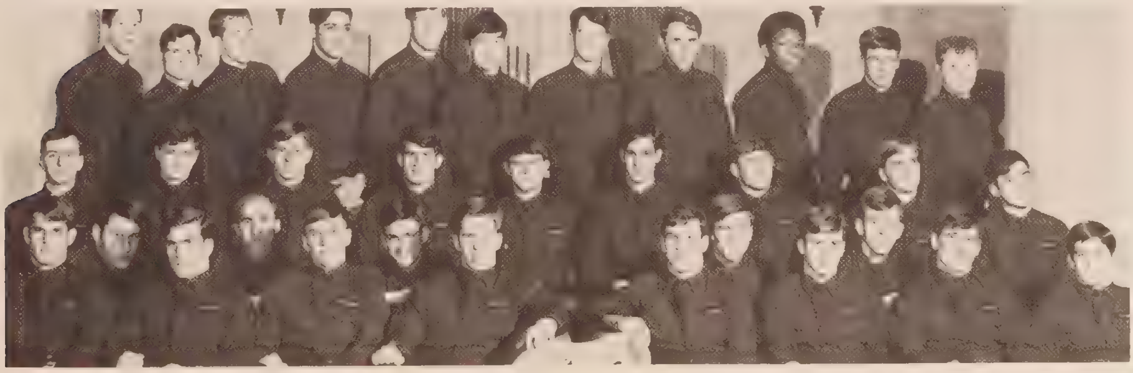
3rd Set: J. Szymanski, B. McCullough, W. Schenzel



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: L. Memminger, J. Liscomb, R. McHugh, J. McGowan, S. Ewell, J. Davis, G. Wrotnowski, P. Grant. ROW 2: A Gambone, A. Ross, J. Shepard, J. Swaykos, D. Laskowski, K. Crain. ROW 3: F. Hughes, B. Montgomery, S. Zobel, T. Dowell, J. Gertsch.

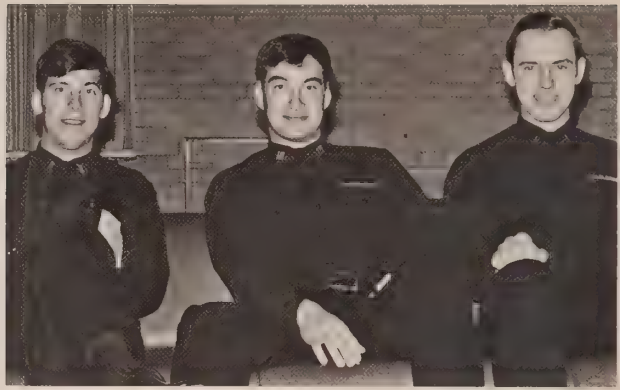


THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: W. Adams, C. O'Conor, K. Brock, M. Schmit, A. Foster, J. Tripodi, L. Royalty, J. Nelson. ROW 2: G. Holst, T Keeley, J. Potts, W. Jackson, T. Briar, B. Buck, R. Kessler, R. Mitchel, P. Rucci. ROW 3: G. Bever, M. Vieten, J. Walsh, M. Cander, G. Henning, J. Finley, A. Johnson, G. Maloche.



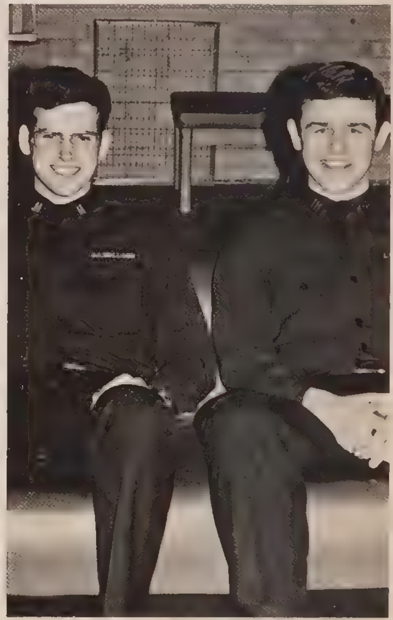
FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: S. Sellner, J. Vendelend, T. Whitehouse, S. Nerolich, G. Katilius, J. Glaze, J. Gray, W. Yeager. ROW 2: J Herbie, T. Walston, R. Saenz, L. McCracken, J. Curtis. ROW 3: A. Nugent, J. Ehlers, J. Martin, E. O'Brien, G. Simpson, G. Demarco, K. Waldie, E. Davis, C. Diffie. ROW 4: D. Cook, W. Countryman, R. Ugloe, G. Norris, S. Petri, G. Ives, A. Baker, W. Dial, L. Mosely, C. Divers, R. Gully

11



1st Set: T. Hill, W. Seibel, R. Blummer

2nd Set: M. Disney, M. Bumgardner, L. Whitmer



3rd Set: J. Bellard, L. Lovell, J. Lambright

Lcdr. J. Weston, USN

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Marrin, D. Love, K. Kochsmeier, M. Swirmicky, J. McKee, P. Richardson, S. Katcher, D. Fleischman. ROW 2: B. Leonard, C. Bush, A. Seide, C. Dirienzo, R. Oftedal, C. Scoppa, B. Casey

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Verbrycke, W. Johnson, J. Kelly, P. Thuot, A. Williams, D. Whittsett, P. Bruce, M. Blazin, L. Indiviglia, B Merriam. ROW 2: T. Dimenna, L. Geanuleas, B. Powell, D. Schenke, R. Cockrell, C. Feeney, D. Walters, O. Read, C. Pashos. ROW 3: T. Bog, H. Donigan. D. Paddock, B. Smith, M. Traveller

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Elias, B. Doroshuk, T. Dannessa, K. Fetzer, M. Drake, J. Dwyer, D. Spence, R. Gillett. ROW 2: P. McIntyre J. Summers, P. Hermeling, J. Shaughnessy, M. Walker, G. Billy, V. Balderrama, T. Crowley, T. Wood. ROW 3: P. DeMars, T. Plautz, D. Marzetta, H. Rodgers, J. VanDerKamp, S. Brashehr, K. Johnson, R. Eggleston, W. Brown, D. Wood. ROW 4: S. Laser, M. Lewis, R. Welch, J. Hooker, B. Buechner, J Wagemaker, P. Hall, T. Holmes, P. Winters, M. Kreyenhagen, C. Lowe, J. Cobb, G. Lovgren

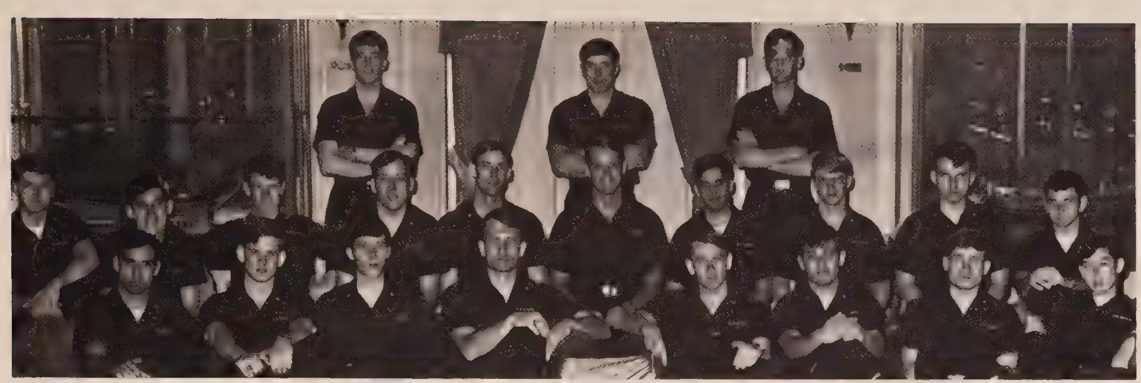
12

1st SET: B. Hummel, R. Moore, G. Windsor.

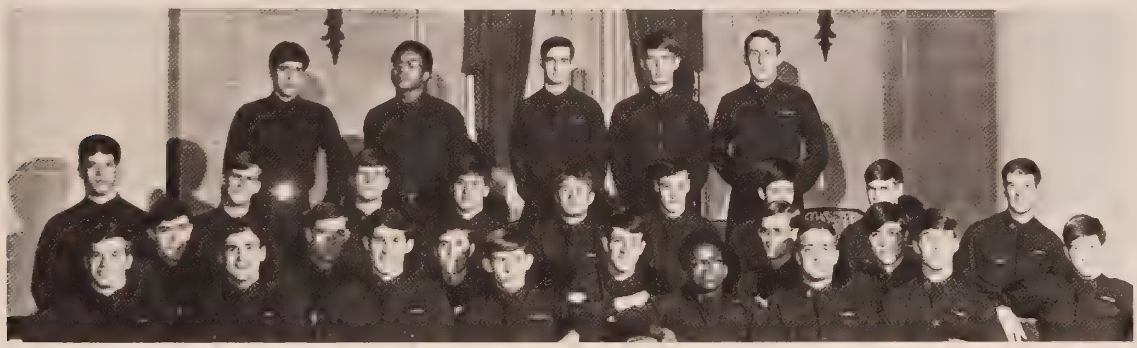
2nd SET: K. Zwingleberg, S. O'Brien, T. Mead.

Capt. R. Yeoman, USMC

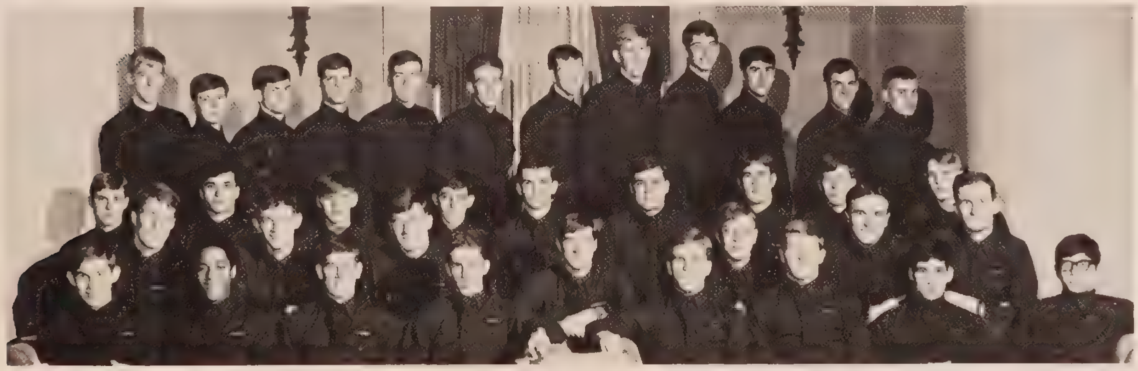
3rd SET: D. Zazworsky, S. Turner, B. Hummel



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. Vargo, M. Moore, D. Kitchin, F. Horne, B. Davison, D. Luhta, S. Daugherty, H. Bryson. ROW 2: L. Howard, W. Brown, S. Chapman, M. Thurwanger, S. O'Connor, J. Webb, R. Brunson, R. Carper, M. Benson, F. Cardoza. ROW 3: H. Bowden, W. Wheeler, C Hoffman.



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Jones, F. Kinkin, R. Vasser, D. Gearing, R. Brinkley, S. Giesen, D. Skocik, J. Coulson. ROW 2: E. King, J. Patterson, P. LaBossiere, J. Vuolo, G. Mitchell, D. Simon. ROW 3: S. Thomes, M. Tierney, P. Olsen, J. Weddle, J. George, S. Weingart, S. Fontaine, S. Jamieson, M. Walsh. ROW 4: F. Brooks, S. Gray, B. Finlayson, J. Sill, D. Podracky.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Rennie, J. Durham, T. Rose, G. Peet, R. Withers, C. Sattler, M. Perec. ROW 2: A. Sutcliffe, F. Sheehan, R Wright, L. Whitmeyer, R. Kwiecinski, R. Novak, N. Kennedy. ROW 3: J. Clager, D. Basso, S. Lis, T. Dudley, W. Davis, D. Koehl, F. Steed, K. McMasters, S Darling. ROW 4: J. Rudder, R. Esher, K. Van Dyne, M. Gurny, D. Dohrmann, R. Wren, F. Firestone, T. Hanifen, C. Bickmore, R. Jones, D. Williams, W. Gray

Lt. J. Lapicola, USN

1st Set: W. Fogelsanger, K. Daniels, W. Howse

2nd Set: G. Croner, W. Becker, T. Davilli

3rd Set: J. Maclin, M. Wydra, W. Fogelsanger

13

2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: J. Moore, J. Bauman, P. Exner, P. Haggerty, G. Wolfrum, C. Turpen, W. Mueller, L. Sebring. SECOND ROW: M. Neumeyer, R Badsgard, A. Leboeuf, J. Celano, P. Wood, D. Thieman, R. Griffith, R. Batti, W. Borns. THIRD ROW: G. Queen, H. Heise, D. Bringle, P. Scherini

3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: C. Jorgenson, D. Baker, E. Galvan, F. Burnett, M. Anderson, G. Schuler, H. Huhn, I. Hertwig. SECOND ROW: J. Nelson, K Steele, D. Anderson, L. Corpus, N. Berger, O. Sharp, P. Sharp, Q. Powell, R. Bentley. THIRD ROW: S. Desimone, T. Murray, U. Galloway, V. Palkie, W O'Sullivan

4/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: A. Shumaker, B. Brink, C. Bennett, D. Redick, E. Kennedy, F. Klepacki, G. Seto, H. Sutherland. SECOND ROW: I. Lesh, J. Serio, K. Walker, L. Hawk, M. Hannan, N. Tyree, O. Torsey. THIRD ROW: P. Moore, Q. Jensen, R. Bruce, S. Woods, T. Von Ahn, U. Leary, V. Brutzman, W McManus, X. Mooney, Y. Saddler. FOURTH ROW: Z. Coffey, A. Klikier, B. Hnarkis, C. Holznecht, D. Kempisty, E. Sanchez, F. Lillard, G. Evans, H. Britain, I. Benson

Lcdr. M. Scott, Jr., USN

1st SET: K. Hart, D. Vilotti, P. Reardon.

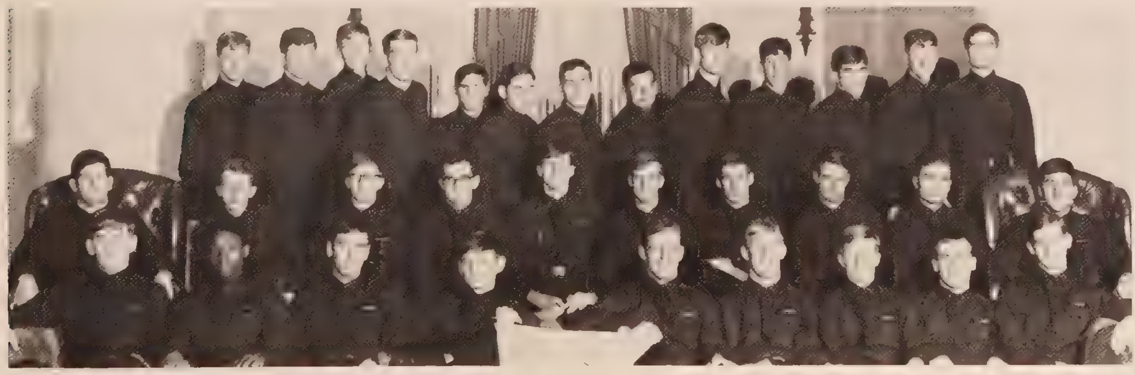
14

2nd SET: S Bauer, P Corrigan, M. Lingerfelt.

3rd SET: S. Cohe, J. Greenert, P. Griese.

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: K. Anderson, J. Stahura, D. Keene, S. Topscher, M. Herb, B. Devane, G. Kish. ROW 2: N. Karangelen, E. Youngborg, D. Fischer, E. Holmes, S. Wichols, F. Drennan, W. Pfanol, R. Holland, W. Kweller, R. Eckenrode. ROW 3: R. Gallagher, J. Tomlin, M. West, L Wise, J. Wilckews, M. Brubaker. G. Hentz.

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Mahoney, D. Schubert, G. Station, P. Corbett, F. Grabowsky, R. Taylor, A. Meidling, C. Breen. ROW 2: K. Walvoord, D. Cassidy, D. Kaluzny, B. O'Callaghan, R. Self, R. Burnette, J. Madaio, R. Snyder, D. Gallagher. ROW 3: J. Camacho, J. Cinciripino, P. Sisa, T. Behrle, K. Sullivan, V. Davis, K. Kearns, L. Wilderman.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: K. McGhee, M. Fields, E. Sheldon, C. Bell, C. Maszun, S. Murphy, C. Leidig, C. James, R. Smith. ROW 2: J Lippard, R. Guy, T. Mitchell, L. McCabe, C. Wendt, B. Richter, F. Webster, L. Ducharme, E. Kamradt, E. Szeligowski. ROW 3: M. Bolin, D. Beverlin, M. Kozlarek, R. Destafney, E. Rodriguez, R. Santos, B. Richardson, L. Rodriguez, V. Berry, C. Dougherty, M. Huston, O. Meyer, J. Bly

15

1st SET: R. Rush, N. White, R. Bridgeman

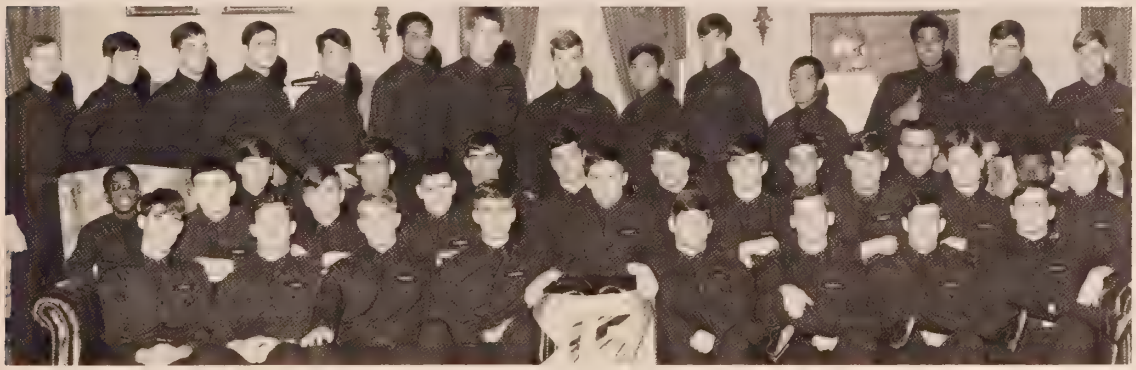
Capt. R. Hodory, USMC

2nd SET: R. Hoke, G. Steel, M. Manley

3rd SET: K. Willett, D. Engler, B. Wegner

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1: J. Tandy, J. Medina, S. Von Dollen, M. Halloran, C. Schaffer, R. Lett, P. Newman, M. O'Hare. ROW 2: A. Blanco, D. Mitchell, T Wood, M. Golden, B. Leytem, R. Bauman, R. Badsgard, K. Curley, L. Erdman. ROW 3: C. Tower, N. Parker, T. Pumphrey, M. Brittingham, C. Hanson, M West, M. Smith, G. Harrell, J. Yeager, G. McConnell

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1: A. Askew, B. Herman, C. Acton, D. Ashoy, E. Ruth, F. Chapman, G. West, H. Karels. ROW 2: I. Gonzales, J. Nagelin, K. Almeida, L. Vossberg, M. Yourstone, N. Barnes, O. Rossi, P. Aarons, J. Caulfield, Q. Artzer. ROW 3: R. Keefe, S. Cole, T. Travis, U. Slivica, V. Godfrey, W. Hugel, X. Lopes, Y. Raunig, Z. Lee, A. Smith, B. Fox.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1: A. Roll, B. Clark, C. Konrad, D. Ray, E. Makowicz, F. Lafont. ROW 2: G. Harris, H. Nichols, I. Blanco, J. Hanna, K. Watts, L Trenti, M. Freeberg, N. Semanyk. ROW 3: O. Becerrk, P. Havtav, Q. Manzo, R. Sterner, T. Lax, U. Fritsch, V. Galvin, W. Howell, X. Alford. ROW 4: Y Duncan, Z. Schmermund, A. May, B. Poleondakis, C. Miskowski, B. Harris, D. Kolvesky, E. Runolfson, F. Kelley, G. McInerney, H. Rodriguez, I. Scott, J Olsen, K. Romaine

Lcdr. B. Daly, USN

1st SET: T. Hammes, H. Baldwin, R. Harwell.

16

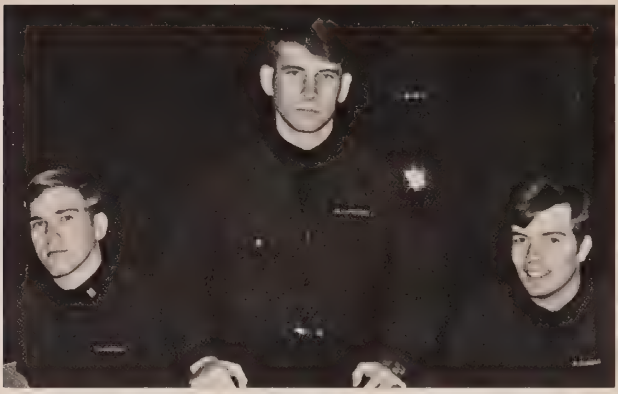
2nd SET: L. Edgar, S. Walsh, R. Thomas

3rd SET: C. Hill, J. White, T. Hammes

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Jourdan, J. Stavridis, R. Parks, S. Kelley, D. Manners, R. Pottle, J. Berkley, L. Davis. ROW 2: G. Rector, R Holloway, A. Nalls, J. Suter, K. Leonard, J. Parker, D. Chiquelin. ROW 3: L. Muczynski, B. Jackson, J. Rubino

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Varney, R. Caldwell, A. Tubin, T. Shaw, K. Quinn, M. Borchers, D. Stewart, H. Gretzky. ROW 2: J. Feiler, L. Deane, N. Gillespie, J. Mabry. ROW 3: R. Maurer, B. Boatwright, S. Miller, S. Garcia, T. Thomson, K. Haney, T. Brown, S. Schlientz, S. Sprecher, W. Chatman, M. Samuels. ROW 4: J. Miller, P. Hyers, T. Hutchinson, J. MacKercher, D. Ryan, B. Browell, M. Callahan, N. Episcopo, J. Duncan, D. Paist, E Konopa.

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. Greenwood, R. Salvadore, E. Merrera, J. Blacksmear, P. Craig, S. Maloney, C. Jones, C. Wilson. ROW 2 K. Damour, K. Eckman, R. Costanzo, G. Cline, D. Dutch, C. W. Jones, M. Hardaway, S. Tallant, M. Rutland, M. Nault. ROW 3: D. Bonvouloir, K. McConnell, J. Comoon, R. Bennet, C. Boettcmer, T. Lauzon, P. Pietsch, J. Klose, F. Bemm, G. McGarvey, C. Whalon



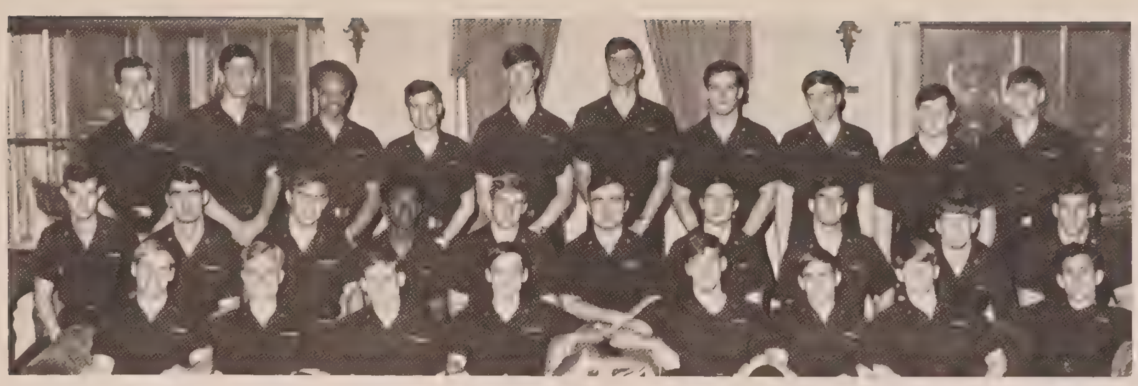
1st Set: P. Mangan, M. Peifer, H. Snead

11

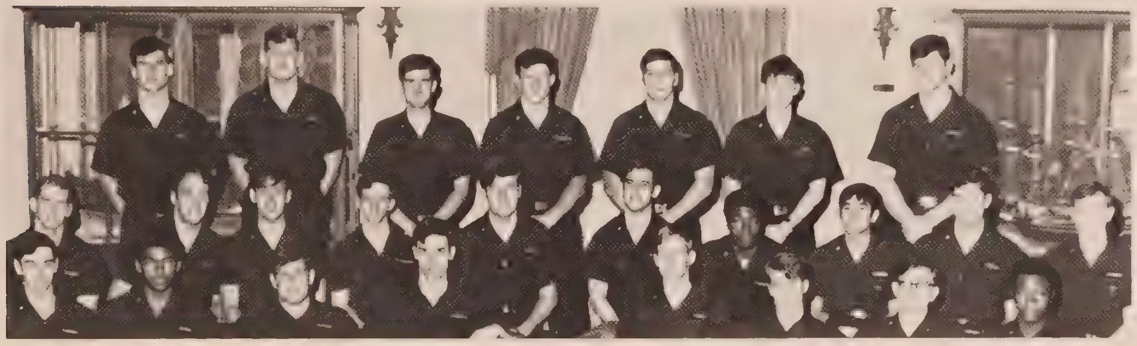
2nd Set: J. McConnell, K. Sykes, C. Foley

3rd Set: R. Rybolt, W. Sichko, K. Sykes

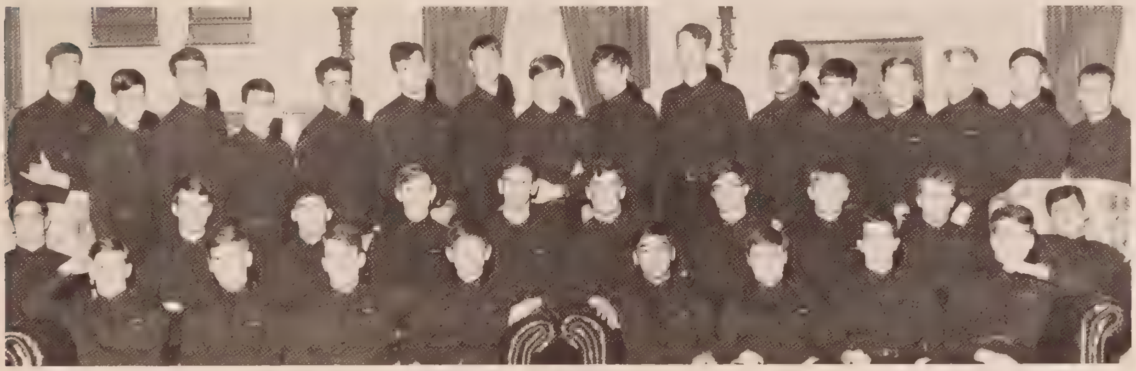
Lt. T. Pestorius USN



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Duke, P. Brown, D. Humphrey, M. Bircher, M. Pearsall, R. Seedorf, M. Drennan, K. Bolin. ROW 2: D. Simons, G. Hessenaler, G. Standrake, R. Ellis, J. Virden, D. O'Brien, J. Moro, C. Harvey, S. Hinrichs, C. Opel. ROW 3: C. McFarland, D. Fretz, J. Smith, P Mueller, D. Swingle, C. Ames, B. Jewett, B. Dolan, J. Rowland, J. Kolbeck



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Stevenson, J. Smith, T. Lindner, J. Venerella, R. McCoy, M. McVay, A. Horn, H. Withers. ROW 2: D. Beach, T Lorentz, R. McWhorter, D. Johnson, R. Atwood, D. Comis, D. Freeman, M. Toguchi, S. Besco, J. Wisecup. ROW 3: D. Vallerte, T. Frey, P. Green, J. Chamberlain, M. Diunzio, R. Bosarge, M. Hansell.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: K. Liddy, A. Kowadla, D. Gold, N. Sikeotis, J. Alvite, L. Mizak, J. Rouira, S. Tangredi. ROW 2: L. Yeary, D Ksiazek, C. Hassler, B. Wicklund, J. Scola, J. Kutler, J. Small, H. Jensen, R. Call, A. Cuca. ROW 3: B. Cramp, B. Proctor, J. Hastings, M. Smith, W Jorden, J. Anderson, S. Rotton, M. Cofsky, T. Harper, J. Kaw, M. Young, F. Corcorain, K. Fladager, T. Hardin, S. Curtis, S. Gahan

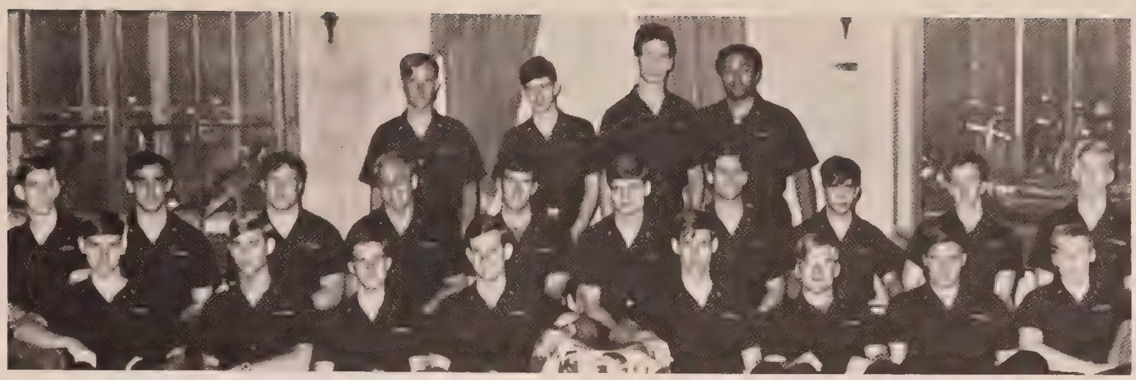
18

1st SET: M. Brown, L. Kloth, J. Bobenage.

2nd SET: D. Elins, D. Russell, F. Bertalan

Lt. N. Ryan, Jr., USN

3rd SET: D. Lam, W. Hicks, W. Meyers



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Lambert, M. Trenor, K. Lombart, T. Hodge, M. Bosworth, C. Gorum, J. Kleefisch, R. Anders. ROW 2: J. Greene, D. Kerrick, E. Gardner, J. Hutchinson, J. Bickings, G. Moe, B. Petit, J. Wade, J. Mulliner, J. Swanson. ROW 3: J. McAliley, J. Locks, R. Salazar, R. Bass.

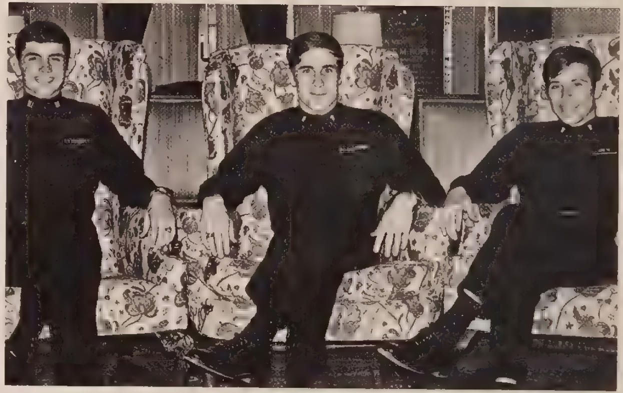
THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. Glab, L. Sanders, R. Dodsworth, B. Campbell, D. Islieb, V. Gardner, J. Cardosi, D. Evensen. ROW 2: B. Stein, A. Wilson, T. Thomas, J. Johnston, W. Venuhr, W. Calderwood, S. Morrissey, E. Turner, J. Gould, J. Mathre. ROW 3: D. Meughan, R. Magee, P. Varvaris, S. O'Brien, D. Williams, E. McCarthy, F. Ford, D. Kirkman, G. Foster, R. Hamblin, R. Creamer.

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Barnes, T. Mattingly, D. Schneider, C. Carlson, B. Stuart, D. Hall, P. Bently, T. Fabiani. ROW 2: S. Ramos, R. Milton, D. Brown, S. Wilson, T. Flanaghan, S. McMartin, C. Hagen, A. Athens, S. Vigil, T. Null. ROW 3: K. White, J. Root, G. Cory, R. Cloutier, R Ferensik, V. Adams, R. Mohler, J. Dickman, M. Manginella, W. Clark, G. White, P. Frano, J. Amicarella, R. McGirt, M. Fox, S. Park, M. Hernandez, C Seizert

Lcdr. T. Nesbit USN

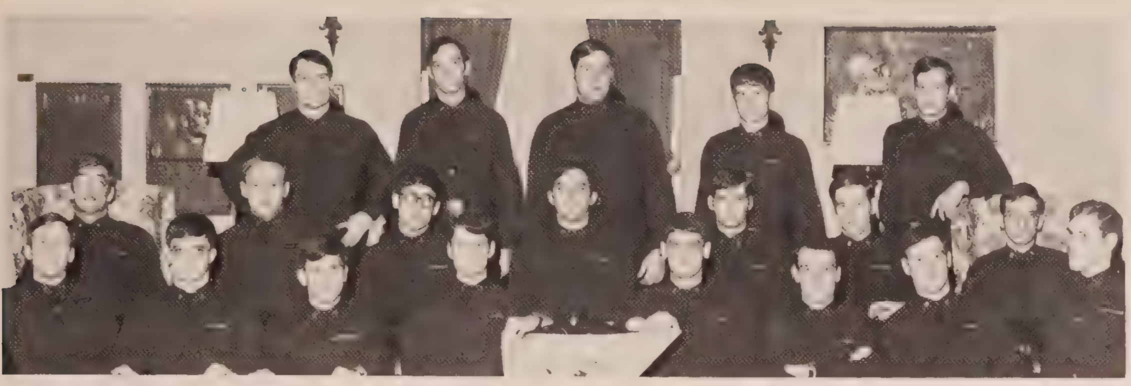
1st Set: H. Rowling, K. Hart, D. Ray

2nd Set: G. Bennett, M. Satorius, R. Luke

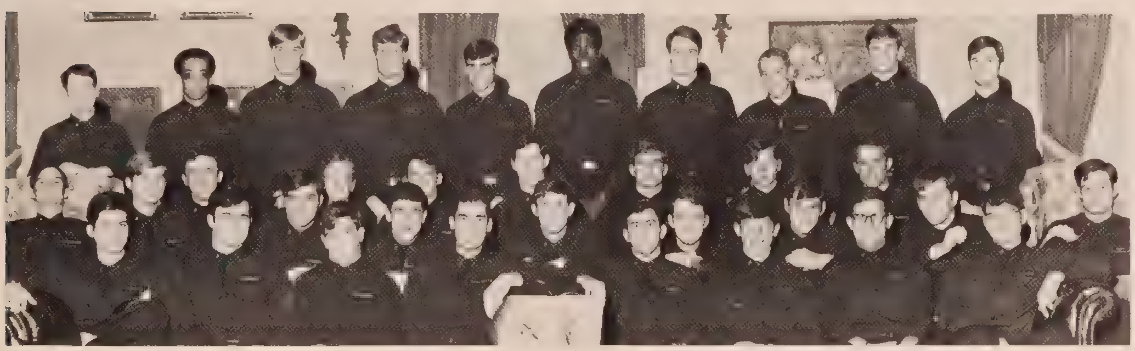


3rd Set: P. English, M. Lord, R. Eichelberger

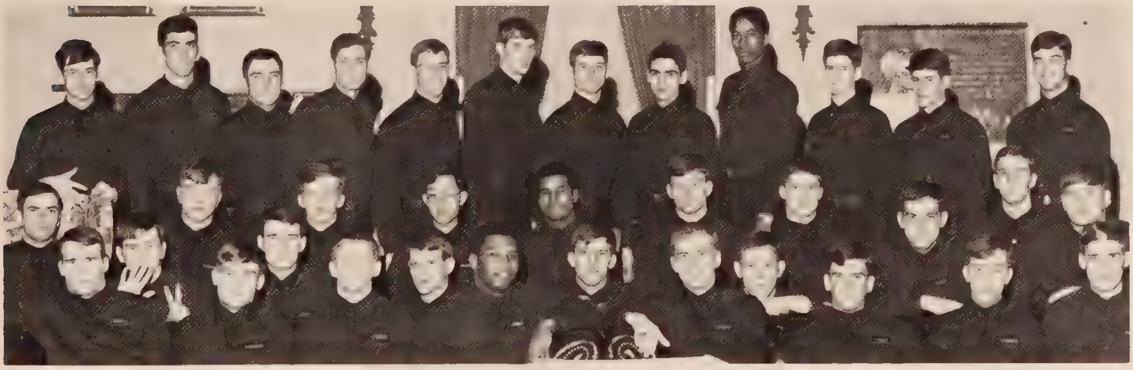
19



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. Bent, R. Parman, R. Brunngraber, A. Raithel, M. Hoffman, D. Crisalli, A. Manzi, R. Steinhauer. ROW 2: B. Mason, G. McKinney, F. Swierski, T. Fredrick, J. Whitaker, T. Patterson, P. Paskey. ROW 3: P. McKim, J. Davis, B. Hast, R. Mitiska, N. Mueller



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Calfee, C. McCarthy, R. Sheppard, G. Falzetta, C. Racdosin, P. Colman, B. Halsey, C. Nimitz. ROW 2: T Aldern, T. Russell, J. Marques, H. High, K. Baker, W. Jones, A. Hegeman, C. Ryan, A. Verhofstadt, T. Eason, J. O'Conor, J. Miller, D. O'Lone, J. Linenger, A. Anderson, T. Ellinwood. ROW 4: S. Smith, K. Lockett, W. Booker, P. Conroy, D. Elliott, R. Goodrum, C. Krcha, D. Meister, M. Caron, M. Daigle



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Woodley, D. Engelhardt, J. Cover, C. Andre, C. Willson, K. Maloney, M. Spencer, B. Roby. ROW 2: M Candizi, P. Peterson, S. Keen, P. Ryan, K. Bowersox, F. Lucci, R. Roustio, C. Batt. ROW 3: T. Coffey, R. Schiefen, P. Berrigan, B. Akiyama, M. deRouen, M. Grabowsky, D. Moody, C. Abelein. ROW 4: A. Bluestone, M. DiAntonio, T. Martinez, D. Batey, J. Bohlmann, M. Pelleschi, D. Guza, P. Blais, T. Abernathy, P. Quigley, J. Fee, J. Bland.

20

Maj. A. Garcia USMC

1st Set: J. Park, A. Stevenson, M. Duncan

2nd Set: G. Madsen, E. Guerrazzi, W. Squires

3rd Set: R. Shaw, B. Flannery, D. Niedermaier

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. Moeller, M. Lefever, C. Brown, R. McNally, S. Bedard, L. Meeks, T. Colella, D. Palmer. ROW 2: R. Shaffer, P Messenger, P. Peterson, E Ford, T. Wooldridge, B. Porlier, M. Miller, D. Mills, R. Johnson, J. O'Connell. ROW 3: J. Zacharzjk, E. Chenoweth, G Davis, D. Croom, M. Daily, P. Wilhelm.

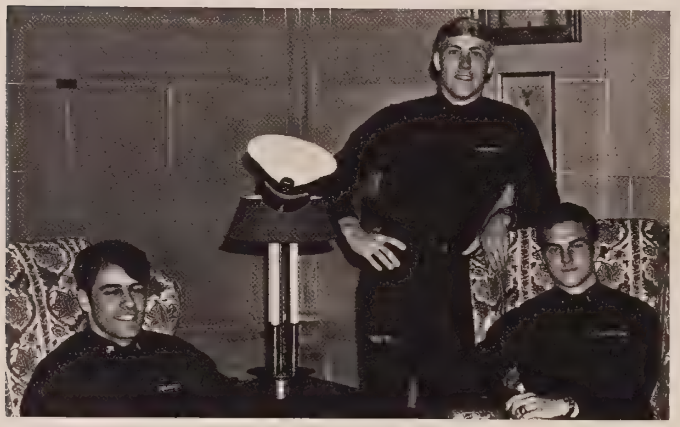
THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: N. Meres, B. Christensen, J. Branson, K. Clark, B. Wilbur, J. Vilbert, D. Grimes, S. Keough, B. Smith. ROW 2: D Smart, C. Ivey, J. Hartigan, J. Baumgardner, J. Corn, S. Wood, J. Gerhard, V. Nelson, F. D'Aprile, P. Engel, R. Kuehne. ROW 3: W. Hirko, M. Laviano, P Diego, N. Caldwell, P. Cameron, W. Repetta, T. Sullivan, R. Stone, M. Scullin, M. Sooter, G. Gray, R. Current, L. Capuano.

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. McKeon, A. Kolpacke, E. Kalisky, C. Cowen, M. Hayden, D. Cawthra, S. Anderson, M. Shinego. ROW 2: R Small, J. Paulick, D. Peters, D. Berenato, J. Carrasco, C. Dickinson, D. Reiland, T. Morse, S. Painter, S. Nolan. ROW 3: R. Myers, J. Cook, S. Bacon, J Felton, L. Bramlett, D. Lauriat, S. Burns, R. Laughlin, J. Foy

21

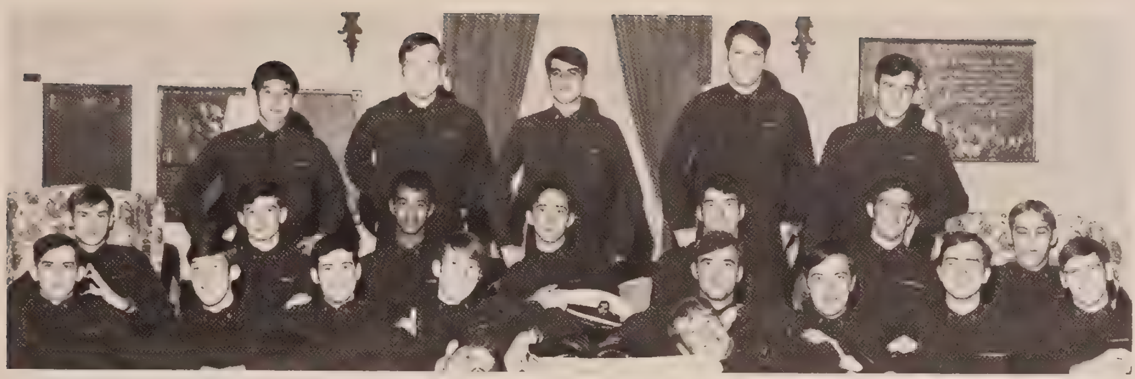
Lt. T. Lackey, USN

1st SET: J. Moran, M. Siedband, R. Barbieri.

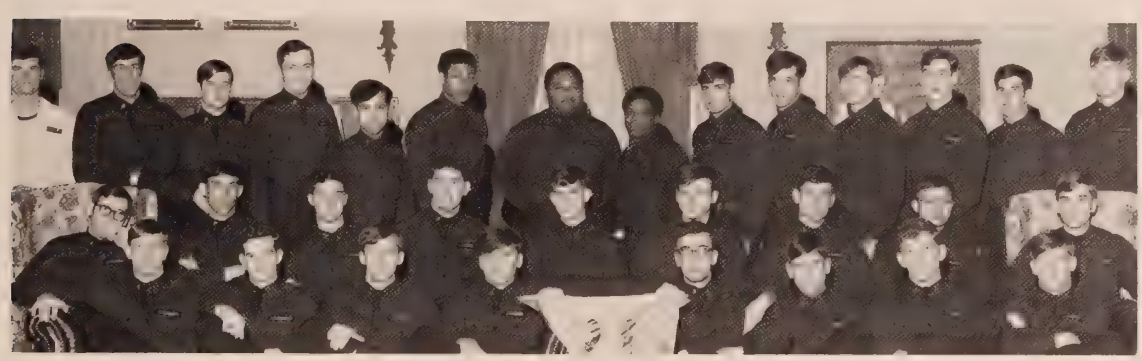


2nd SET: A. Ronacher, D. Herbein, R. Schwarting.

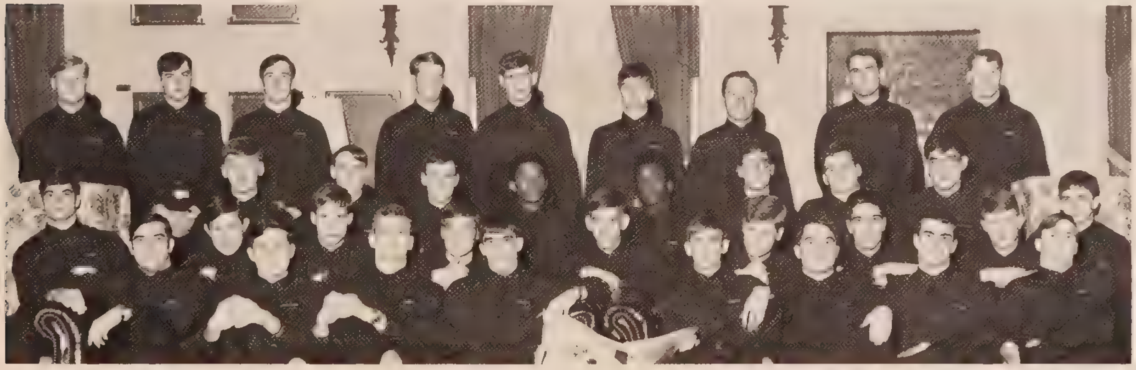
3rd SET: P. Gottschalk, T. Gray, R. Hood



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Hlywiak, C. Napora, M. Seifert, B. Bevard, D. Solliday, P. Brady, M. O'Loughlin, J. Snapper, D. Ackerson, T. Anderson. ROW 2: G. Rau, G. Turner, J. Dennis, J. Scout, R. Connelly, S. Andrusisian, D. Price. ROW 3: R. Aguenza, D. McDaniel, P. Tracy, T. Bosse, J. Lewis.



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Spencer, M. Rosenberg, R. Harper, M. Alcamo, J. Leary, R. Thompson, E. Smith, D. Thompson. ROW 2: J Childress, B. Sitler, M. Johnson, J. Blake, H. Bell, R. Uhde, R. Simmons, A. Acera, M. Chabal. ROW 3: E. Moore, E. Rourke, E. Enochs, F. Eliot, D. Baysic, D. Anderson, C. Hithon, E. Davis, B. Amico, M. DeCrosta, G. Rice, B. Sherman, R. Frank, A. Griffin.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: O. Bulich, J. McClelland, J. Swartz, J. Wissler, C. Nickell, C. Love, M. Broome, J. Simmons. ROW 2: R. Fallon, J. Schlagheck, J. Storvick, M. Rausch, S. Sutton, T. Holman, G. Pallais, S. Provow. ROW 3: J. Carpenter, C. Rupp, J. Kauffman, G. Jubert, E. Powell, N. Lowe, D. Reid, R. Scheliga, R. Ross. ROW 4: M. Pasztalaniec, B. Tanner, M. Boensel, C. Burgin, V. Rossitto, M. Weisbart, P. Lynch, T. Martin, M. Miner.

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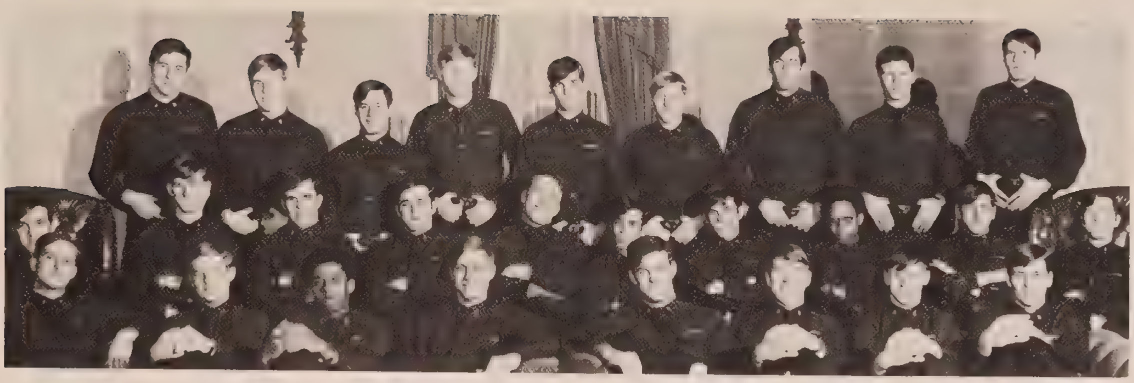
1st Set: F. McComb, J. Hubbard, W. Moss

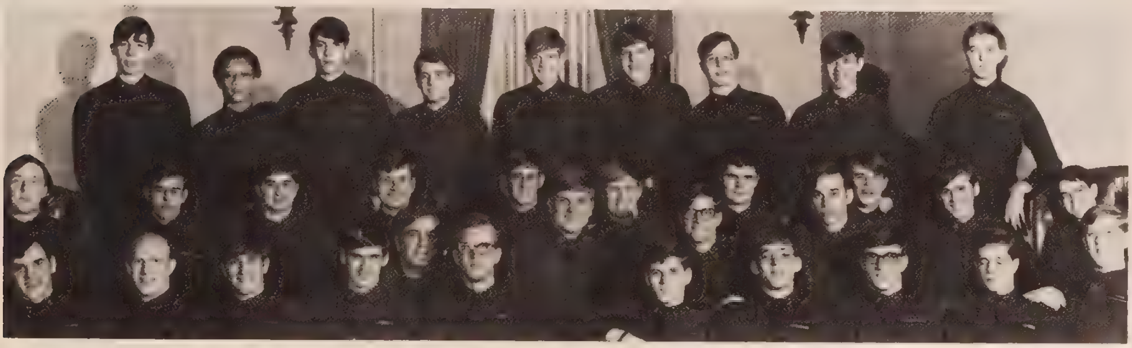
2nd Set: D. Bateman, T. Dlugolecki, S. Shegrud

Lt. A. Dionizio USN

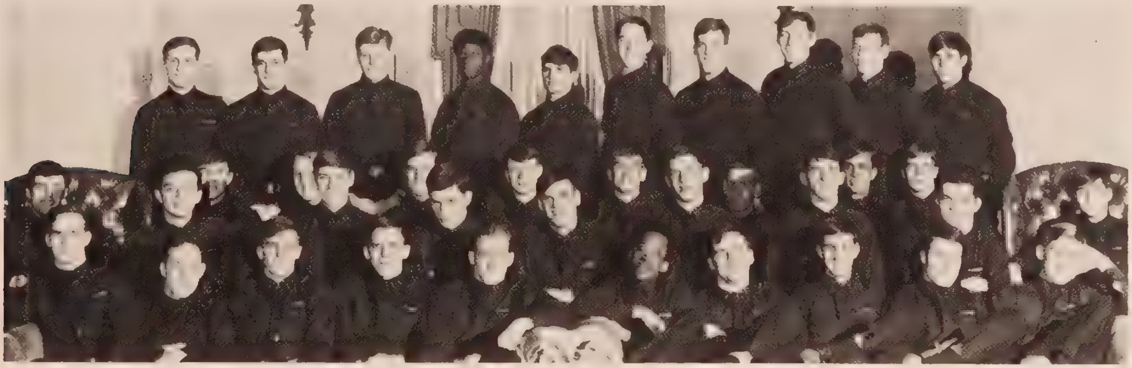
3rd Set: J. Kersey, W. Flippin, T. Sadorus



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: H. Lisle, S. Hauge, A. Clark, J. McClain, B. Caulk, B. Iverson, P. Rollins, P. Klien. ROW 2: L. Spain, J. Manley, G. Sutherland, E. Jeter, J. Brink, D. Sweede, C. Sample, C. Boyd, J. Ruttar, J. Roeske. ROW 3: D. Shaus, D. Olsen, R. Hamme, A. Schmidt, D. Tibbetts, S West, T. Smith, Z. Harrison, J. Snodgrass.



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: G. Waldron, J. Cloward, E. Garcia, O. Peruffo, C. Boley, D. Chellis, B. Patterson, G. Koszalinski, C. Cook, R Wood. ROW 2: R. Holman, R. Knowski, B. Douglas, M. Mair. ROW 3: F. Chrzanowski, J. Steinmuller, C. Sargent, J. Wilson, R. Barnes, C. Pagano, H Meyers, R. McGraw, T. Osseck, R. Marcantonio. ROW 4: E. Parsons, M. Tucker, D. Householder, A. Hochevar, M. Snow, M. Thorp, R. Prodoehl, W Nash, R. Armentrout.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Mulhare, R. Kaplan, M. Duncan, S. Copeland, C. Slack, E. Mosely, M. Crisp, C. Goodlett, T. Clinton, D Schuman. ROW 2: J. Ortega, T. Johnston, L. Harper, J. Whatley, J. Fitzgerald, W. McCain, A. Hammond. ROW 3: K. Tassie, E. Campbell, R McNaughton, C. Bourquardez, F. Butterfield, E. Nelson, W. Terry, T. Balestrini, W. Poole, L. King. ROW 4: W. Larimore, D. Reilly, C. Hefren, G. Flanagan, C. Griffin, W. Girrier, K. Greene, J. Shulson, G. Teufel, S. Eckert.

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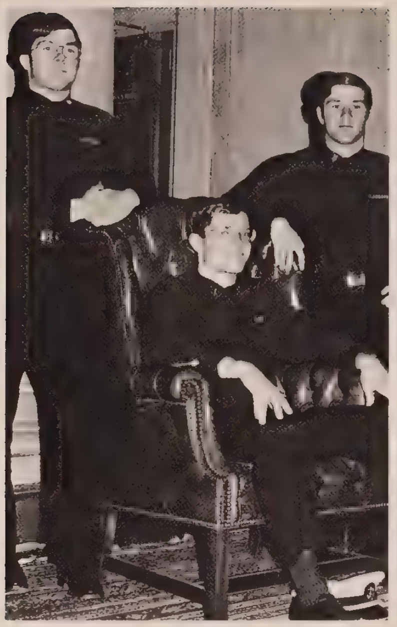
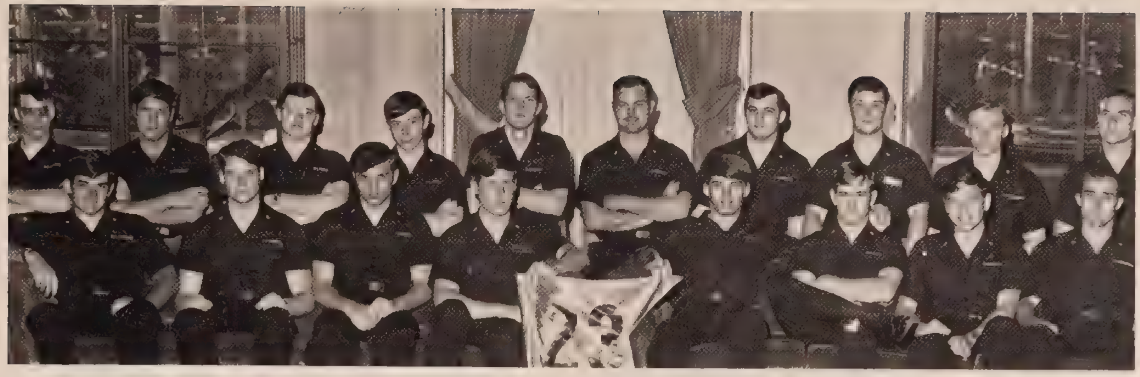


1st Set: C. Mahon, D. Frost, C. Morrow

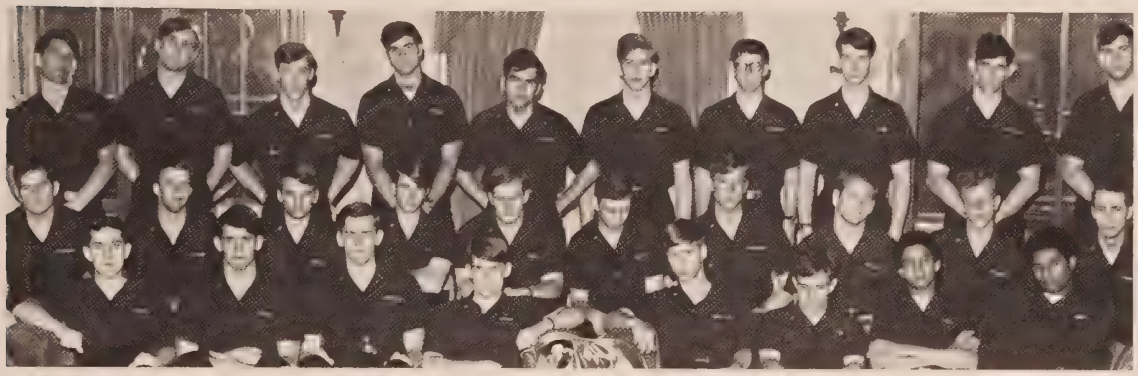
Lcdr. C. Laskey USN

2nd Set: K. Bobb, R. Lindsay, J. Russell

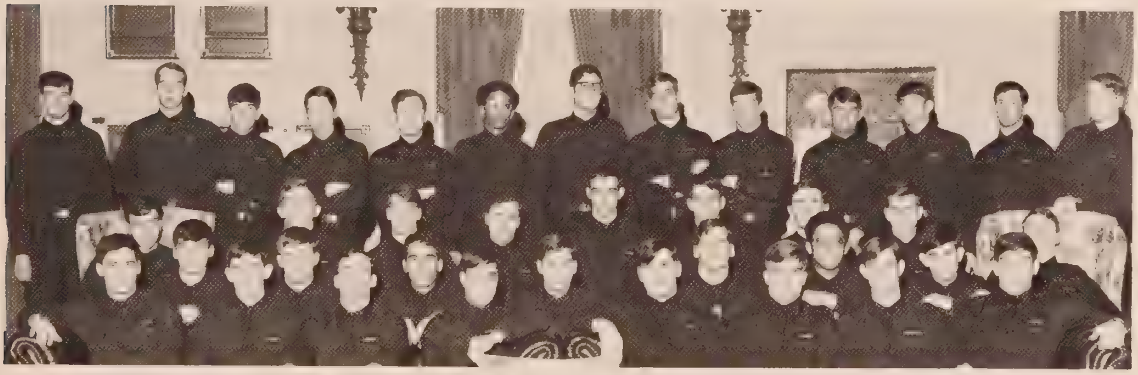
3rd Set: F. Frassica, F. Verhofstadt, J. Marquis



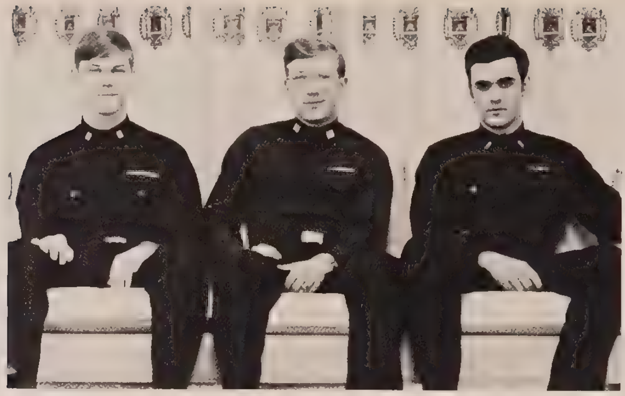
SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Zelibor, D. Harrison, J. Coverick, K. Higginbotham, J. Kohler, M. Kapsch, P. Gallati, K. Cheatham. ROW 2: T. Bonner, D. Steudler, W. Rogers, R. Rhyne, S. Navarre, J. Therriault, J. Watkins, J. Richardson, D. Crossman, T. Price



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Elmore, W. Felker, J. Achenbach, G. Platz, M. Stephenson, J. Smith, I. Fogleman, G. Byrd. ROW 2: M Pecora, M. Scott, R. Morin, R. Snead, S. Irvin, C. Trimble, C. Debbink, D. Mickle, R. Hansen, D. Brezack. ROW 3: J. McCarthy, J. Clements, C. Cooksey. R. Barnes, F. Pagano, R. Adcock, R. Coulombe, L. Carr, W. Garland, S. Lutterloh



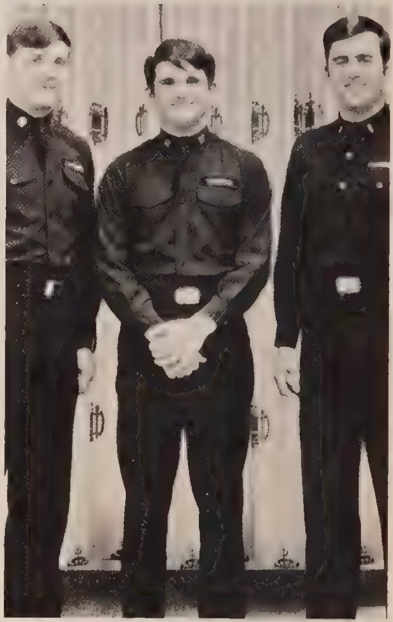
FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: B. Lord, C. Powers, C. Moody, W. Duggan, K. Walter, C. Dawson, D. Morrison, P. Mathews. ROW 2: E Hamilton, S. Podawiltz, A. Robredo, J. Rogers, D. Malone, R. Knight, D. Vance. ROW 3: J. Painter, H. Leavitt, J. Martin, J. Cramer, T. Dowding, B. Green, J. Warren, M. Sensemsn, M. Danos. ROW 4: J. Orzalli, W. Cook, S. Ferree, J. Veregge, J. Byers, M. Johnston, E. Stanik, J. Skogsberg, C. Lasilem, M Galpin, H. Seeger, D. Houghton, J. Butler, L. Norton



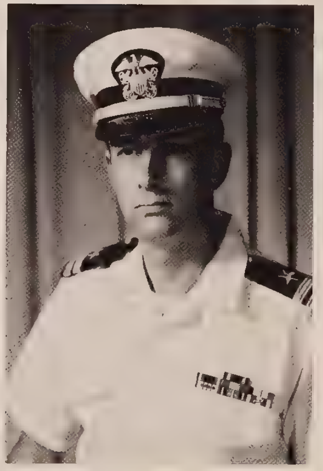
1st Set: J. Mackenzie, R. Kammier, T. Metz

24

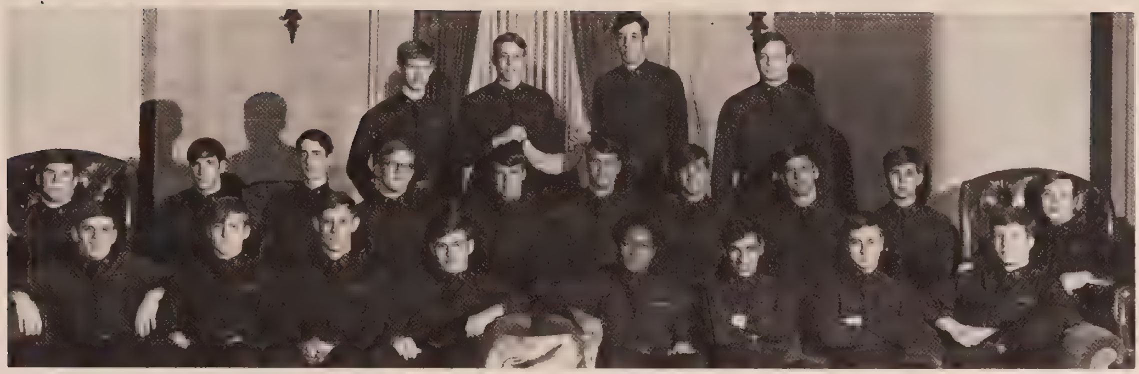
2nd Set D Kruer, K. Donald, P. Papish



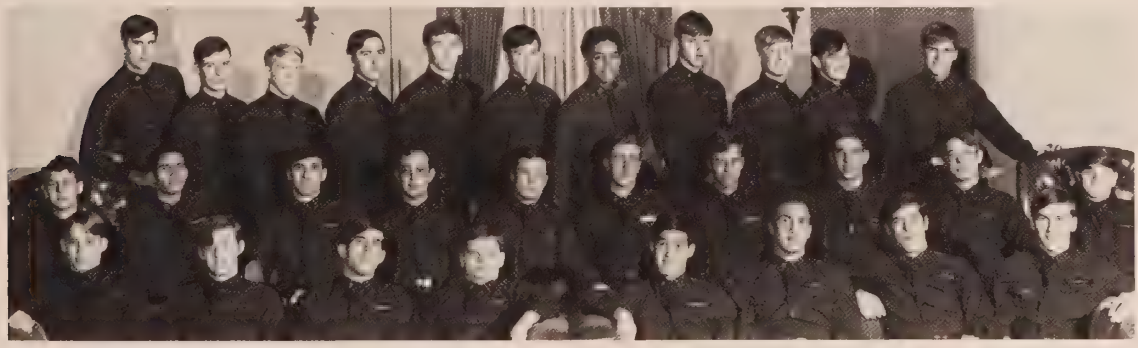
Lt. S. Ries USN



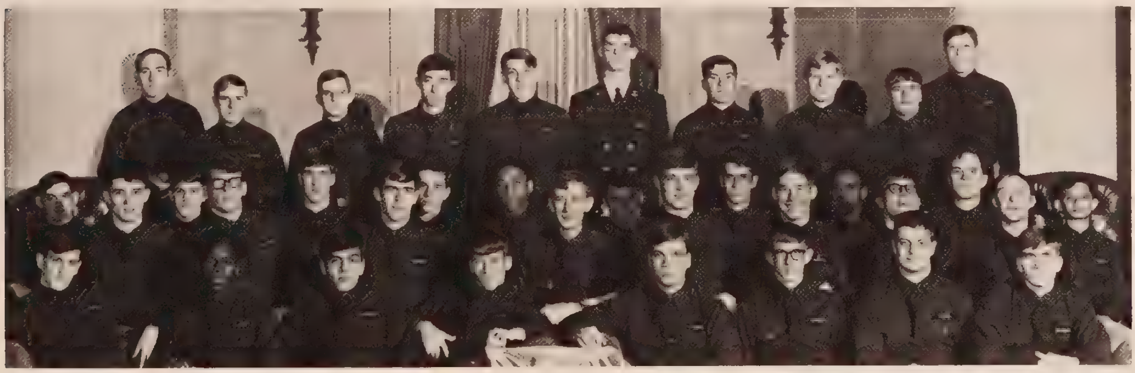
3rd Set: G. Tusing, P. Harar, S. Gaffney



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. Moore, L. Robertson, M. Schweer, M. Linn, L. Washington, L. Saccoccio, C. Rumfelt, C. Crazel. ROW 2 R. Jackson, P. Cornell, J. Foy, M. Witt, D. Hart, J. Mark, M. Sloan, S. Funk, K. Beeks, J. Kerr, D. Sears. ROW 3: L. Bell, W. Hudson, A. Vanderschaaf



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Briganti, B. Dowsley, S. Neidhold, G. Lawlor, R. Mulby, J. Eberle, P. Cappelino, M. Moylan. ROW 2: F. Litty, R. Robinson, D. Snaders, M. Procopio, D. Hunt, B. Williams, P. Mazich, T. Whited, P. Ring, C. Karaffa. ROW 3: R. Medvin, K. Murphy, F. Wagner, M. Cohn, M. Brynestad, G. Gullette, D. Garcia, M. Klijn, E. Bojarski, D. Shinego, M. Kenny



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. Lindstrand, A. Winns, G. Sambrano, A. Shaddix, J. Gerety, M. McEntee, F. Lyon, K. Sauls. ROW 2: J Meany, M. McKeon, M. McCarthy, D. Bruckwicki, J. Cobb, S. Howell, T. Arcano, R. Libby. ROW 3: D. Philman, G. Hunegs, P. Fox, J. Mostert, T. Crawford, T. McNamee, R. Daniel, F. Meadows, J. Terry, C. Boswell. ROW 4: K. Davies, R. Godfrey, M. Kennedy, J. Gagne, B. Miller, G. Wheless, J. Bowling, J. Schiding, D. Surgent, D. Cannan

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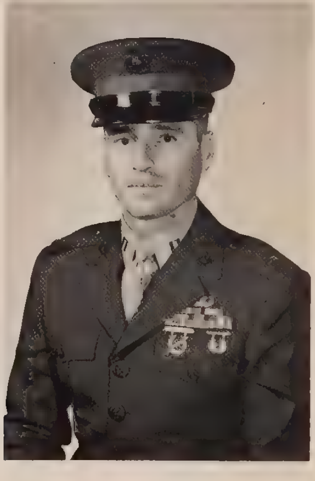
2nd Set: M. Groothousen, S. Cole, R. Martin

3rd Set: L. Bass, J. Thoms, R. Corley



Capt. R. Muller USMC

2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: G. Haplea, J. Taplett, F. Brownell, B. Macallister, O. Kenny, E. Bluxom, H. White. SECOND ROW: M. L. Crow, F. W. Hauck, C. B. Rudiger, W. J. Harris, S. Edwards, L. Dixon. THIRD ROW: R. E. Snyder, M. C. Grischy, N. O. Jensen, D. B. Moran, R. Howard.

3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: J. S. Propheter, R. A. Wall, M. E. Bain, S.F.V. Pierce, S. J. O'Leary, J. M. Shmorhun, R. E. Stewart, R. K. Sheldon. SECOND ROW: C. C. Navarrete, P. D. Wagner, S. M. McNally, D. J. Aland, H. H. Casey, D. L. Porter, S. S. Shephard, M. R. Sturm, W. A. Stuver, E. P. Yetsko. THIRD ROW: D. F. Busch, G. A. McCormick, M. C. McCord, T. A. Hedgel, W. M. Reeney, T. D. Amyx, P. E. Reinhart, J. F. McGowan, P. P. Palafeau, F. B. Harvey, J. C. Ahlert, J. N. Reinhart, J. A. Reinhart, R. L. Schluter

4/C, L to R, FIRST-ROW: R. G. Wilson, M. S. Whaley, D. B. McIsaac, D. R. Brady, R. J. Stolle, S. B. Latta, C. M. Hartfelder, C. W. Gilliam. SECOND ROW: J. E. Miesner, D. J. Diehl, G. W. Giltzow, S. J. Paternoster, L. D. Newby, J. L. Kantner, M. D. Soha, G. E. Anderson, K. L. Norris, D. G. Jenkins, J. P. Charles. THIRD ROW: Donald Diggs, Kenneth Wallace, Elmer Nelson, Thomas McMahony, John D. Rudzis, Chuck Lowther, Ray W. Bracy, Todd D. Tracy, N. C. Dellinger, B. H. Mackenzie, R. Kevin Reynolds, L. Phil Rodgers, Leviticus A. Lewis, Wm. Burger.

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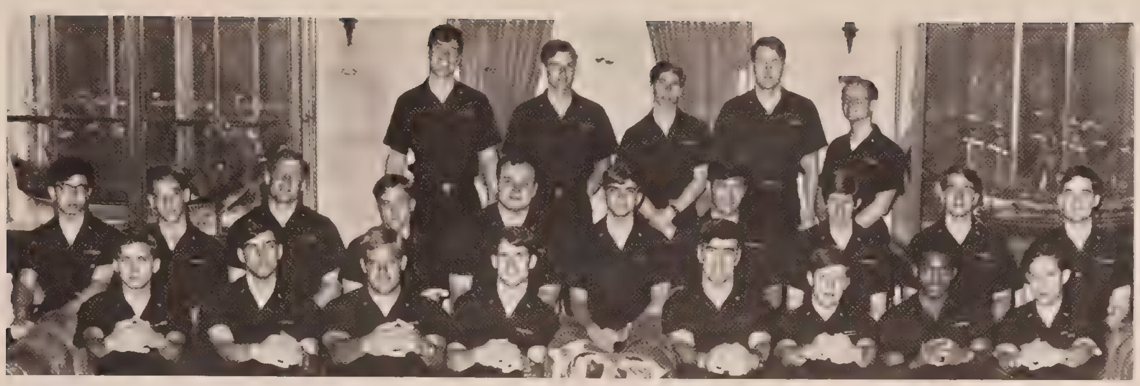
1st SET: R. Sweet, D. Driegert, D. Whipple.

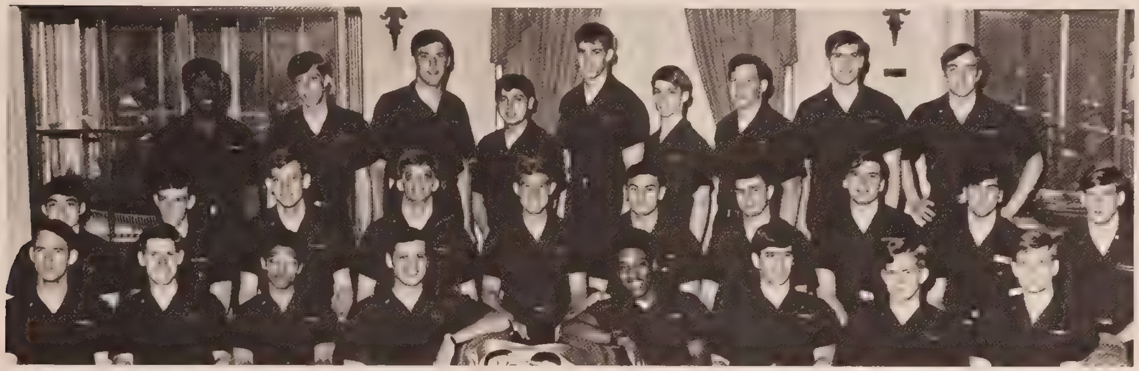
2nd SET: R. Durst, T. Naple, J. Winston.

Lcdr. O. Tolbert, USN

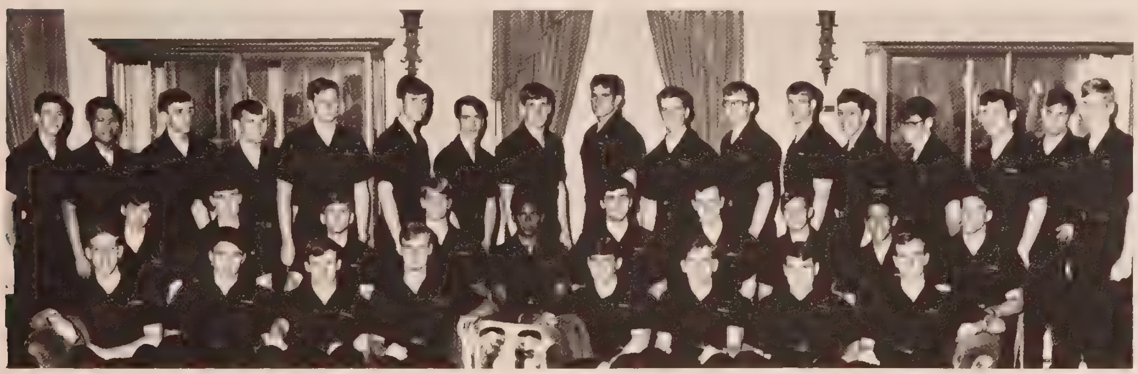
3rd SET: T. Detweiler, M. Shafer, P. Gregory



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Deford, J. Willy, D. Dykhuizen, M. Hubbard, T. Kennedy, D. Carlson, G. Jenckeps, R. Belling. ROW 2: E Kimura, V. Neves, H. Blair, G. Rush, F. Devereux, T. Abbott, S. Nakaguma, K. Ebersole, K. Dombart, M. Metcalf. ROW 3: E. Harper, P. Kumpis, J Doherty, C. Weber, R. Wendt



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Miller, G. Frentz, R. Booker, W. Kear, M. James, T. Pickles, T. Jenks, C. Watkins. ROW 2: P. Downer, R Nicholi, M. Hamner, N. Meints, O. Cleaver, P. Martin, Q. Latonick, R. Luehman, S. White, T. Donaldson. ROW 3: U. Donnelly, V. LeBlanc, W. Vine, X Ballesteros, Y. Bender, Z. Brady, A. Wood, B. Biery, C. Hansen



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Davidson, B. Miller, C. Honeck, D. Berry, E. Crair, F. Kasten, G. Trundy, H. Morris. ROW 2: I. Linch, J Beary, K. Pursley, L. Olsen, M. Williams, N. O'Keefe, O. Bollinger, P. McNair, Q. Marchant, R. Savant. ROW 3: S. Hintz, T. Guanzon, U. Rehrig, V. Fifer, W. Wilson, X. Collier, Y. Healey, Z. Leiser, A. Buttle, B. Cornwell, C. Cragg, D. Hansen, E. Callas, F. McCarrerty, G. Digiralomo, H. Fink, I. Hoppe

27

1st SET: K. Wessel, E. Quirk, M. Sagen

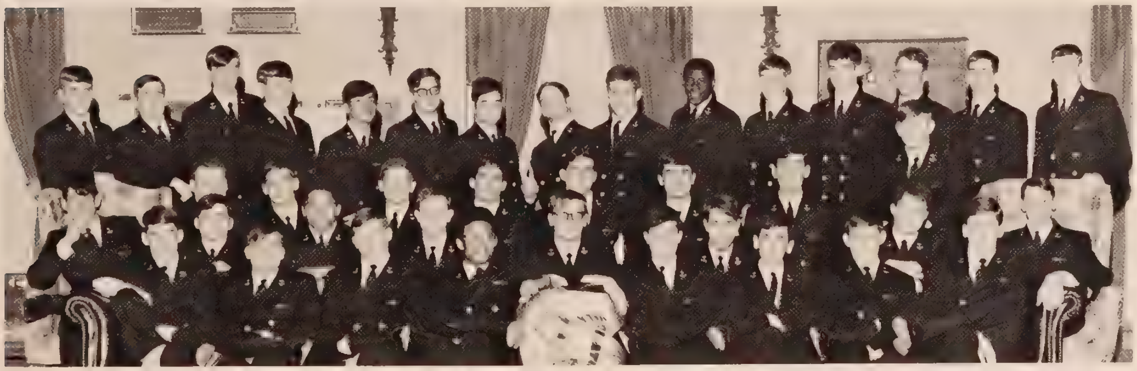
2nd SET: D. Smith, J. Lind, M. Karstans

Lt. S. Newton, USN

3rd SET: M. Karstans, M. Hampton, D. Phillip

2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: S. Strobel, T. Traaen, S. Jenkins, J. Lovasz, R. Miller, J. Willett, J. Grayson, D. Galik. SECOND ROW: D. Smith, T. Farrell, R Lowe, T. Hagen, M. McKinley, F. P. Weldon. THIRD ROW: D. C. Curtis, T. B. Harris, K. W. Nicely, A. F. Violante, M. J. Hughes, M. D. Weltsch, J. M Stamos.

3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: D. Wilson, R. Meanor, J. Gorman, J. Bird, B. J. Hall, K. D. Carey, M. J. Streeter, R. S. Dela Cruz, M. D. Worrilow. SECOND ROW W. K. Dennis, T. E. Bauer, E. Chaum, P.A.L. De Rose, S. L. Young, D. S. Sihrer, M. V. Ross, S. W. Harden, H. G. Wischmeyer, P. J. Carney. THIRD ROW M. J. Carey, J.J.J. Waterreus, J. A. Warmington, D. Viera, R. Hansen, M. Goldstein, R. Neitzel, P. Stromann, W. M. Brittain, B. E. Zwick, D. R. Sigg



4/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: R. M. Rose, W. L. Priston, R. K. Boch, R. M. Gibson, T. M. Venettozzi, M. Sherman, A. T. Karakos, B. E. Kirk. SECOND ROW Aclin, Miller, Wiedorn, Chasko, Hueseman, Bowdoin. THIRD ROW: A. Wise, K. J. Halek, L. A. Gard, R. H. Johnson, J. E. Schmitz, V. C. Welch, D. P Hamblen, T. P. Callahan, G. A. Shaw, C. B. Brooks. FOURTH ROW: B. A. Brauer, G. R. Beyer, D. D. Fitzsimmons, D. T. Lawson, D. M. Sales, H. G. Van Vlack, S. M. Pinkowski, Robbie M. Nott, T. W. Littauer, E. E. Jones, D. G. Bennett, D. P. Holloway, J. Canaday, B. Holtz, R. S. Stoner

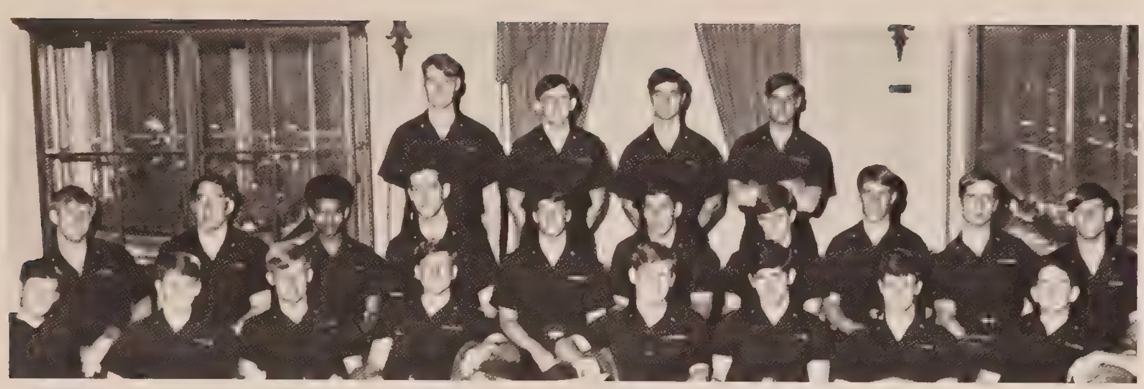
28

Lcdr. L. Gionet, Jr., USN

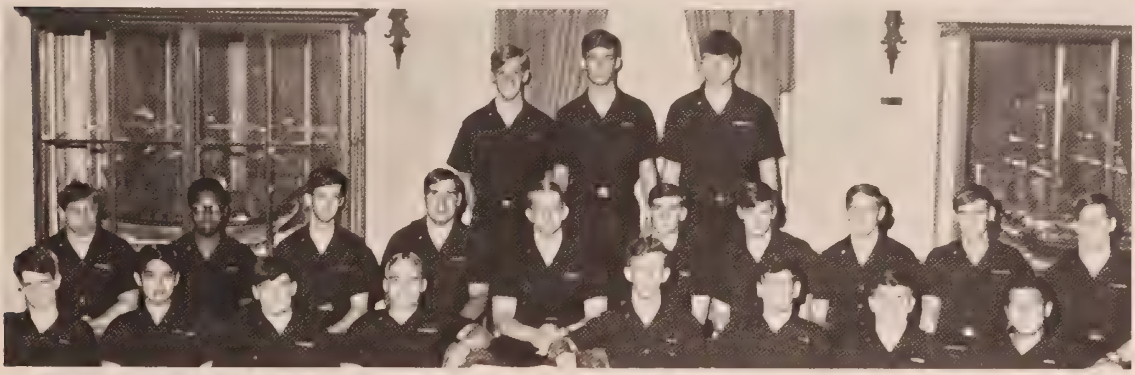
1st SET: W. McKee, W. Sullivan, A. Baptista.

2nd SET: P. Gustin, M. Kurdys, J. Elwell.

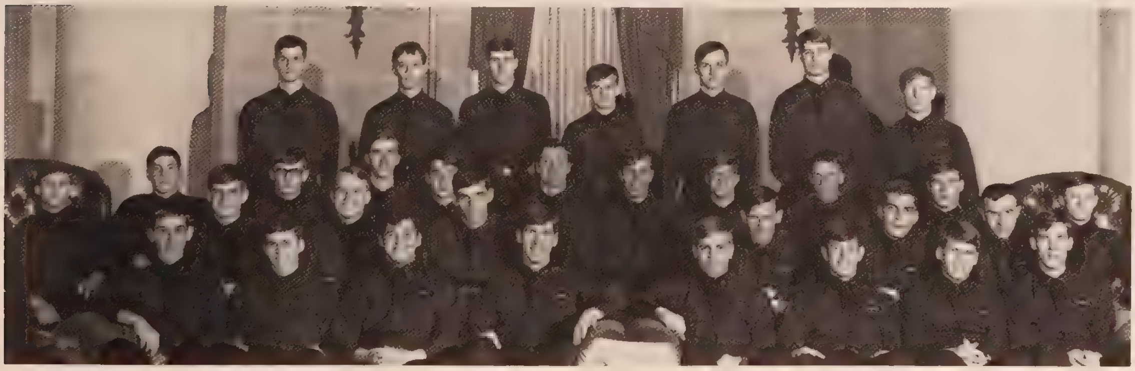
3rd SET: W. Wolff, J. Kucinski, D. Baila.



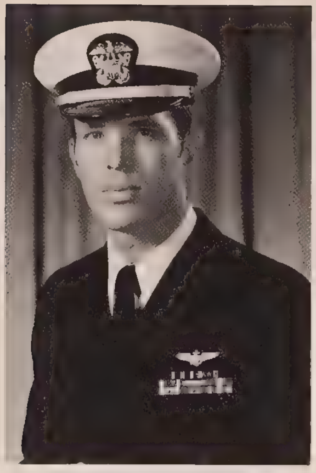
SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Van Sewell, R. Hepburn, C. Haertling, D. Markham, E. Schumacher, F. Eagle, G. Sloan, H. Austin. ROW 2: I. Mokan, L. Cook, M. Cole, N. Theurer, O. Gardner, P. Jarvi, Q. Boch, R. Gontkovic, S. Freund, T. Haas. ROW 3: U. Tyndall, V. Boulden, W. Palles, X. Eisloeffel.



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Wilton, R. Relland, M. McNamara, D. Wilkinson, L. Brundage, B. Gray, C. Perry, G. Hew. ROW 2: J. Storto, A Kerr, B. Becker, C. Kearny, D. Langer, E. Ragusky, F. Snaders, G. Blasco, H. Gilman, I. Langman. ROW 3: M. Klop, N. Spiker, O. Vanderschuere



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Rigdon, R. Gillespie, D. Mori, M. Combs, K. Donlon, R. Richards, T. Hanley, W. Lachowicz. ROW 2 T Hamilton, S. Bayes, C. Goddard, R. Brewer, M. McKinney, T. Wright. ROW 3: J. Harbison, K. Cheezum, S. Fedyschan, J. Hopkins, G. Kolodziejczak, D Fanelli, D. Hanmpshire, B. Pochran, T. Curry, J. DiOrio, J. McCabe. ROW 4: M. Gasapo, M. Peterson, P. Hayes, P. Witt, C. Behrend, S. Strommer, T Bond



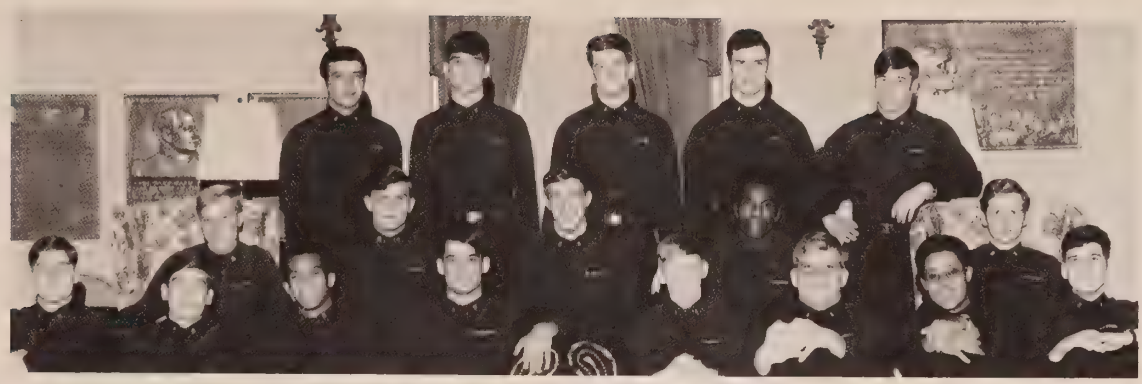
Lt. D. Faber USN

1st Set: R. Kochanik, T. Brubaker, M. Harrington

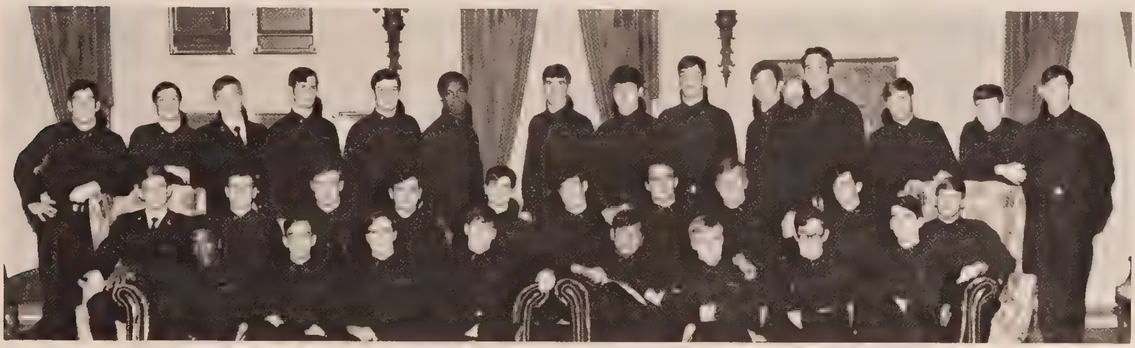
2nd Set: D Pruett, W. Chimiak, J. Butts

29

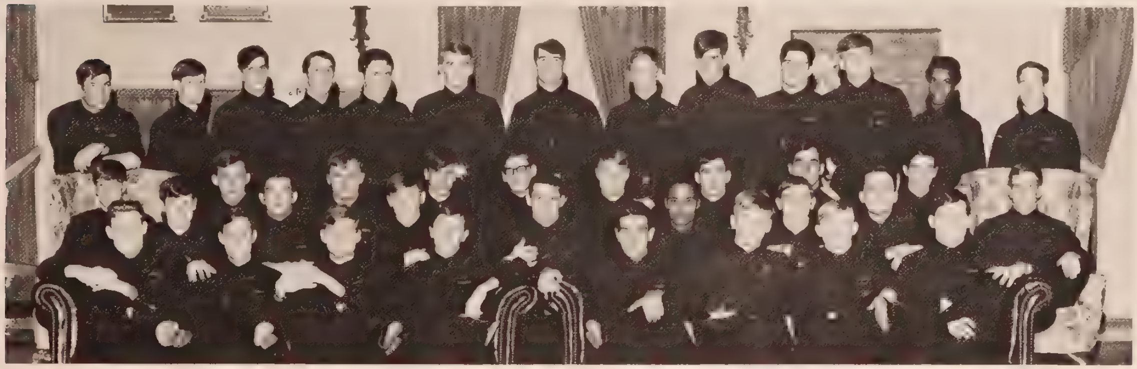
3rd Set: D. Tyson, D. Nuendorfer, G. Hetzel



2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: J. E. Morrison, E.P.R. Riehl, R. R. Pritchett, C.G.D. Deitchman, J. F. McKernan, M. P. Hansell, W. T. Sears, D. J. Rossetti SECOND ROW: J. M. Crochet, M. R. Flentje, P. G. Miller, E. J. Gilmore, J. F. Bouchard. THIRD ROW: S. J. Juncosa, R. J. Peranich, S. A. Yates, C. J Felte, G. Gygax.



3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: G. Sawyer, C. Rosende, H. Christensen, J. Morse, F. Favila, P. Wdowiarz, M. Piscioneri, J. Demelo. SECOND ROW: B. W Bergman, J. E. Vlahovich, G. T. Sullivan, M. P. Vitek, M. A. Watson, D. W. Jensen, L. A. Zingarelli, R. D. Vaught, T. A. Vecchiolla, D. R. Cooper. THIRD ROW: Glenn D. Elliott, Alan Lohman, Kevin Skjei, James Watkins, William Schall, Reginald Thompson, Steve Merchant, W. Readman, Brad Lewis, J Hoobler, W. Faucett, Don Barbaree, Gary Colton, Dan Erler



4/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: M. W. Elsaesser, T. A. Bennett, C. S. Atwood, W. R. Bonwit, J. R. Vazquez, D. A. Lengel, L. W. Longcoy, M. C. Fralen. SECOND ROW: B. D. Ayotte, G. P. Shaw, J. R. Buckley, C. R. Dixon, C. D. Haney, J. M. Ewin, R. J. Hiel. THIRD ROW: D. S. Free, B. M. Tilden, R. D. Anderson, G. T Drysdale, D. G. Whittlesey, L. D. Delony, D. K. Daily, F. T. Farwell, A. H. Gonzalez, C. B. Smith. FOURTH ROW: S. R. Thomas, J. D. Stalnaker, J. M Kulesz, G. W. Smith, J. M. Lynch, C. R. Dedrickson, J. A. De Loach, C. G. Wright, J. E. Sears, B. J. McCormack, D. L. Stanley, V. A. Colson, E. W Reeves.

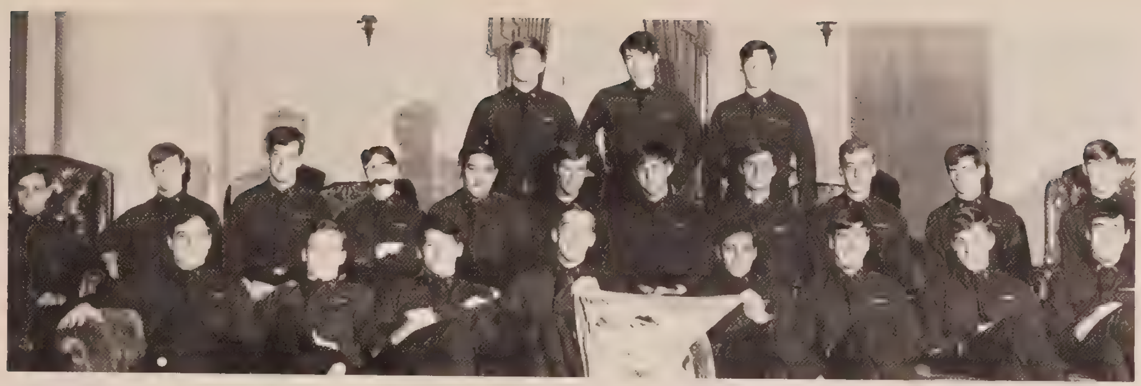
30

1st Set: J. Doherty, E. Cheeseman, K. Casey

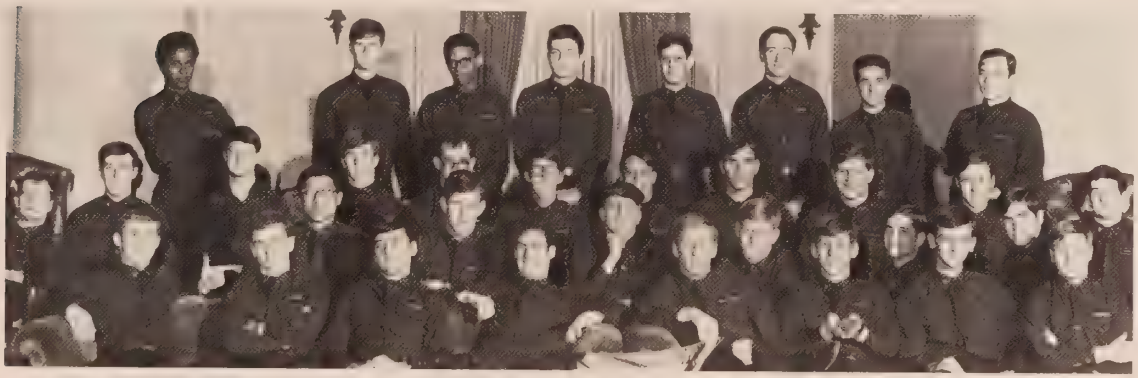
2nd Set: R. Hyer, G. Mayer, T. Kapurch

3rd Set: F. Ervin, J. Galle, R. Zakula

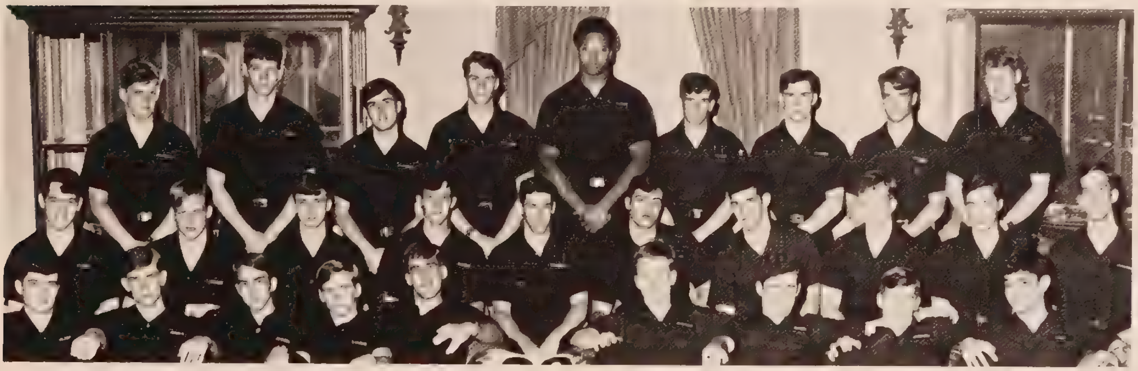
Lt. J. Kearley USN



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: F. Rennie, R. Lincoln, R. Phillips, T. Davis, J. Sarao, K. Holmes, F. Rodrick, D. Beary. ROW 2: E. Collins, D. Parker, S. Rohrssen, W. Sparks, D. Kalili, R. Waldrip, K. Weaver, R. Stich, G. Wheeler, L. O'Donnell, K. Stockwell. ROW 3: B. Eddington, T. Smith, J. Kalkstein.

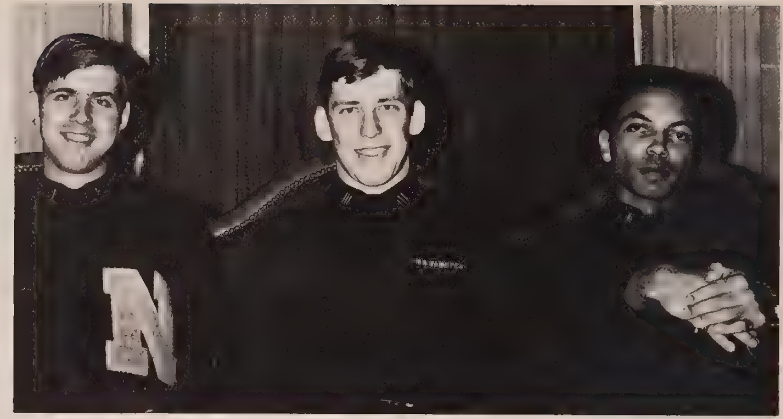


THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: D. Bullard, R. Whipple, R. Tranchant, T. Kiely, W. Conway, B. Burkett, R. Rice, B. Weiss. ROW 2: M. Hill, M McQuiston, G. Manaskie, R. Seaberg, M. Atkisson, K. Quigley. ROW 3: T. Nickerson, D. Bair, J. Burton, J. Yockey, D. Link, T. Gorman, S. Harding, P Ayotte, S. Burley, S. Boggs, R. Dawson. ROW 4: J. Hardy, L. Clifford, D. Franklin, M. Ospeck, K. Wright, R. Wood, J. Eckrich, J. Buskauskas

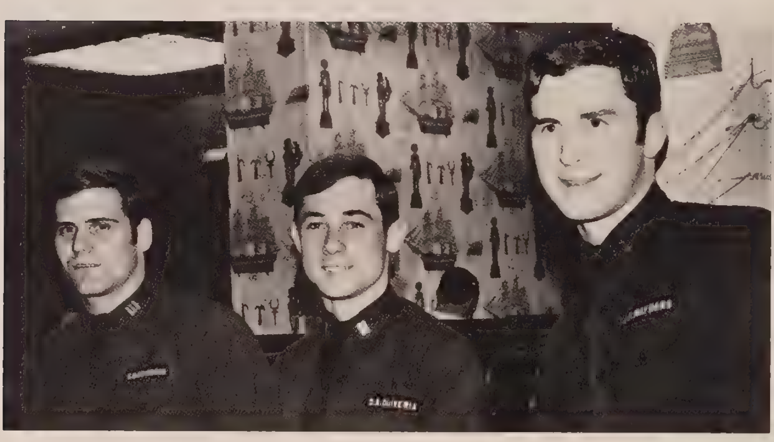


FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Jones, J. Hernandez, M. Bunting, B. Thomann, J. Hebert, J. Haywood, B. Ryan, C. Williams, D. Rey. ROW 2: E. Atkinsson, E. Wolfram, F. Paulsen, G. Minnis, H. Manobianco, I. Cardoza, J. Boehme, K. Fogg, L. Orr, M. Caldwell. ROW 3: N. Trumball, O. Vrotsos P. Christiensen, Q. Leaman, R. Smart, S. Scala, T. Geary, U. Easton, V. Wode

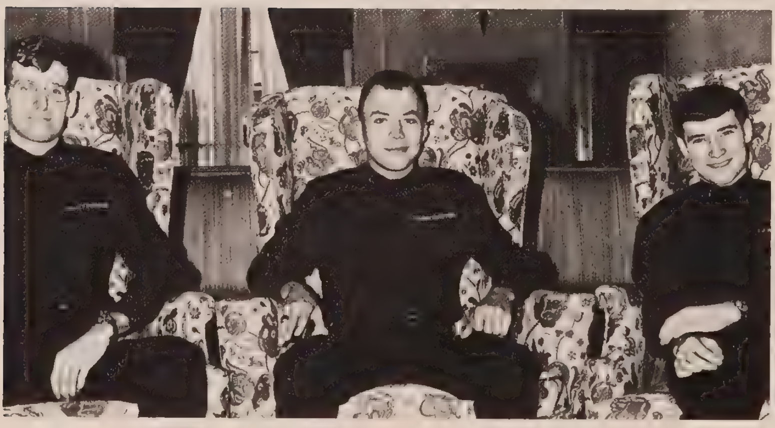
31



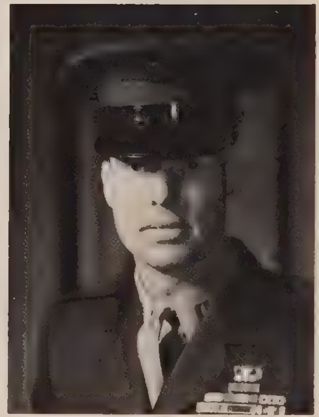
1st SET: R. Lecky, M. Van Dyke, J. Robinson



2nd SET: C. Draughon, D. Oliveria, J. Maynard.



3rd SET: J. Jefferson, E. Brewington, T. Hirsch.

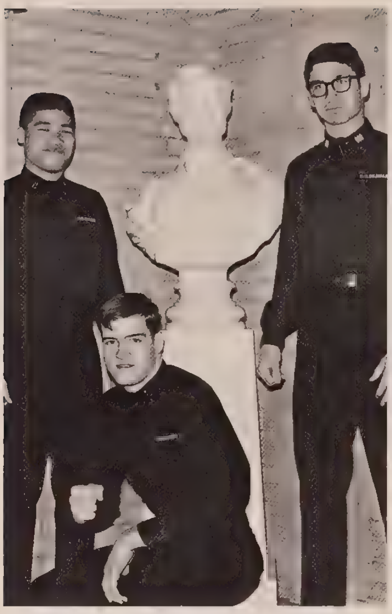


Capt. C. Lohman, USMC

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Miller, B. Bane, C. Wrigley, D. Aschwald, E. Martinka, F. McNamara, G. White, H. Champlin. ROW 2: I. Brown, J. Hougesen, K. Groves, L. Schuller, M. Cleveland, N. Balaconis, O. Anderson.

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Anderson, B. Jones, C. Caulic, D. Sprague, E. Hopkins, F. Chin, G. Souders, H. Lessard. ROW 2: I. Plyler, J Wagner, K. Coburn, L. Lovan, M. Barnett, N. Graber, O. Herr, P. Bereck, Q. Dranchak, R. Ribera. ROW 3: S. Whitescarver, T. Vogel, U. Wainwright, V Keibel

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Quatroche, W. Henderson, R. Polek, F. Waindle, R. Lovelace, V. Camargo, S. Pihlaja, J. Goree. ROW 2: R Brownley, C. Pangburn, D. Barns, M. Valenstein, D. Eyler, S. Jacoby, S. Demonbreum, W. Burke, R. McNeal, E. Forbis. ROW 3: J. Marks, T. Algeo, T. Link, W. Timme, M. Donovan, G. Goodwin, G. Eisenmann, J. Christensen, J. Hughes, G. Wadzita, K. Aiken, J. Cranford. ROW 4: C. Tinsley, M. James, B. Sinkvle, A. Hanckel, D. Nix.



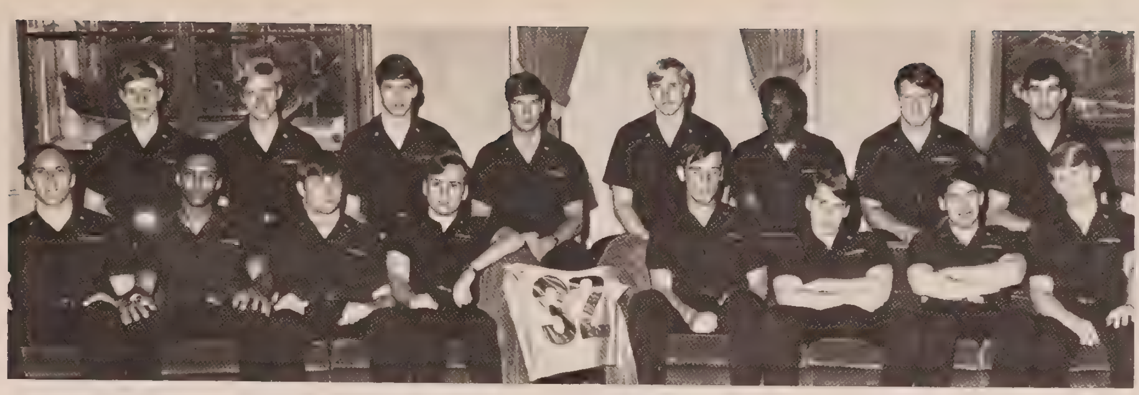
1st Set: C. Chinn, J. Richter, K. Denham

Lcdr. W. Farnsworth USN

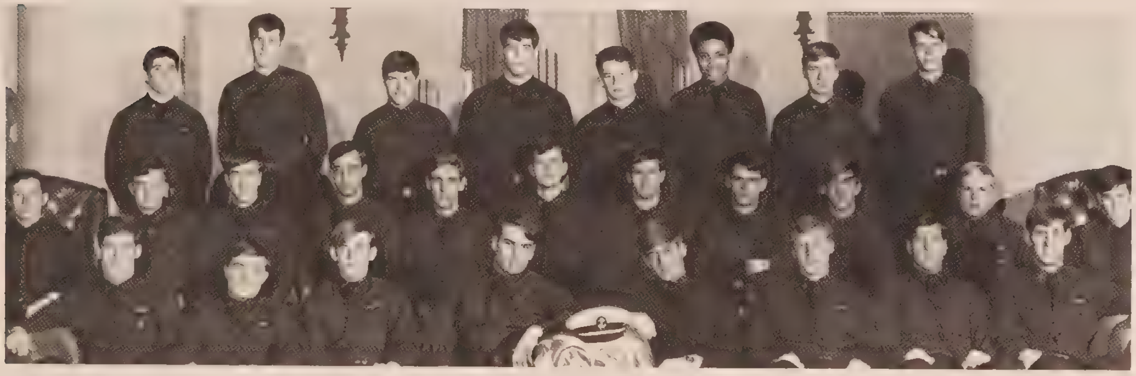
2nd Set: M. Regn, S. White, J. McTighe

32

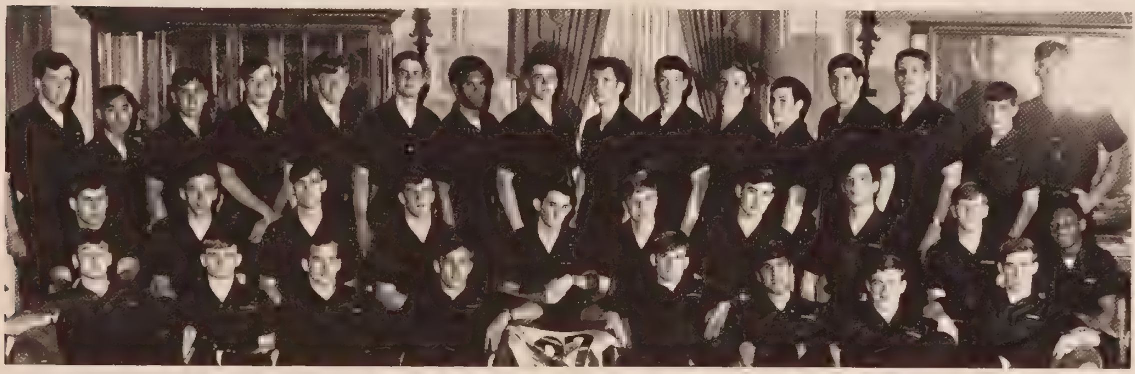
3rd Set: J. Buttermore, C. Chinn, D. West



SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Gardner, B. Halton, C. Freeman, D. Mencke, E. Garo, F. Bodey, G. Marston, H. Gustafson. ROW 2: P Deppe, I. Woelfel, J. Vanosdall, K. Campbell, L. Sundquist, M. Miles, N. Hutcherson, O. Hillegas.



THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Geary, C. Bagby, A. Stuart, R. Long, M. Wertz, S. Chesnut, W. Johnson, G. Baran. ROW 2: D. Butler, W Daniels, G. McLemore, M. Golda, H. Garrigues, L. Tornow, R. Groh, A. Welch, D. Collins, J. Read, R. Kautter. ROW 3: M. Beck, S. Fox, G. Herning, G Cooper, J. Wilson, T. Campbell, W. Gertenmiaer, F. Miller.



FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Loeffler, B. Butcher, C. Murphy, D. Benoit, E. Thompson, F. Ouchakof, G. Brennan, H. Huggins. ROW 2: I Eggleston, J. Galati, K. Tillman, L. Hinkens, M. Lebouvier, N. Knisely, O. Furlong, P. Rogers, Q. Kalnoske, R. Edwards. ROW 3: S. Egan, T. Kwong, U Martinez, V. Rakel, W. Miller, J. Oliver, X. Guillory, Y. Costello, E. Oliver, Z. Chase, A. Van Oss, B. Hession, C. Oslovar, D. Bookmiller, E. Soer, F. Cox

Lcdr. W. Townsend, USN

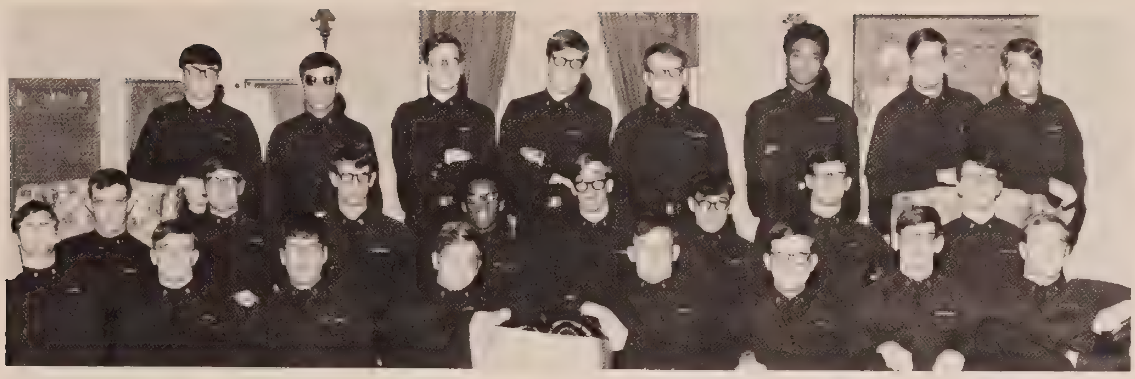
Lt. J. Knapp, USN

1st SET: C. McClellan, R. Wassel, L. Fusco.

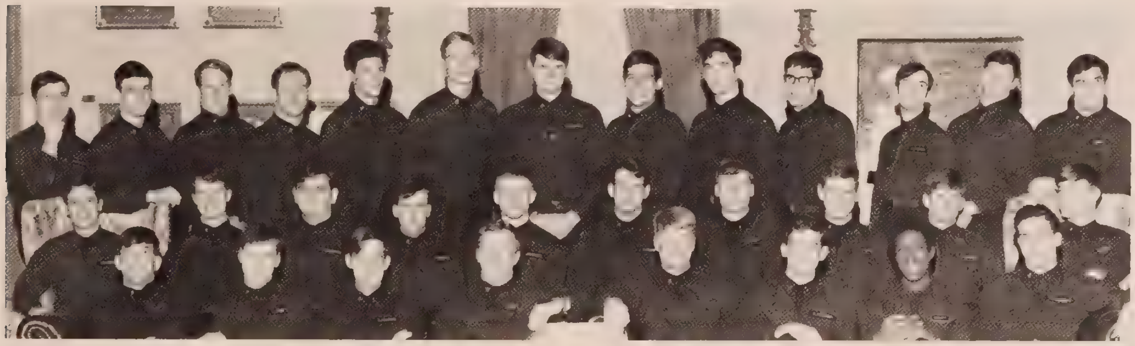
33

2nd SET: P. Kilcline, L. Patrick, T. Cihlar.

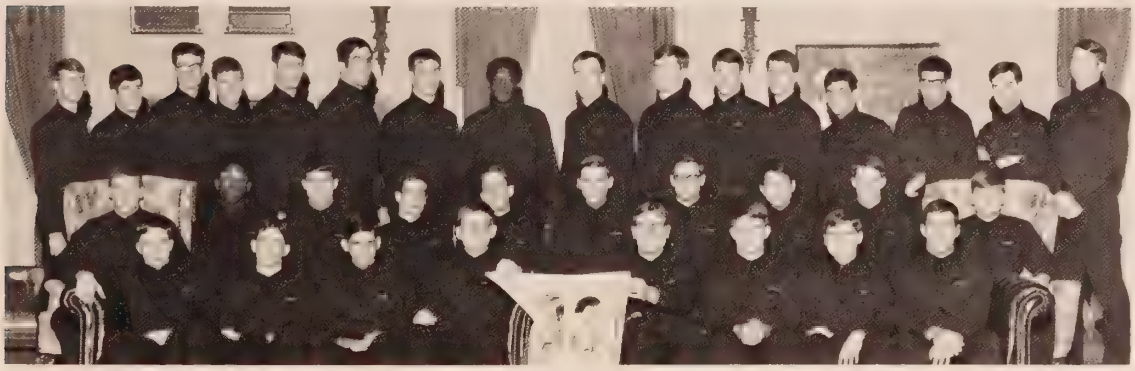
3rd SET: L. Fusco, P. Kilcline, D. Gray



2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: E. K. Grey, R. L. Snow, F. L. Castellanos, G. R. Beckett, L. Smith, III, G. Wynn, III, J. Maydosz, O. L. Alberg. SECOND ROW: P A. Jacobs, F. D. Yarger, J. B. Bridgeman, I. W. Lassiter, P. R. Dorin, R. L. Kates, J. J. Kirk, L. W. Astyk. THIRD ROW: J. C. Hoy, R. L. Guerrero, R. A Baggot K. S. Pugh, G. M. Freeman, C. F. Walton, M. S. Thorpe, D. G. Renaud



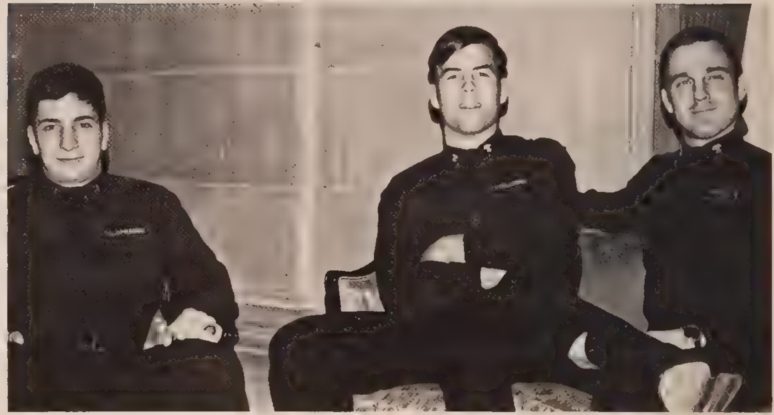
3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: P. M. Bristol, D. S. Wade, R. E. Bozman, J. R. Rowan, T. P. Cook, F. S. Fogarty, J. A. Lockley, H. T. Cornett. SECOND ROW: S G. Olmstead, G. F. Smith, M. J. Coulbourne, M. P. Magnotti, J. B. McKinney, B. A. Condry, J. F. Fairbank, J. M. Connard, S. C. Jackson, R. A. Voytek THIRD ROW: R. C. Sheppard, W. K. Stulb, J. M. Morier, G. A. Ellis, R. A. Vessels, P. M. Velzeboer, G. A. Fullerton, M. J. Bradley, P. J. Fallon, J. J. Polcari, M. A. Fisher, J. M. Bethmann, K. A. Tibbits



4/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: D. G. McLean, T. D. Eldridge, O. S. Lopez, E. M. Wynne, R. V. Tuergens, B. J. Obenour, G. J. Baur, D. L. Holoubek. SECOND ROW: T. K. Sudbeck, F. J. Townsend, W. M. Dietzler, C. G. Hartman, J. B. Bair, W. O. McKeag, R. L. Aasland, D. S. Otoshi, C. F. Wood, W. I. Driggers THIRD ROW: D. H. Meineke, M. V. Dinn, D. M. Waggoner, M. G. Dasovich, K. R. Miller, K. Ryan, J. A. Weidner, M. A. Dyer, G. W. Kersten, M. J. Conklin, T. H. Rogers, J. C. Ledbetter, K. J. Haar, P. J. Russo, R. L. Dubberly, J. J. Degree.

1st SET: A. Ruoti, E. Barjum, S. Laabs.

34



2nd SET: T. Sprague, T. Gillcrist, C. Olexik.

3rd SET: D. Roepke, B. Bronars, S. Demeranville.

Maj. J. Gaugush, USMC

SECOND CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Davis, B. Thompson, C. Franklin, D. Nunn, E. Nesselrode, F. Allen, G. Francis, H. Schenk, I. Smith, J Goodson. ROW 2: K. McEwan, L. Bequillard, M. Flacco, N. Zimmerman, O. Spencer, P. Nesbitt, R. Laine, S. Weiss, T. Costello, U. Boyce

THIRD CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Hamilton, R. Cook, K. Shearer, S. Cox, T. Stenstrom, M. Clausen, R. McNeil, D. Franich, R. Trygstad. ROW 2 M. McClelland, P. Momany, J. Kellogg, J. Klernan, K. Kaniut, S. Hanson, R. Wallace, E. McNair, D. Jones, J. Gloeb.

FOURTH CLASS, ROW 1, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. Wiecek, B. Livingston, C. Law, D. Metrakos, E. Kee, F. Wilson, G. Mlachak, H. Reece. ROW 2: I. Nyberg, J Altamero, K. Messer, L. Garretson, M. Sussala, N. Young, O. Masters, P. Dowler, Q. Hientzman, R. Martin. ROW 3: S. Novak, T. Buss, U. Cirelli, V Struges, W. Barile, X. Fell, Y. Arnold, Z. Funke, A. Forbes, B. King, C. Glendenning, D. Burns, E. Daniel, F. Rawson

1st Set: S. Peterson, P. Sloan, F. McKeone

2nd Set: F. Hartman, J. Nawrocki, C. Geyer

35

3rd Set: S. Peterson, D. Duffie, R. Repka

Lt. R. Lucas USN

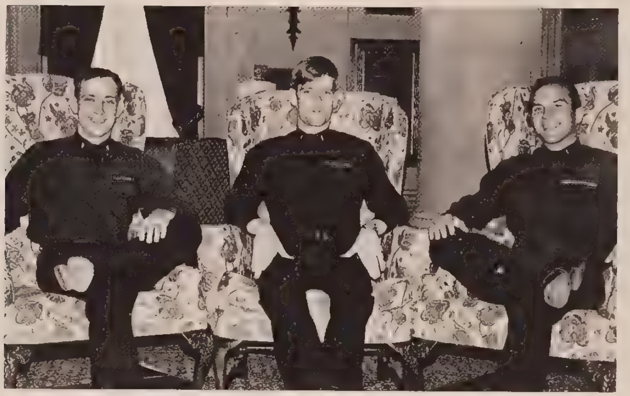
2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: L. K. Doong, D. Hartwell, D. J. Kuriluk, A. S. Bushak, B. M. Smith, C. J. Mehalic, J. A. Buck, W. A. Walters, J. B. Green. SECOND ROW: F. B. Byus, R. S. Paris, A. P. Bonser, R. J. Pope, V. J. Thombs, D. J. Stockwell, J. C. Watson, J. P. Wilkinson. THIRD ROW: J. R. Willis, S. F. Barilich, J. G. Rader, G. W. Evans, B. A. Giron, R. L. Grant.

3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: T. F. Salacka, P. A. Przyborski, R. W. Seldon, C. R. Obinson, T. B. McKee, M. Stepanovich, J. S. Gardner, G. B. Cofield, K. Rouse. SECOND ROW: K. F. Graham, D. C. Pyle, G. T. Lizama, G. F. Ericson, P. Croisetiere, J. Garmon, J. Lare, W. S. Durbin. THIRD ROW: M. N. Musser, J. S. Hicky, C. J. Wahl, T. L. Overturf, R. Coan, S. F. Murphy, M. L. Sobczak, C. B. Fisher

4/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: B. R. Clark, G. W. Kendrick, D. R. Castillo, L. B. Stoddard, III, T. M. Dougherty, R. A. Vogt, J. T. Rich, R. D. Watkins, W. M Thamm. SECOND ROW: R. J. Mooney, J. R. Benson, P. O. Raquipiso, D. M. Pricolo, B. L. Garcia, M. V. Lindstrom, C. W. Hermann. THIRD ROW: N. F Quinlan, A. J. Frisch, C. D. Eskew, D. K. Owen, P. F. O'Brien, T. O. O'Bryant, M. E. Bushika, R. E. Jesmonth, K. P. Maguire, G. L. Gordon. FOURTH ROW: B. C. Stevens, R. A. Goady, R. V. Pierce, T. P. Golden, S. J. Stamos, J. R. Frise, R. E. Richards, J. C. Knauer, R. Blandford, P. P. Brady.

Lcdr W. Taylor USN

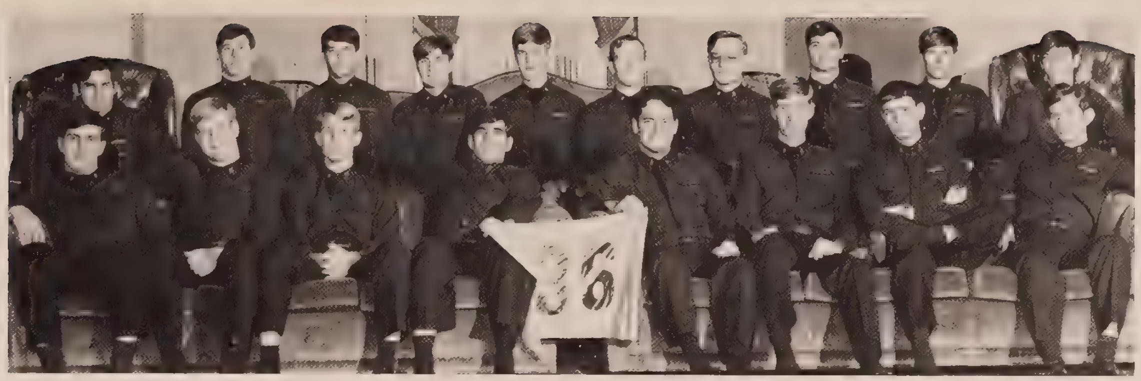
1st Set: D. Tomaszewski, R. Wilcox, D. Sullivan



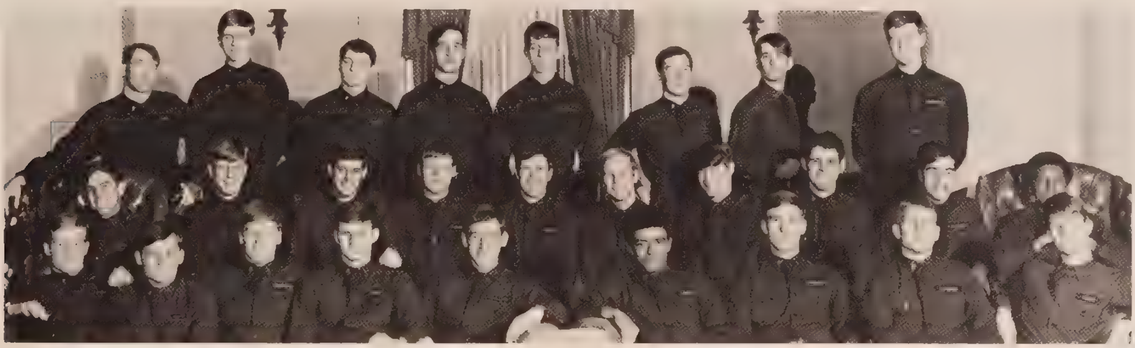
2nd Set: G. Flynn, R. Bullock, S. Von Christierson

36

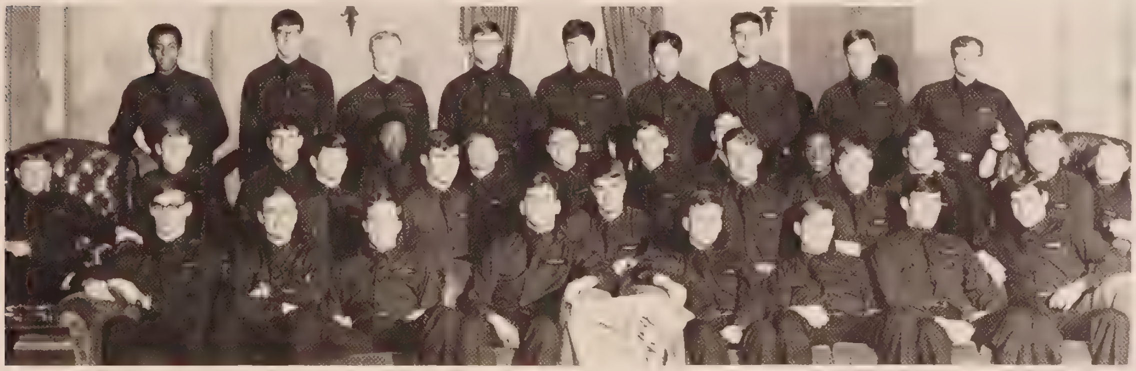
3rd Set: W. Perkins, V. Spunar, T. Leahy



2/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: C. Krauss, A. Mysliwy, C. Large, C. Earl, B. Little, B. Speer, D. Winters, G. Vaughn. SECOND ROW: G. Greenfield, D. Deem, C Williams, G. Puddington, M. Hoekstra, F. Wysocki, G. Yagiello, P. Giancatarino, M. Donnelly, M. Evans.

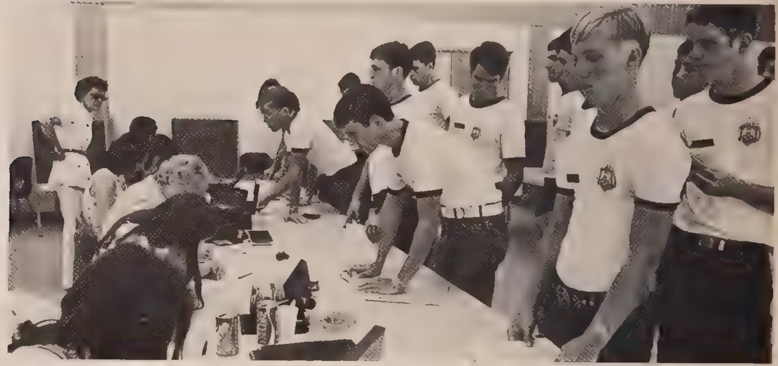


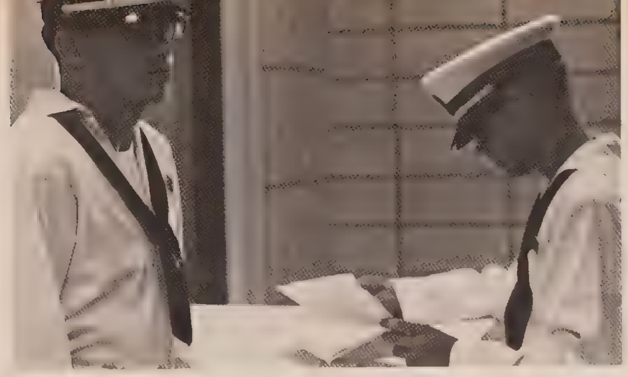
3/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: P. Finley, J. Lochry, K. Hostetter, S. Warren, P. Hollich, S. Adair, M. Trueblood, S. Perris, M. Reed. SECOND ROW: C. Turley, F. Houston, M. Kirk, B. Olson, G. McMillian, A. McKinley, R. Kennedy, D. Butler, F. Cerabino, C. Handy. THIRD ROW: T. White, J. Casey, C. Jamison, F. Vogt, C. Paramore, C. Korchowski, C. August, E. Shrewbridge.



4/C, L to R, FIRST ROW: D. Secord, R. Scaffidi, M. Strasser, S. Hoffmann, M. Jarvis, K. Tidd, C. Bentley, M. Duranske. SECOND ROW: D. Nienhaus, W Haberland, L. Wallace, W. Martin, J. Carr, M. Ross. THIRD ROW: D. Schoon, R. Engel, K. Tageson, E. Ross, W. Fox, S. Champion, R. Lowell, F. Graf, L Burke, M. Moore, B. Hunter. FOURTH ROW: M. Sears, J. Hamerly, E. Connally, M. Brown, J. Marrinucci, R. Pili, P. Ross, J. Gafford, J. Pointer

1974-1975





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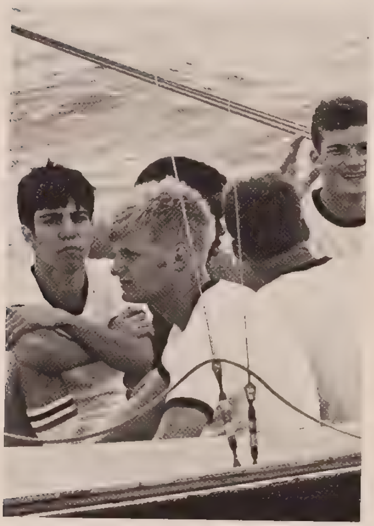
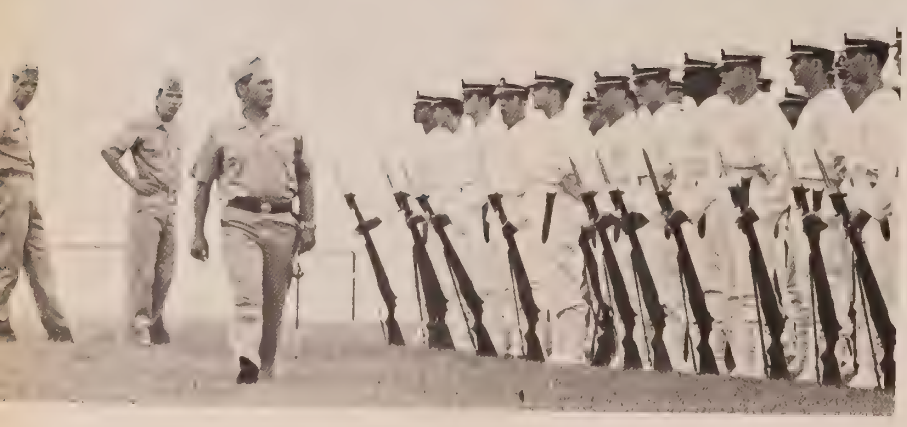
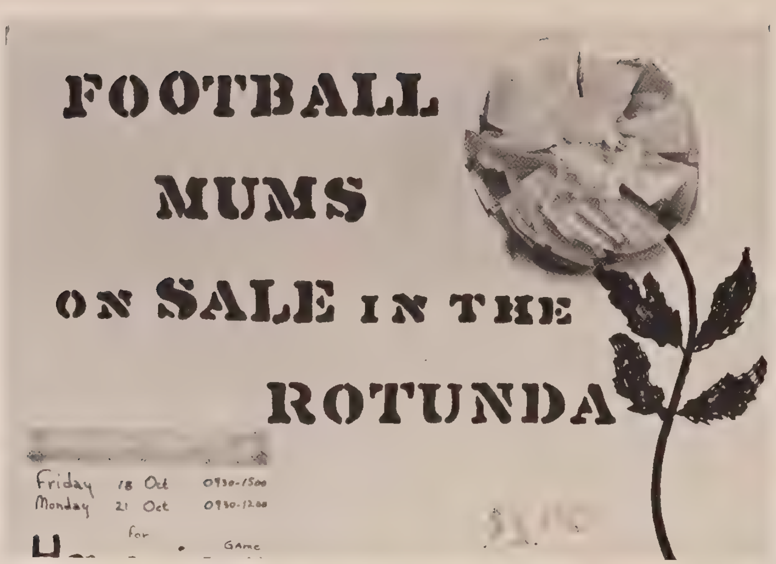




USS F

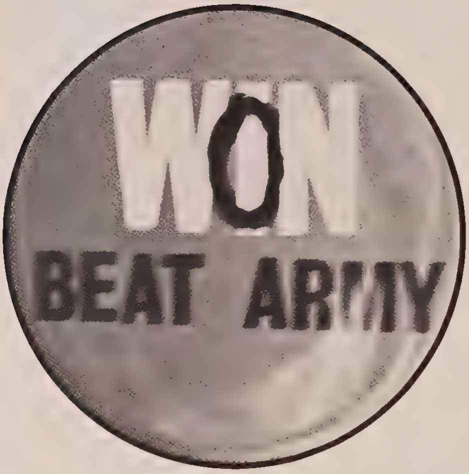
FORREST


FOOTBALL
MUMS
ON SALE IN THE
ROTUNDA
Friday 18 Oct 0930-1500
Monday 21 Oct 0930-1200
for
Game

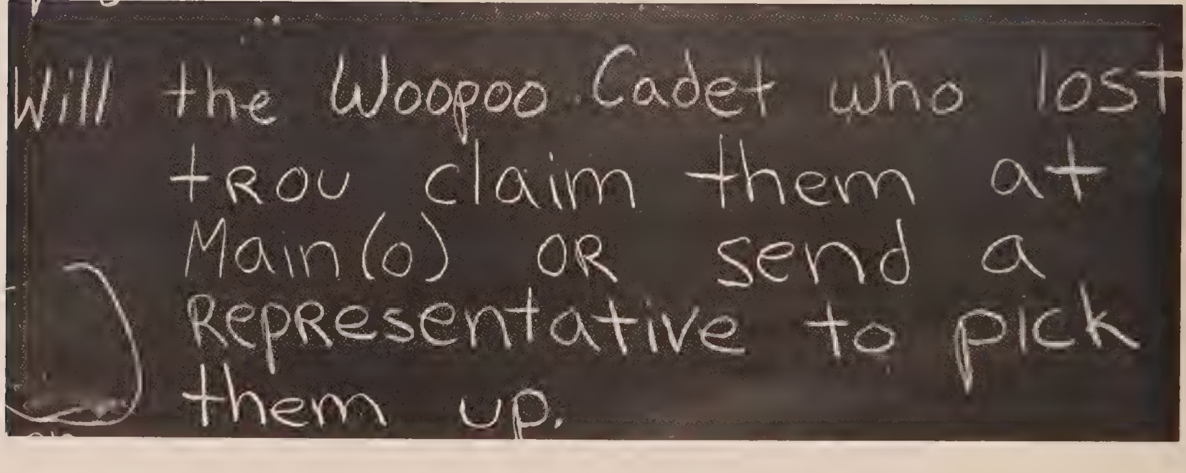
VISITORS
PLEASE DO NOT PASS
BEYON

UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY

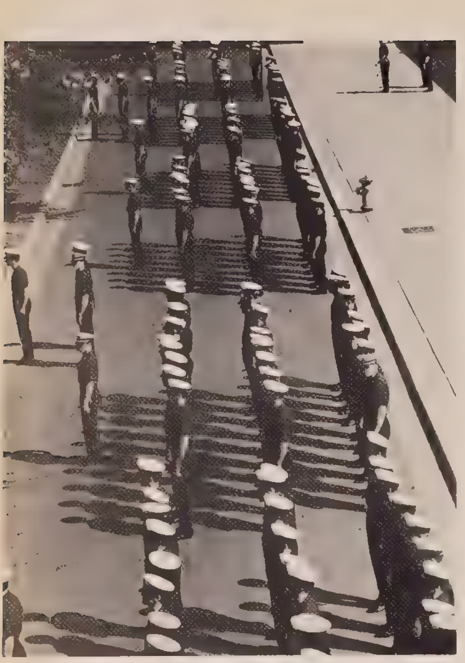
WE WANT
ARMY
WL
9968
VMA-311
MARINES

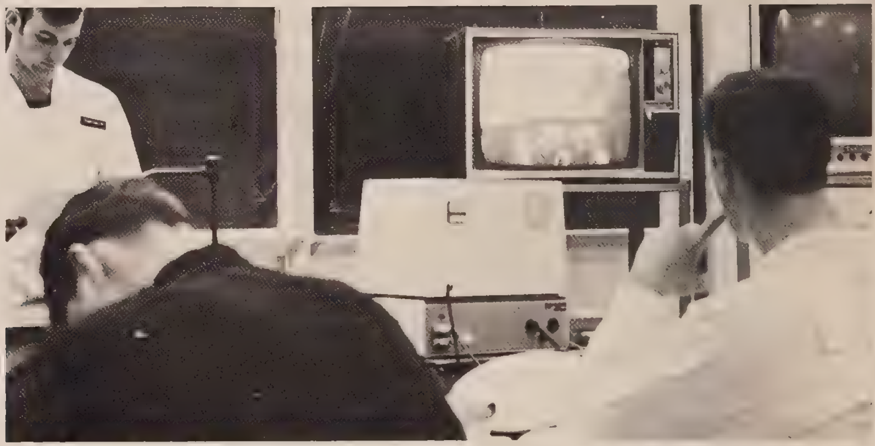

WON
BEAT ARMY

NAVY
RESCUE
23rd COMPANY
Rangers

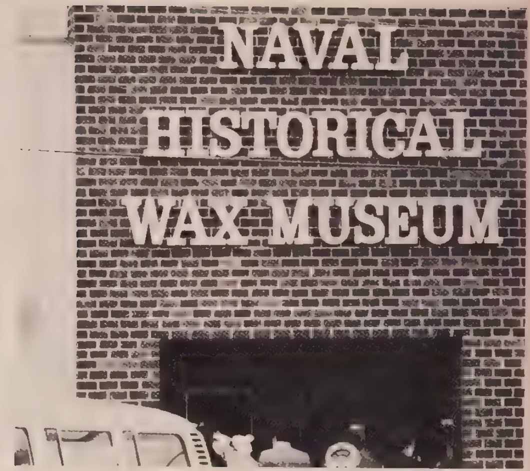

Will the Woopoo Cadet who lost
trou claim them at
Main(o) OR send a
Representative to pick
them up.

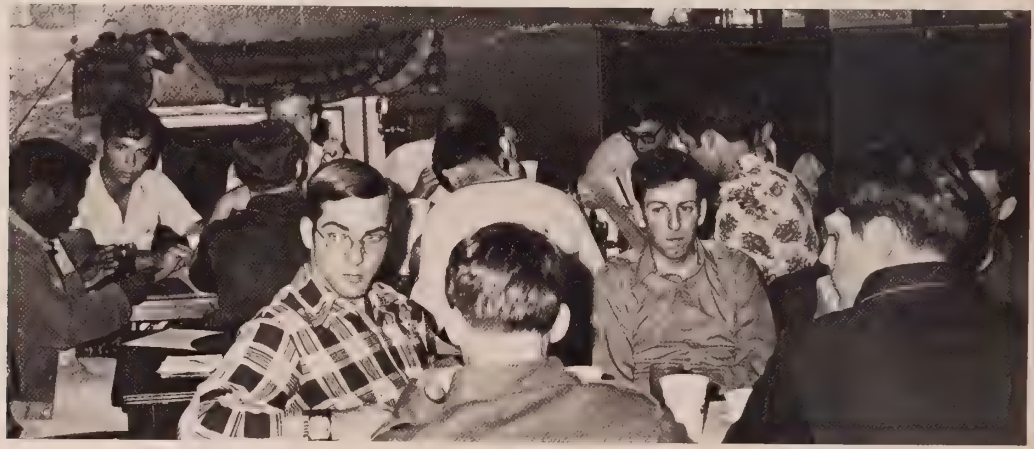
GET 'EM GOAT!
NAVY
NAVY
BEAT ARMY



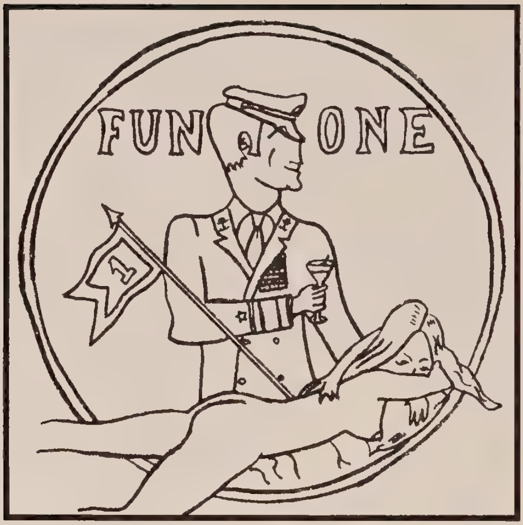


THE ANNAPOLIS STORY

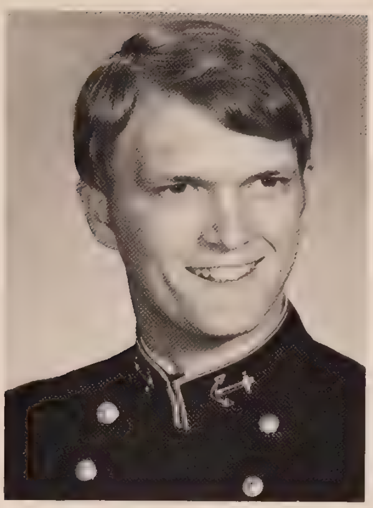

NAVAL
HISTORICAL
WAX MUSEUM



SENIORS

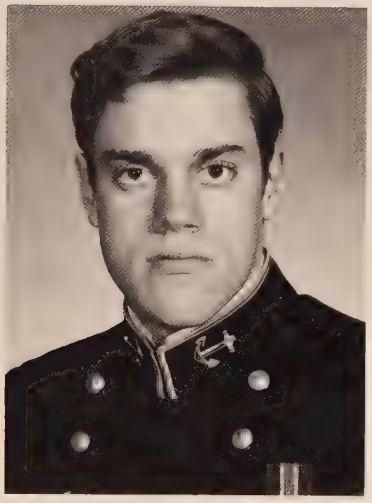

FUN
ONE
1

BUCHANAN
1st COMPANY
USNA
USNA



ARTHUR DOUGLAS AYARS, JR.

One warm day in June Doug found himself with a group of guys who would learn to value his friendship greatly. Doug, alias Rhino, is very easy going and mild mannered; that is, of course, if you don't crumble his cookies. Rhino, a normal systems engineering major, minors in TV. Doug has been able to log in over 30 hours of TV a week. A high point of Doug's stay at Navy was his interview with Admiral Rickover. Successful, of course! On occasion when Doug is serious, it is evident that he will be a conscientious and effective naval officer due to his high regard for the naval service. In June Doug will take on a lifetime roommate — Sherry. Doug's future consists of roast beef sandwiches, Schlitz, and football games.



JOHN TERENCE BLAKE

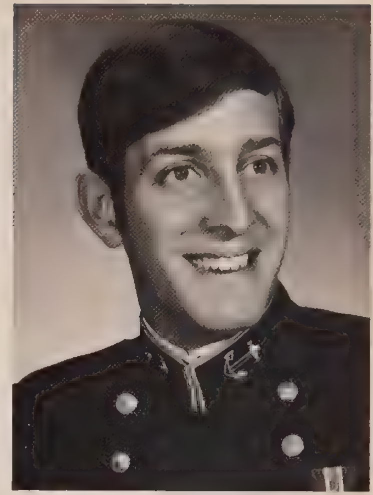
The "Bulldog" hails from New York City. Anything he hasn't seen hasn't been tried. Although never a favorite of King Neptune's, "J.T." did manage to become captain of the 7th period swim team. Some say that Terry has never been seen putting in a 30 hour work week, but this shouldn't detract from his intellectual finesse. The fact that the Hop Committee sought his organizational ability with the tea fights is hardly surprising, as his notoriety in this area goes way back. Maybe it's because he calls his dates by their last name. However, one should recall that he did survive Fort Benning. Yes, the Marines lost a good man to the surface warfare line. Terry's contribution to the Navy will be admirable as he believes in himself and his country. He's a man who cares and won't let you down.

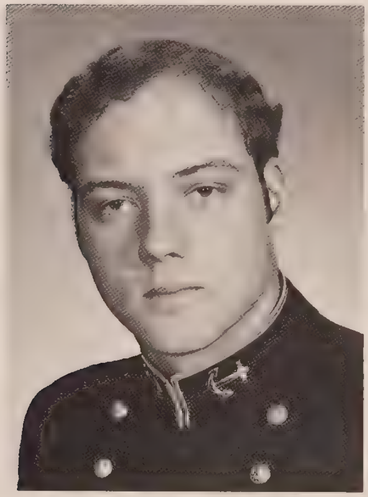
DANIEL R. CONWAY

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and
Gimble in the wabe; all mimsy were the
borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe." "Beware the
Jabberwock,
My son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun the frumious
Ban-
Dersnatch!" He took his vorpal sword in hand;
long
Time the manxome foe he sought — so rested
he by the
Tumtum tree, and stood awhile in thought. And,
as
In uffish thought he stood, the Jabberwock, with
Eyes of flame, came whiffling through the tugley
Wood, and burbled as it came! One, two! And
through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it
dead
And with its head he went galumphing back.
"And hast
Thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms,
my
beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

RICHARD EDWARD GRIBBLE, JR.

Canoe U attracted Rick from sunny Whittier, Calif. He succeeded in establishing himself as one of USNA's top oceanographers. '75 oceangophers soon learned that 'Double Gribble' was the man to see for help (gouge). 'Gribs' Trident project, the electromagnetic effects upon biorhythms, drew international interest. Athletically, Rick was frequently seen swatting at tennis balls. Graduation will find him heading for Nuke School in his MG. The sub force will find him a welcome addition.



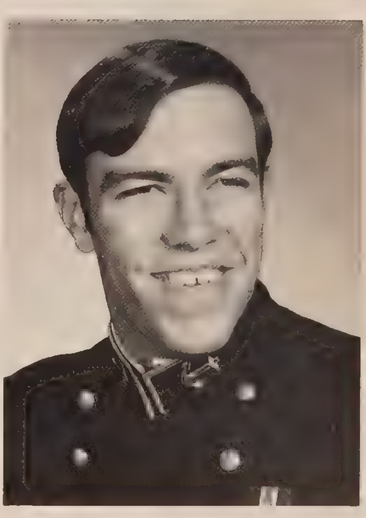


TIMOTHY MICHAEL HOGAN

"Little Timmy Hogan" left his female fan club in Dallas, Texas to establish a new branch in Annapolis. "Hogey" and the boys at "the house" will be remembered for their stellar parties. He was a member of the notorious USNA traveling beer-baseball troupe. History will remember him as the man voted "Marine of the Month" 13 times in one year. His characteristic condition of "eyes at halfmast" accompanied in to the "Ana-Mana" major. The fleet, California, (and its girls) should look forward to having him after graduation.

HECTOR LATTES

When Hector first arrived at USNA, no one could figure out whether he was speaking English or Spanish. However, though his English improved quickly, it became obvious that his main goal was to make Spanish the official language of USNA and to convert the school to the Chilean way of life. Hector will be remembered most for his friendliness, wit, and willingness to help out at all times. It will be sad to see him leave our country after graduation, yet we are certain that we shall meet again.



GARY RAYFIELD JONES

Stanley came to us from Gary, South Carolina. He headed north 4 years ago with Moe and a Curlee, Larry went to State. Consideration is one of his finer qualities, as he never ate his roomie's pies or oranges. Gary is a perfect Mid, taking Brasso on dates to polish his missiles. After 2 years on the Varsity cross country team, he turned into an athletic supporter. Initially Rickedover, Gary opted for Navy air. His background of taking up space at USNA has provided the aviation community a fine specimen.

MICHAEL JUDE MAYNARD

"Mars" came to NAVY U from a friendly household of 10 in Warwick, R.I. Plebe year was no sweat for Mike, managing 4.0 while wrestling and being a member of the Hop Committee. That year was culminated by placing his cap on Herndon and winning the Supt's boards. After hours, one could find Mike in the wrestling loft or at the Stevenson's. Coming away from 1/C Nuke staff training, the "Troll" continued his athletics with 150's and wrestling. He was one of 75's first Bio majors to go to Med school. Mike will make a welcome addition to the fleet.

JOHN J. LAWLOR

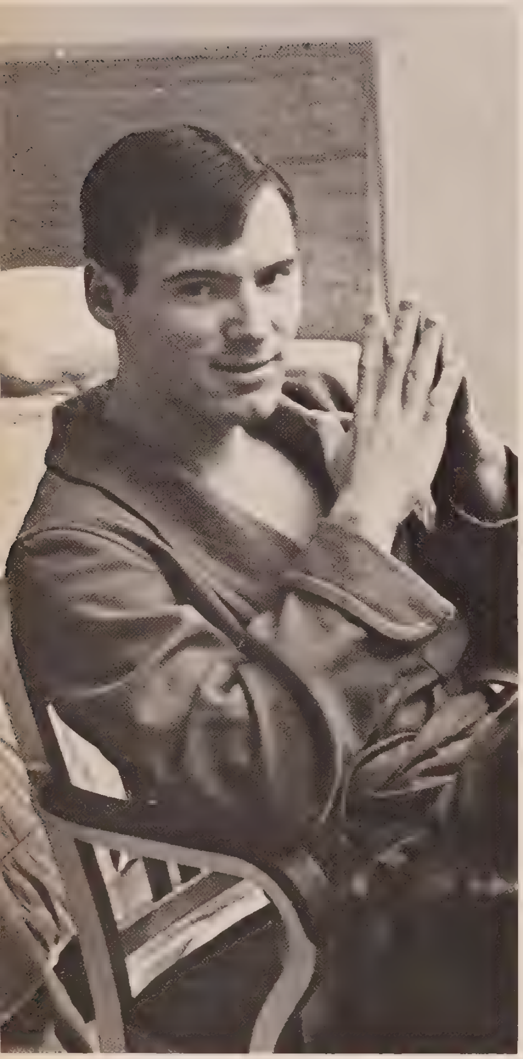
"You gotta hang loose. I hold all the aces." These 2 sayings best describe Navy's All-American lacrosse defenseman from Floral Park, New York. Jake was an avid believer in the rack, gouge, white works, and enjoying himself. As "Lax Lawlor," he always got by with plenty to spare in his chosen field of "nuclear" management. His assets were many. Who else could take long weekends as a youngster, not know where "historic Worden Field" is, and get 3 weeks in Hawaii for 1/c cruise (the rest was leave)? He leaves behind a reputation that will never be equalled. Success, along with his guardian angel, will be with John always.

MIKE J. McDERMOTT

Mike was on his way to the good life at some unknown college in University Park, Penn. when a personal letter arrived from St. John's in Annapolis begging for his attendance. Forsaking Mom, apple pie, the girl next door, and weakfish, he journeyed down one June day, got mixed up in his directions, and ended up being inducted with the rest of 8th platoon. After choosing nuclear management, he and Jake undertook the first ever Trident agricultural project, specializing in pies and exotic fruits. A lover at heart, aviator by choice, and black shoe by quota, Mike leaves Scott Haney Day, Jim Thorpe weekends and circular washbasins to do a fine job.

MICHAEL JOHN MATHEWS

Mike came to UNAV from the sun and fun capital of the East, Virginia Beach. Always a hard charger with the books, Mike didn't allow his once busy social schedule to fall behind due to collateral duties including parking coordinator at the city garage, and Saturday night bartender at the Old Town Tavern. Not always the luckiest with blind dates, he can always be seen with his travelling companion Bacardi, a surfboard, and an assortment of "Hang-Ten" shirts. Mike is looking forward to a pale tan and a long career under the deep blue searching for that eternal wave. And as usual Mike, you should have been here yesterday!

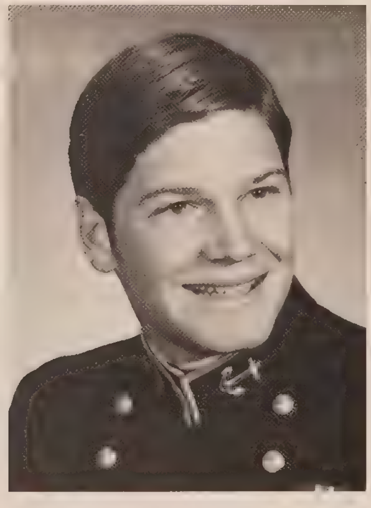


MICHAEL D. MEIER

Mike turned in his fishing pole for a rifle and eventually adjusted to the life of a squid. After a seemingly endless battle with academics, he finally got on top of things 2/c year. About the only lesson he learned plebe year was that of rating what you got away with — heavily exercising this the next 3 years. Joining the ranks of the few good men in June will soon be followed by an altar date with his high school sweetheart. — To Marli, Mom and Dad, family, and friends — Thanks.

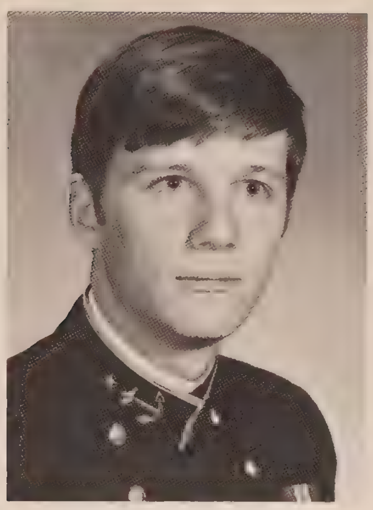
JAMES RUSSELL MILLER

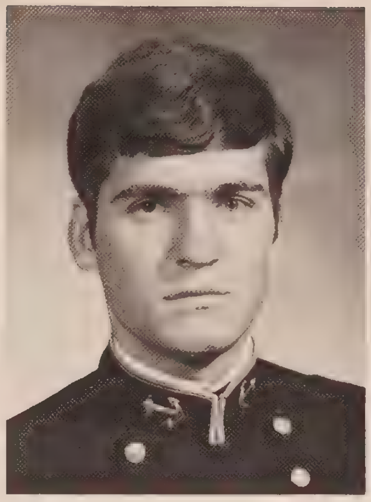
A quiet and hard working individual, Jim came to USNA from a small boarding school in Hagerstown, Md. Therefore, he was very much attuned to life at an academy. Jim, being a 3rd generation Academy man, was eager to do well. No one excelled his ability to party, drink, and entertain people. The silent man from Arlington, Va. has a knack for charming girls with his genteel taste for life. The high seas call Jim, his destination is Athens, Greece on a DDG. So stand by Grecian girls, for the charming man is on his way. We wish Jim the best of luck . . . but does he need it?



DANIEL R. MURPHY

This slow talking Texan hails from the sprawling metropolis of Irving. Better known as "Murph" to his buddies from 1st Company, he is always ready to head on out for a beer or two regardless of the occasion or the amount of homework left undone. The discus or "plate" occupied most of his free time, but he still managed to slip by the academic side of the University of Navy. Always ready to stop at McDonald's for a quarter-pounder, he met his favorite "Hamburger Patti" in Philly 2/c year.





RONALD LEE NICOL

Pony trotted in from the big corral of Eckard Mines to Navy. Always the lead stallion of the herd, Pony became an astute academician and a high striper. A real party goer, Ron could always be found conversing with Mr. Bacardi or dancing with the young lovelies. After his many thrilling stories and escapades, Pony is going out to pasture in June with his cute filly Ruth. The Horse decided on nuclear power as his service choice and the Navy is getting a good man. Ron is a good friend who will be remembered for all he did for his buddies and he is one guy we all hate to see leave

ROBERT LUTHER PHILLIPS

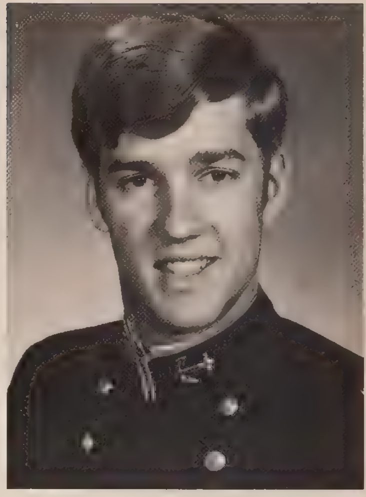
When Bob decided to come to USNA over tennis scholarships at many other colleges and a tennis career, little did he know what was in store for him. From the slow talking, polite Southerner from Charleston, S.C., the Academy produced a devious, conniving glut when it came to women and drinking. Somehow between dates and tennis, he found time to get the grades. Then there was that fateful night when Bob put his hand through a window. His aspirations in becoming a dentist plummeted as did his morale and outlook, but he came back. Though NPQ, he went on to become the tennis captain and was chosen for the CEC. It doesn't look like anything can stop him but we wish him luck anyway.

ROBERT EDWIN REED

Rob "Rocket" Reed came to the U of N from Quantico. He left home in search of a "dream" education and Marine air career. 50% isn't bad for he certainly received his education, in more ways than one. He teamed his athletic ability and M.E. talent to earn the stroke position on the crew team along with the reputation of a "quick slide"; thus the nickname, "Rocket." Deciding against the "Junior College" exit, he became a believer in "maxing out" when possible. He was always hitting the books when he should have opened them. But alas! he had to budget his time between sleeping, rowing, eating, sleeping, rowing, cutting hair, sleeping, writing, sleeping All between his night classes at Mary Washington College. Not only will Rob earn his B.S. in M.E., but also his Ph.D. in M.D. In July, he will be Z-ing it to P'cola for continued success "both on and off the field."

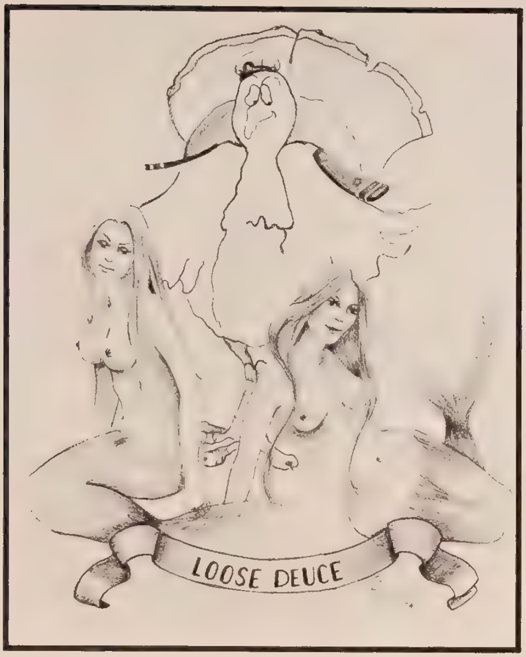
DENNIS DUANE STONE

Dennis had never been East of the Mississippi, yet, on that fateful day in 1971, he reported to the boating capital of the world for what he thought would be a 4 year vacation. Leaving Paula and his family behind in return for a marvelous education and a chance to become one of "America's Finest" had to be the biggest decision of his young life. A hard worker, if he wasn't wearing out the bindings on his books, he could be found wearing out his hands on an oar on the Severn. 1/c year brought happiness as his soon-to-be bride moved cross country to become a secretary during the week and a noticeable asset at his side on the weekends. His last big decision came in November as he signed up for Navy air, the beginning of the rest of his life.



RICHARD ANTHONY UDICIOUS

Rick operated out of Coplay, Pa. and often times could be seen scurrying home to his favorite establishment, The Ale House. With no big desire to excel in such military things as marching, he spent much of his time trying to slide past Navy. Rick was a BAC man, a merry crew member of the Belle Isle, and could be seen sunning on a yawl as a scenic backdrop to June Week P-rades. A connoisseur of fine style, he spent much of his time styling his hair to conform to "Navy the Uncollege" rules. Rick will join Rickover's Navy, which should be an interesting battle.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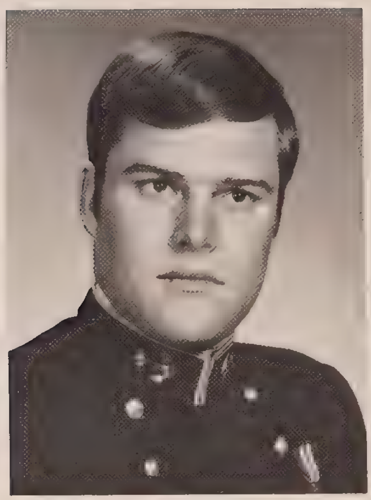
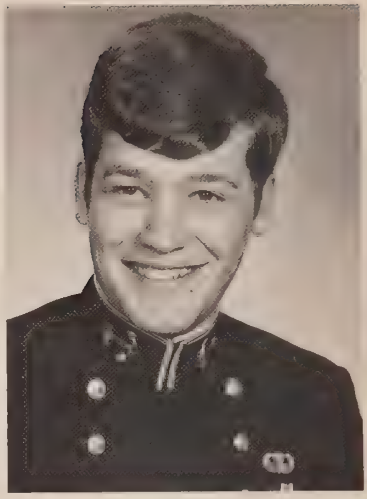


ROBERT E. ADAMSON

Bob came to the Naval Academy after spending a year at Bullis Prep. Hailing from Annandale, Va., he knew of USNA and still came to serve a 4 year term. Youngster cruise brought a new name, thanks to Butch-Squatty. Squatty was known for his ability to make 4.0 popcorn and to squeeze out of any situation. Squatty's best time of the day was at noon meal and BURGERS. Bob always aimed for max gouge in his General Engineering major. Spring brought rugby and its parties for four different years. Bob is leaning towards Navy air but, no matter what service Bob goes into, he is bound to bring credit to it.



TIMOTHY P. BIGGS

"75 and 2 months!"

WILLIAM J. BRECHTEL, JR.

A native of New Orleans, Bill left a year of NROTC at Tulane to become one of America's finest here at Canoe U. As a result of a little misunderstanding 4/c class year, Bill acquired the nickname "Maddog" which has stayed with him.

Bill seemed to be the only guy who could shave at 7:00 and have a 5 o'clock shadow by 8:00. He also became the company's resident ordnance expert, knowing firearm data dating back to the fall of the Roman Empire. Maddog is the Company's only ground grunt and will exchange his Navy blues for Marine greens in June

CRAIG W. BULTEMEIER

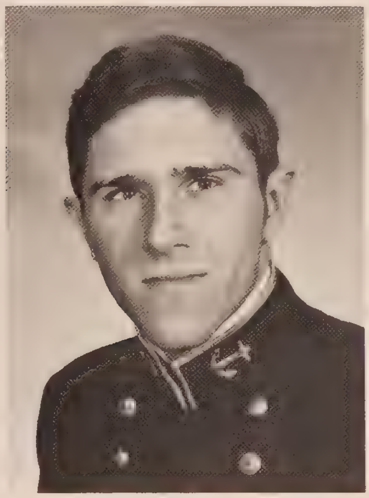
After arriving at USNA from Elkhart, Indiana, Bulto soon developed a grave fear of water, especially during YP drills and swimming classes. The "Rock" in swimming also had a distaste for applied strength and even with a 3.6 missed out on long weekends. On the weekends, Bulto could usually be found at the O-Club holding up his end of the shuffleboard table, and more likely than not, winning a few drinks. After graduation, he'll be heading for Pensacola and serving his time as an NFO.

JOSEPH M. DELPINO

The challenge of doing it the hard way challenged this lad to walk the hallowed halls of USNA. Jose earned varsity soccer letters in plebe and 3/c years despite a bad knee. A Naval Architecture major, the responsibilities of soccer captain and large volumes of coffee never kept Joe from hitting the rack by 2200. Some quick maneuvers 2/c year during a local car incident prevented him from earning a black 'N' from the "Mad Hatter." It was also then that Joe was seen a lot less due to a certain attraction in College Park. Success will follow whatever service selection brings.

EDWARD JOSEPH CASEY III

Born into the Navy as a Navy junior, Ed plans on becoming a ship driver for awhile. With his home 4 hours away in Virginia Beach and his heart 2 hours away with a strawberry blonde in Jersey, no one really wonders where he is 5 of 6 weekends with his Vega. Always doing things on an impulse, he has kept people wondering what he'd do next, and with June coming, who knows what will happen between now and then? Was Ed really as "drifty" as some people think or did he know what was happening?



RAYMOND J. ENZENAUER

Leaving St. Louis and an NROTC scholarship at MU, Ray came East to join the boys in blue at Canoe U. When 4/c academics proved no major problem, Enze soon became known as the "Gouge King." Enze roomed with Pretty Boy and Goose and a 5000 candle-power radioactive desk lamp. 2/c year saw Enze spending many a weekend with Goose doing steam labs He finally fell in love 1/c summer, with a RD360 Yamaha. Ray will enter flight school upon graduation. Wearing glasses to "look intelligent" will keep Enze from being a pilot, but he may yet be giving directions to the likes of Squatty, Hogs, or Schlaef.

JAMES M. CONNELL

Conman came to Navy from Toledo, Ohio After breezing through plebe year, Conman earned distinction at such places as the bridge and park. As a 2/c, he progressed to become a weekend fixture at the O-Club and a shuffleboard champ. Everyone realized by now that Conman was the cutest Mid around. Never one to take academics seriously, Conman spent most of his time in the wardroom waiting for ETV specials on his courses. He was the wardroom commander as a 3/c and remained so the next two years. Jim will be a valuable asset to the Surface navy.

THOMAS J. GADZALA

"T.J." Gadzala, the "Apeman," grew to be known by the Brigade as the Gorilla at pep rallies and football games during his final fling at Canoe U. Famous for his mug shots depicting a beautiful girl relaxing on each of his bulging biceps, Gadz finally found the golden mermaid of his protein powdered milk supplement. Gadz had his hard knocks with the lechers of the "Big 3" — Melville, Isherwood, and Griffin — but survived. Always long on imitative ingenuity, T.J and his roomie "Clugsy" teamed up to put on the "greatest two-man show on Earth" — Dracula and Egor. His Academy Award performance featured Gadz draining the Supt and 'Dant of every red corpuscle. So it's on from Ashton, Pa. to Pensacola, Fla. and a run at the choppers in Navy air for Gadz

JOHN R. JOHNSON

J.R. came to the Academy from the big state of Texas, the big town of Kilgore. After miraculously escaping the AC board plebe year, he was determined not to let the "Nav" win in the world of books. As the "Gouge" started rolling in, J.R. started rolling out. On the weekends and whenever possible during the week. Being a jack-of-all-sports and master of none, he was found out on the field of intramurals with the rest of the high school hasbeens. Staying physically fit, he is headed for Pensacola in June. He leaves us with this insight — If the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum.

GARY P. HOGAN

The thrills of jet aviation lured "Hogues" to these hallowed halls. Goals and personal convictions inspired his efforts academically and athletically, but his success was sooner achieved in the classroom. After 2 years of soccer and 3 years of golf, along with intramural football, Hogues finally found the answer in his left instep and put it to use for the 150's. Always one to party, Gary often got things going with a touch of St. Louis flavor and class. Pensacola is his next destination and being a squadron bachelor his next ambition. Hopefully the "Good Times" will travel with him.

DONALD L. KEELER

"Clugsy" from Ambler, Pa. always managed to obtain applications for all the Rhoades and Burke scholarships with his 4.0. Using all his "Stars and Stripes" to advantage, he didn't miss one Ops Info good deal since he entered. During youngster year, Clugsy found an attraction "deep in the heart of Texas," where he spent most of his leave time. With this "Aggie" influence, he brought back barn loads of annoying country-western music. Don was forever thinking of ways to have the thickest beard in the Brigade. Besides his enduring love for camping, skiing, motorcycles, and ripping the lax nets, he would make grand appearances as Egor, with Dracula (Gadz) during Army week. In his unending quest to get out of P-rades and march-ons, BAC construction chairman was just the excuse. Don opted for Navy NFO and left the silent service to patrol on its own.

HIRLYE RAY LUTZ, JR.

Where is the Naval Academy? After a brief 1 year stay in beautiful Bainbridge, "Hirls" discovered the campus of the University of Navy situated on the banks of the Severn, right outside the grey walls of Crab Town. Shortly thereafter, Hirlye abandoned his dream of playing college football to devote his energy to becoming a Professional Person and Human Officer. The first 2 years saw "Hirls" shun the relaxation and fun at the Playhouse and Muhlmeister's to direct his efforts to academics. Later "Butch" saw the light and could always be found in the wardroom or with Schlaef at the O-Club. Alas, all "greats" must retire and intramural football will lose the 'Lutz to Northrup' or 'Northrup to Lutz' combos Because of his determination and desire to succeed, Hirls should become an excellent pilot if his MG doesn't break down on the way to Pensacola

DONN ROBERT NORTHUP

Having established himself as 5th Company's fastest chowcaller, Donn soon became the ringleader of the 4-ring circus of insanity co-starring D. C. "Schlitz", "H. O." Rolle, and "The Goose." While his classmates were taking fixes, Donn, having co-authored the '72 Almanal sports record section, was "carrying on."

Youngster year rolled around and Donn, out of the kindness of his heart decided to do his part for the overcrowded barbershop situation and boycott the shops altogether. Second class year brought a new arrival to Donn's 8-0 room facing the bay . . . a lamp that he used to study with, keep food warm, and to aid ships in distress at night. After a short varsity football stint, he was a company b-ball, football, and softball stud. Donn contented himself "an old high school friend." Marriage? "Nope, we're just good buddies."

RICHARD LEE ROLLINS

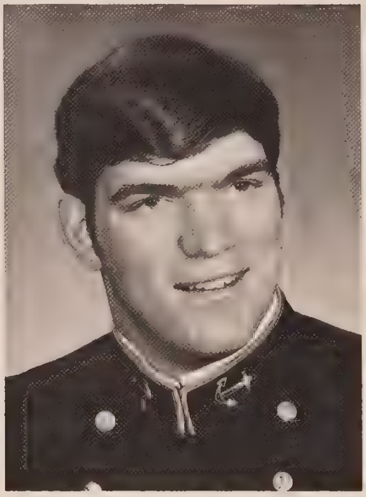
Coming aboard from San Diego, California, Richard, or "Rollo," had little trouble adjusting to USNA. Rollo, a Navy youngster, adapted quickly to 4/c year and sailed through with minimum difficulty. After breaking off his short lived engagement, 3/c cruise primed this young man for years of enjoying the finer things in life. His outstanding performance for 3 years on the conditioning squad, netted him the head job of running it. His 1/c year, Rollo's academic achievements have kept him clear of all Ac boards thus far. 1/c summer found Rollo laying back his ears and applying his law education to combat the Conduct Code. And his red Super Bug was traded for a Porsche 911T. He is now destined to be another great Navy pilot.

MARC LIONEL PURCELL

Leaving the sun drenched beaches of California, Butch gave up the surf and the cuties in Santa Barbara to become a monk in Annapolis. His nickname survives as a remnant of his 4/c year transformation into a Navy man. Always subject to California dreaming, Butch appeased his yearning for the "good life" with Beach Boy albums, sci fi, a steady stream of new dates, and slashing in his major. Although his career in college basketball was finally snuffed out by a good case of mono, Butch displayed his talents on the Co. team. Always known for his high ambitions and performance, Butch plans to find his home in the aviation community.

ANDREAS DIETER ROLLE

From Phoenix, Ariz. came A. D. Rolle on that long and memorable day in June '71. With his avid participation in all sports, especially 150 football, and his genuine personality, it did not take long for Andy to don himself as everyone's "little buddy." Andy's diligent work in his management courses and brilliant performance in signal competition may very well lead to a profitable career as a Hotel Oscar manager. Andy applied the Academy's approach for learning to his social life. Although the hands on training was often obnoxious, Andy's exploits and conquests were secret to no one except the alleged victim. His shifty eyes and devious manner make him a firm candidate for the NIS, but Navy air claims Andy first.



DOUGLAS C. SCHLAEFER

After a long and thorough search for an east-coast Berkeley, Douglas Schlaefer finally decided on scenic USNA. After a quick adjustment he became resolved that this was the place from where he would graduate and he proceeded to head in that direction. During his first two years Doug directed his best efforts toward Navy football and basketball; however, after much thought he gave up intercollegiate sports for intramurals. As an aero major, he was forced to adapt to the tight schedule necessary in order to keep up with "Hirls" at the Friday and Saturday night O'club scene. He has a better attitude toward the academy than most, but he is certainly looking forward to the increased freedom to be found beyond the walls. Always one with a colorful comment, "Schlaef" is sure to bring success with him to Pensacola in his little red Volvo.

RANDALL ALLEN SEAWARD

Ran-Dell came to the hallowed halls of Canoe U. from Columbia, South Carolina. He came to play Navy football, but he also built many memories: getting tenacious for the games, going to Shady Grove, the linebacker, steerage runs, copping Z's, and Nuke Power. ANA MANNA allowed him to pursue the rack, yet retain a respectable CUM. Never to be caught with just one OAO, he was attracted to many. After the game you could always find him with a babe and searching for a cool one and everybody searching for him. It was as if everybody was on his team. .He was willing to help anyone, with a brew, a babe, or a good time. He will make an effective contribution in Navy air, searching for those wings of gold.

JAMES M. SHELTON

Jim came from the cornfields of Indiana to meet the rigors of USNA. During 4/C summer, he immediately gained the high esteem of his classmates by uttering the famous words, "Mr. Saeward is, sir!" Finding a happy medium between books, the rack, and the tube, Jim faired well academically until 2nd semester, 2/C year, when much of his time was spent scrubbing and waxing floors. As if youngster cruise was not enough, Jim took his 1/C cruise on an oiler, and decided once and for all that surface line is not very fine and that submarines do it deeper. Jim's future includes Nuclear Power school, a submarine, and Cammie.

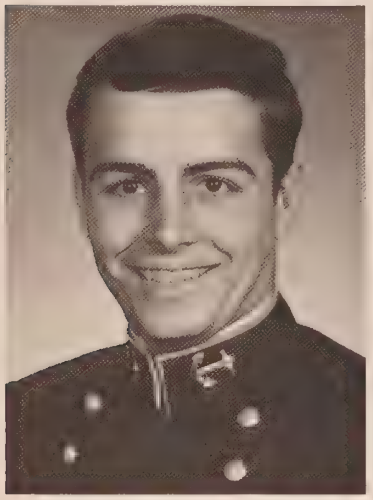
GEORGE A. SIRAGUSA

George came to Canoe U from Florida. After a brief 4/C track career, "Goose" found his true calling in company b-ball, on the defense. 3/C year brought the evolution of the 32nd Company karate club, a purple belt, and a broken nose. Also 50 demos and 14 hours of "extra drill." 2/C year brought not only 2 stripes but also Thermo and Fluids, a possible cause for his receding hairline. 3 striper libs gave George time to put miles on his Fiat. Surface line will be even finer with George's addition, and he'll be a surface nuke unless Adm. Rickover says otherwise.

"Give me a fast ship and a star to steer her by, for I intend to sail in harm's way."

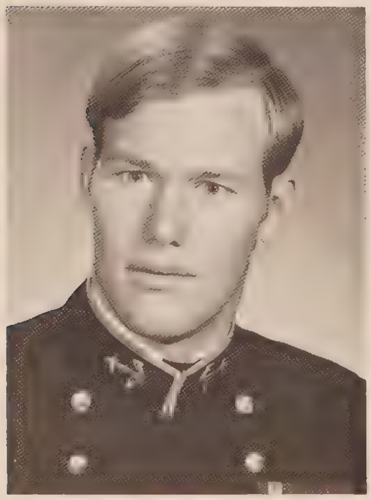
EDWARD W. ULMER

Ed drifted in from the rolling hills of Pennsylvania on that fateful day in June, ready to show the Navy how things are done. He soon found out that life as a 4/C can be a real "wall climbing" experience. Dedicating most of his time to becoming an ocean engineer, Ed still found time for Batt football and company intramurals. When he wasn't scuba diving or sitting behind the wheel of his TR-6, Ed could always be found rallying with the rest of the guys. After graduation, Ed will be taking his knowledge and many fond memories aboard a nuclear sub somewhere in the deep blue sea.



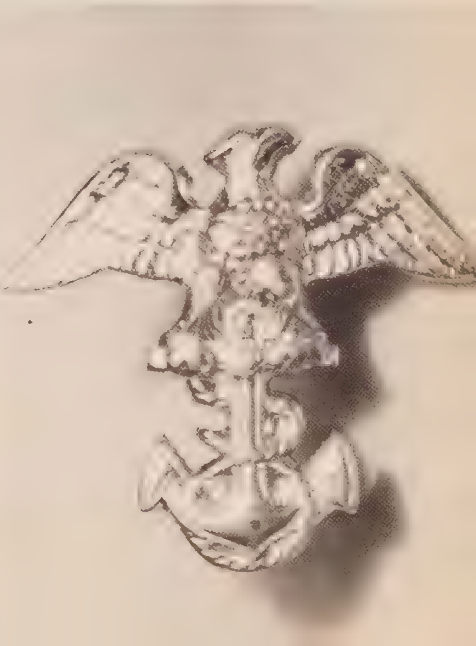
MARK EUGENE THARP

The "64 inch walking muscle" came from the great city of Columbus, Ohio, only 17 days out of high school. Born in Muncie, Indiana and a Hoosier at heart, he never enjoyed staying indoors. Participating in the USNA Karate Club, he has found a great love for the sport and a true philosophy for life. Known around the company area as "Short Sh--" or "Va Voom," many of his formations were in front of Batt Office on crutches. Choosing Navy air, he threw many people a curve ball, having professed the Corps as the only way to go since 4/C year. His cry has changed to "Fly Navy." Hopefully he will get his A-6 after Pensacola, so look out above. VA VOOM!



ARDEN CHRISTIAN TURNER

Chris, a local lad, came to the Academy after bagging it for a year at NAPS. 4/C year brought 2 of Chris' most enduring qualities, the ability to bead and give people a hard time. From the very beginning, he set his sights on the wings of gold. A change of mind came 3/C year when Chris was introduced to scuba diving, something he plunged into lustily. He could usually be found flipping around under the waters of the Natatorium, photographing the dirt and drain holes. By service selection time, Chris wanted to go down, and he did so in a big way, Rickover's silent service. Also a spectacular fall from his position as a striper to that of a lowly MIR. As always, however, Chris (or Arden) looks forward to the challenge and promise of the future.



RALPH PRESTON VENDELAND

Ralph, sometimes better known as "Tenderloin," was another one of those spoiled S. Californians who always had trouble adapting to the atrocious weather he found in Maryland. "Why would **anyone** want to live here?" Ralph came to USNA on an alternate appointment, but has run up a 3.4 Cum and held a striper position 1/c year. Ralph chose Ocean Engineering as his field of academic endeavor and NucPower as his service selection. (You can say goodbye to that sunshine now Ralph.) A sure bet for success wherever he goes, he's a real asset to the NucPower program.

MICHAEL BUSH WASHINGTON

Wash was really better known as "BD," due to the exorbitant number of blind dates he accepted during plebe year. A native of Pittsburgh, (or just plain Burg if you want to take chances with your mail) Wash came to the Academy and soon impressed everyone with his hard work, serious nature and dedication. He swam for Navy plebe year and later for the Batt teams, where his favorite stroke was breaststroke. Always wanting to hook things up, BD chose the EE major. Having worn glasses since high school, BD was never one to see Navy air In fact, after 1/c cruise, he was quoted as saying, "Submarines was the only way to fly."

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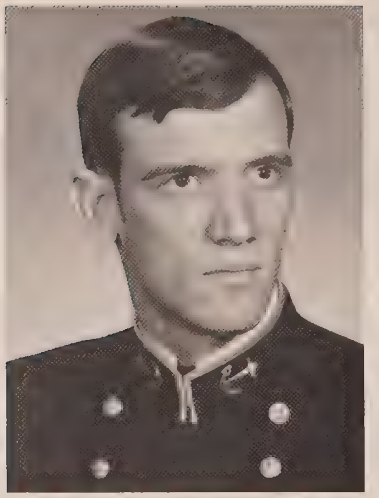
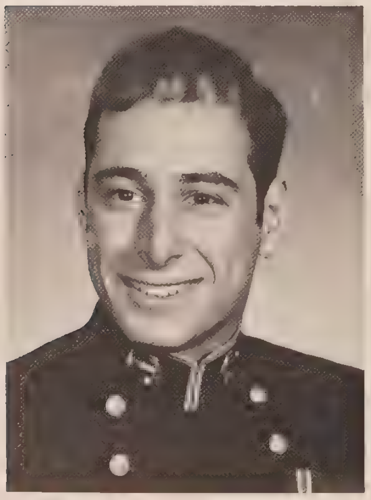


DENNIS E. AVERYT

Dennis, or Den as he was known by his classmates and the Dough, came to Canoe U from the sandy beaches of the California coastline. It seems only natural that after graduation he will once again gain the title of Californian. More a serious person than an out-going partier, Dennis spent most of his time, 4 years to be exact, thinking about the girl back home. It is with her and a relatively low QPR that he will face the rigors and challenges of NucPower school.

DONALD R. BATZE

If grades were given for TV at USNA, Doc would have a 4.0. Since he had already gone to 4 years of college before becoming a Mid, he has not bothered cluttering his mind with knowledge these past few years. Doc has managed such feats as writing two term papers in the last two days of the semester then reading a novel in preparation for finals. His favorite saying when going to finals is, "They can kill you, but they can't eat you." His other words of wisdom are unprintable, but that's not bad for the oldest member of the class.



ROBERT ARTHUR BRODY

When Brodes was born, he was very nervous. Thank goodness his mother was there to comfort him. The amazing thing is that out of 366 possible days to be born, Brodes picked his birthday. From that time on he wanted to go to the USNA. The first words out of his mouth were, "How 'bout that Big Blue?" At USNA, he fell in with "the back shafters." His functions were to fence, tell jokes, and tube it with Dewey and Doc. Always a hard core surface liner, somehow Brodes ended up a Nuke Puke (surface). Some people would do anything for a career. Since he couldn't get a steady girl, he bought a steady car. His weekends are now spent cleaning and waxing "Jesse," while he gets in his 25 hours for Adm. Passover. Good luck at Mare Island

ROBERT M. CARROLL

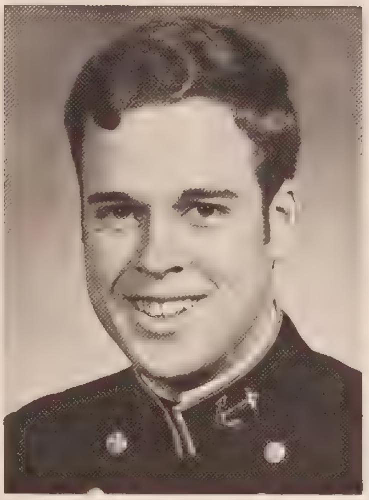
Mike didn't always want to be a grunt, but walking in the plowed fields back home in Mason just lent itself for marching. Outside of that, he would have to grow his hair out to be in the Navy. As company commander, he yelled his way into the company's heart . . . they needed something to warm themselves during the early morning hours of ED. Even though Mike took the road less travelled, he should make a hell of a dent in it.

JAMES E. DUCHARME

It didn't take Dewey, or J. E., or Duke, or Sheriff, 4 days to hitchhike from his home in Saginaw, Michigan; it was just a quick 2 hour plane ride to the big country club on the Severn. Dew had good examples of leadership in order to set his sights from the first day. It started with Dilly and Horse, later, Rex and Michael. By 2/C year, he had a plebe popping his corn for him. Joe and Hebe were his roommates and will, no doubt, remain the closest of friends. He was glad to finally be able to bring his car into the yard — legally, one of his many clunkers. Dewey could drink with the best of them, pitcher for pitcher, beer for root beer. But remember, "one way" with surface line, it's mighty fine.

CHRISTOPHER JUDE CIKANOVICH

And now the end is near and so I face the final curtain. My friends, I'll say it clear, I'll state my case of which I'm certain. I've lived a life that's full, I've travelled each and every highway and more, much more than this, I did it my way. Regrets, I've had a few but then again too few to mention. I did what I had to do and saw it through without exemption. I planned each chartered course, each careful step along the byway. But more, much more than this, I did it my way. Yes, there were times, I'm sure you know, when I bit off more than I could chew. But through it all when there was doubt, I ate it up and spit it out. I faced it all and I stood tall and did it my way . . . The record shows I took the blows and did it my way. — Paul Anka. Chick now moves past the Ring Dance and Hop Committee to Navy air.

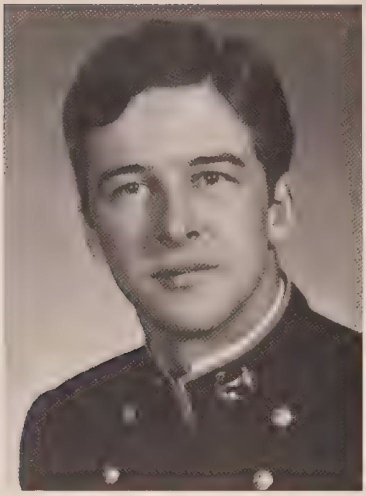


ROBERT BRUCE DUNCAN

"Dunc" was our resident Navy brat that we all turned to for help and guidance 4/C summer. Come Ac year, he too had problems showing the upperclass he was "squared away." He can attribute many an unforgettable come around to "Yak." 3/C year, "Dunk" bolted every opportunity and studied only enough to get by. He was married by 2/C 2nd semester. He was no longer any fun to go to the Circle with for some good old-fashioned wenching. After a June Week wedding, he and Deb are off to Pensacola. Hopefully, she will be able to keep him off those moonlit Florida beaches.

ROBERT L. CLARK

Bob came from upstate New York and soon evolved into an incognito Joe. There were scenes from a mud major, bugs, hair, and lightweights to Shenandoah only with thanks to unequaled understanding from his best friend. As Thoreau "would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass," his thoughts will always be just beyond that next woods where it belongs. He just wants to glance back someday to find it was all worth it.

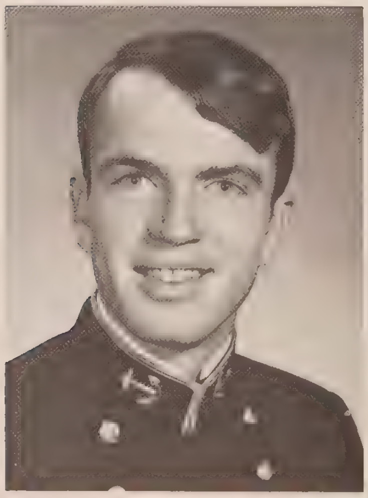


REX A. ESTILOW

Rex came to USNA from New Jersey — land of hardhats and godfathers. He spent plebe summer racking with the excused squad and the remainder of the year hiding from our favorite upperclass, for whom he still holds the most profound enmity. Rex had a serious academic problem 1st semester plebe year but bounced back to be a consistent member of the merit list-long weekend team. Riding with the tide and going with the flow, Rextilow snaked another of our classmates and ended up in the Bay. The sign said, "Rex is hooked" and they were right. Rex became a day student at U of N and looks to the twenty-first as well as the fourth. He has hoped from the start, just as all of us, that USNA will be a nice place to be from . . . far, far away from.

CRAIG E. GALLOWAY

I was born in Ft. Worth, Texas on March 31, 1953. My present home is Ofallon, Illinois, where I have lived for the past 16 years. I went 8 years to Shiloh Grade school and 4 years to Ofallon High School, lettering in baseball and football, besides receiving several academic honors. From high school I came straight to the Academy. During my 4 years here I have majored in Operations Analysis. My Intramural sports have been company basketball, lightweight football, and slow pitch softball. My plans for the future are to go into the Naval aviation field of service, and hopefully on to post-graduate school. I presently have no marriage plans.



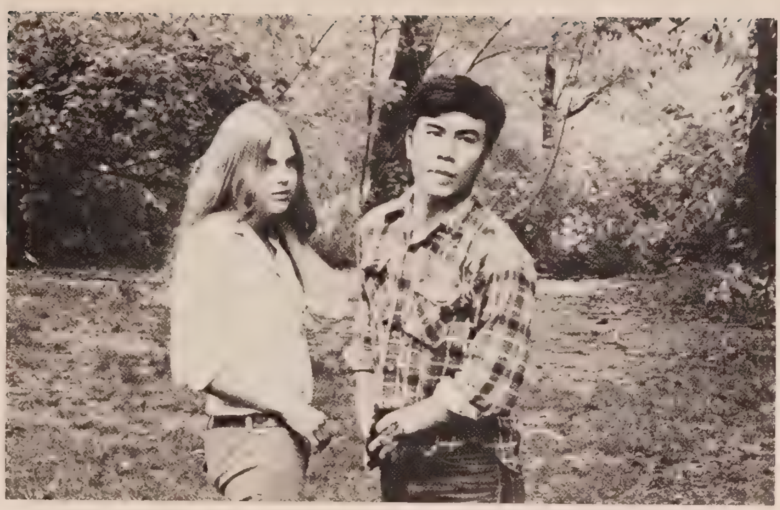
STEVEN A. HARMON

The sun had slowly risen
    And the stars fell from my eyes
So when my time was through
    There was no darkness in my skies
For I came only to leave
    But many were changed by their lies.

And many still remained
    Amid the bitter, disenchanted cries
While those who looked on
    Were given well-intended false replies
But I ask does it matter?
    Darkness as the sun sets and dies.

JAMES TALMADGE JACKSON

"J. T.," as James was better known by his classmates, came to USNA from amidst the rush hour traffic of a busy Washington, D.C. suburb. While at the Academy, J. T. has participated in both sports and musical activities. Being a diligent worker and true believer of having a good time, he never let the perils of USNA get him down. He is now looking forward to flight training in Florida and a successful career as a naval aviator.



GARY ARTHUR LUNDEEN

Gary came to USNA from the "Little Sweden of America" back in Center City, Minnesota. The Bay area never did suit our Scandinavian hotshot and leaving it behind will come none too soon. You could usually find "Deeno" in his room "physicating," but if he wasn't there, he was sure to be rowing on the Severn, just him and his oar . . . In fact, if he was near water at all, you can bet he was **on** it because swimming just wasn't one of his most loved sports here at USNA. Now 4 years have gone by and his life as a Mid has come to a close. The Marine Corps has gained another "fine man" to become a part of their team.

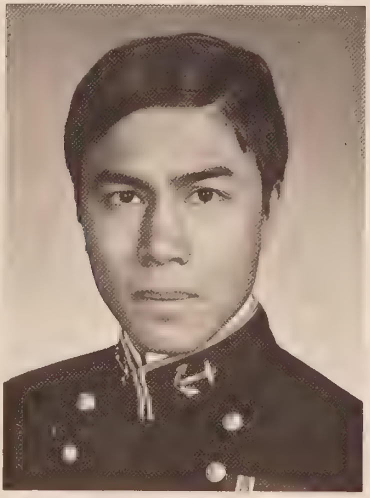
GREGORY MARTIN

". . . I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference."
— Robert Frost

GREG A. MacDONALD

Oh, Greg came from a country called the Midwest. Finding out the lessons on survival here early, he can remember often failing them early. He weathered many a storm in a mind filled with songs of Dylan and dreams of tomorrow. Discovering that, "It never hurts when you smile," he shrugged off ridicule and jest with brief smiles, finding it easy to laugh at himself. Now that he is leaving, he wishes to reach for a thought that is a part of him; and it goes like this:

"I see my light come shining
From the West unto the East
Any day now, any day now,
I shall be released."
— Bob Dylan

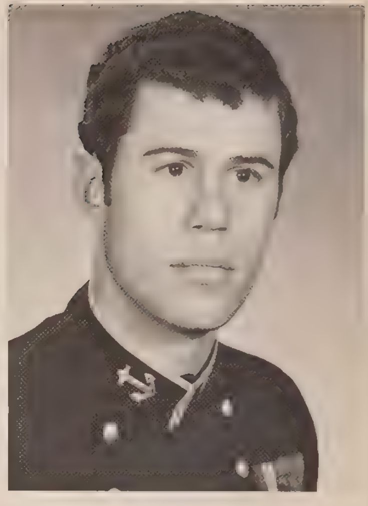


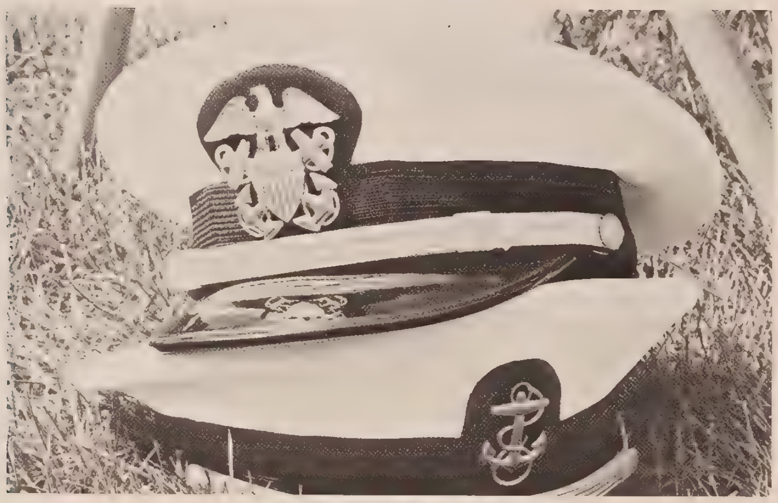
ALLAN SABENORIO

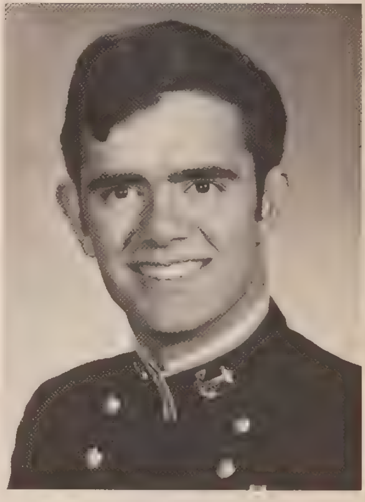
Thinking twice of California, Allan packed his guitars and other implements of creation . . . did two about faces and leaped forward into the midst of a familiar unknown. Within this unknown, he gained familiarity with the sciences and the great grandsons of clipper ships, and fused them each unto their musical own. Through the experimental years, the unknown clarified, so too did Allan. Once an "artist," now a sailor.

MARTIN J. SCHOENBAUER

He left Minnesota back in '71 searching for the "good life." Arriving at this fine institution, he discovered that his "college" catalogue contained several contradictions. Somehow he made it through the academics — always hoping for a last minute break and the highly idealized 2.0. After accumulating 3 black "N's" and fully utilizing the medical services offered, it is finally time to leave and start looking for the "good life" hoping that the four year interruption hasn't affected his thinking.

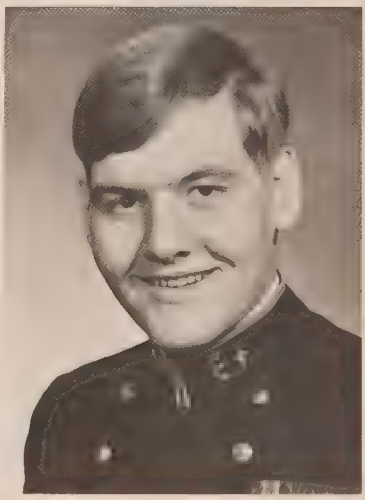






BRIAN D. SHAW

4 long ones . . . 4 missing aircraft . . . a cannon or two . . . crazy . . . Scuba . . . Lauri . . . Dean's List . . . Lisa . . . Norfolk to Annapolis run . . . Ford van . . . freefall from 3000 feet . . . personal phone . . . 750 random calls . . . windmill project . . . coast to coast TV . . . skiing . . . trees . . . last rites . . . pseudo streak in library . . . march . . . march . . . goldfish . . . in the Bay . . . Nuc cruise . . . Karen . . . solo . . . service selection . . . 10 thousand light years from home



STEVEN J. UDICK

Anyone with a name like Udick has to have problems 4/c year. From bowing to the Batt Commander to just standing around looking . . . Then his hand reached out and wrapped around the sensuous curves of a Nikon and "Click" Udick was born. Living from June Week to June Week, the pictures flowed and the demerits rose. Steve is the only civilian attending USNA and receiving a degree in seducing girls with a camera. California dreaming, as well he should have been, his eyes dimmed by trying to see coast to coast by telephone each Sunday night. His eyes gone, his chances for glory in the sky changed to a beach, a girl, and a destroyer in the Golden State.

DANIEL B. WICK

Four years of hard work for development of the human machine, all in preparation for the future. One challenge leads to another and you're always one step away from being caught up. Maybe someday the future will come and the race finally won.

BRIAN R. WEAVER

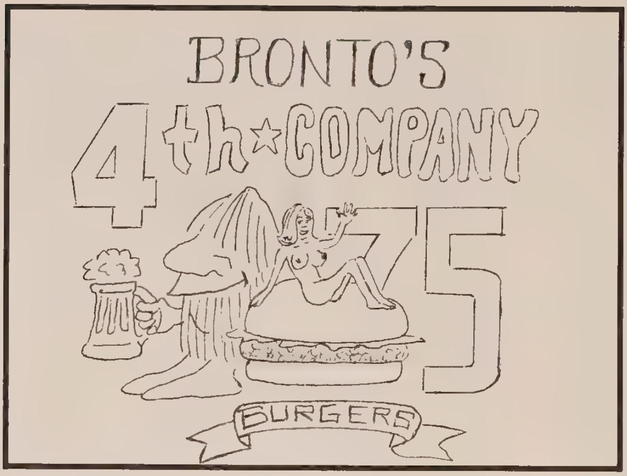
Weaves has managed to sleep through four years of higher education at Canoe U. Plebe year he managed to wake up enough to almost be run out here by "a Southern gent." Z-Power gave him his first real recognition when he fell out of his chair in tune to Prof. Potter's monotone. There are places in Griffin Hall stating, "Weaver slept here." He managed to ram the pier during an Ops and Tactics drill (he says he wasn't asleep) and still get the Ops and Tactics award for his class. Weaves had a habit of sleeping his way to the merit list in Marine Engineering and should do as well in Nuc Power.

LARRY WECKBAUGH

The "Baugh" was Topeka, Kan.'s contribution to USNA's class of 75. Being part of his nature, Baugh could rarely get very serious about much of anything. His humorous antics often made life at USNA much easier to take. After 4/C year Baugh took life as upperclass right in stride. Weekends always found Larry dragging some young lovely, often a different one from week to week. Also, he began his career as a master barber each night preceding the noon meal "grease" inspection. In academics, the Baugh was always Sat, but never a "slash." Always looking for a good time, he had the main hand in planning many of our parties. Larry will always be remembered as a great friend, always willing to lend a hand.

MICHAEL ZEIDERS

Entering in blindness, adjusting in disbelief, and progressing with a focus on independent thought, while marching to the beat of a common drummer. Such was the growth of Mike, who came to USNA from Potomac, Md., where he can still be found on most weekends. Fortunately, he was usually the drummer, so the cadence was comfortable, and resulted in an experience which was not only productive but enjoyable. Before taps, the band room was the most likely place to find "Stubbs." However, if after taps he was not in the rack the inspector would probably report him lost. In addition, the books never seemed too far off. They filled the idle hours and gave a purpose to the rest of the routine. Surface line awaits in June, and then King Neptune takes over from Mother "B."


BRONTO'S
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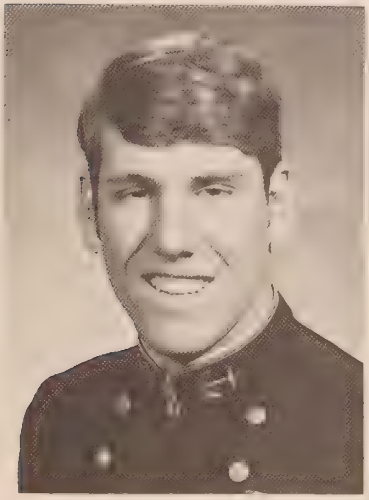
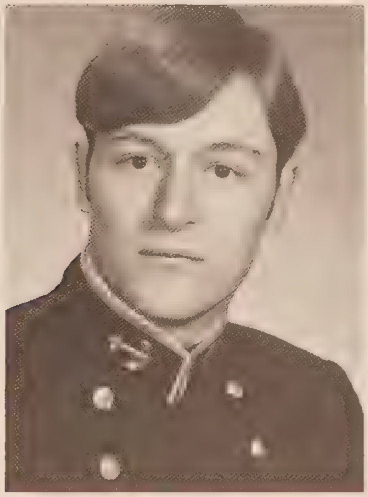
75
BURGERS



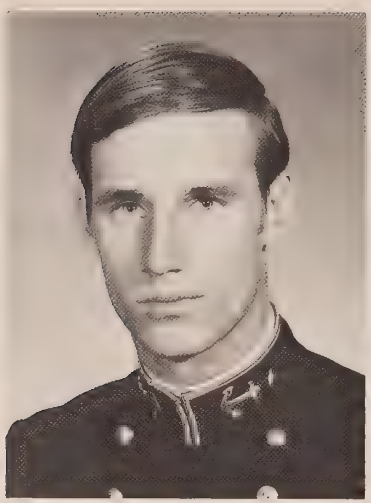
SCOTT P. ANDERSON

Our token redneck hails from the lone star state. A true Cowboy fan . . . though we'll never understand why. Pierre has been a literature buff as well and especially enjoys reading Tolstoy. Scott can be seen on the highways and byways of Annapolis, Washington, and Virginia — Great Thumb. What can you say when your car's in the shop for 10 months? Known as an expert on the Dahlgren rifle, Scotty's aim is superb (nice shot babes). He earned his varsity letter sweater Youngster year and has put more mileage on it than a '54 Plymouth. Hot enough for ya' Scotty? The big kid has excelled in company and batt sports since crawling out of the Natatorium. In the future, Andy's favorite will be seen streaking into the sunset if his feet will fit into the cockpit. Good luck Ando.



WARDELL KENNETH BERNHARDT

Due to Ken's unique personality, he was hard to get to know but also hard to forget. Ken enjoyed the finer things in life, all of which were spent away from the academy. Good music was Ken's passion and he had plenty of it. Graduation will allow him to escape into the real world and let him seek the freedom he desires. Dig it



ROBERT P. BUSTAMANTE

Bob was better known around here by his nicknames: Busto, The Easter Busto, TR-Busto, and the made cheese vender. And how about a drivers Ed turn back? "Jethro Busto" was really into the music world and spent most of his free time enjoying the virtues of the recording industry.

Bob's big accomplishment 1/c year was to join the 4000 series liberty sub squad at Maii (0). Through it all, Bob has hung in there, displaying his prowess on the athletic field as well as finding enough time to make it to a few mixers.

On a more serious note, Bob has won the respect of all of his classmates. We have confidence in his future and wish him "good sounds" in the future.

ROBERT L. BOYCE

The artful dodger (fan) can be seen daily drawing caricatures of his classmates commenting on their various social diseases. The saying "the pen is mightier than the sword" certainly holds true here; besides Bob's sword manual leaves much to be desired. Lately Robert's "fleet" feet have even been carrying him away from the track towards the thriving metropolis of Glen Burnie in order to join those "wusses" who have gone before him (nice ring Bob!). During Plebe year Robert was spending his time setting a new USNA record for the most posters drawn in one year while still managing to produce one of the highest academic averages in the Brigade. It is our firm belief that Bob will go far as a Nuke Puke.

ALAN J. CETEL

Al, better known as A. J. or Super Jew is very proud of his position as President of the Revell Master Modelers Crew. When not in the rack, or the ward room, A. J. can be found customizing his new van of which he is very proud. Al is an artist in the best sense of the word and enjoys such sports as snow skiing and driving bare back through the Mojave desert. He is also a sailing buff and he has waited 6 years for a boat slip for a sail boat he has yet to purchase.

We wish A. J. all the luck in the world on his SWS test sealed with a ship.

JEFFREY M. CONLEY

Jeff, very affectionately known by his associates as "Vibes" or "Cons," has been one of the more outspoken and colorful members of our company. First and Second class year found most of "Jeffie's" time taken up with his favorite Army pal (Sue) on their frequent weekend maneuvers, bivouacking at many reputable institutions — go UMBC.

He was also a member of the infamous 4-0 hockey bums, and contributed very enthusiastically to any and all athletic endeavors, being the last one of our varsity jocks to retire from the long green bench. The Plebe Detail proved very rewarding to him but not with 75 big ones. Capris just weren't sporty enough to catch the O.D.'s eye while not so inconspicuous neighbors were apprehended.

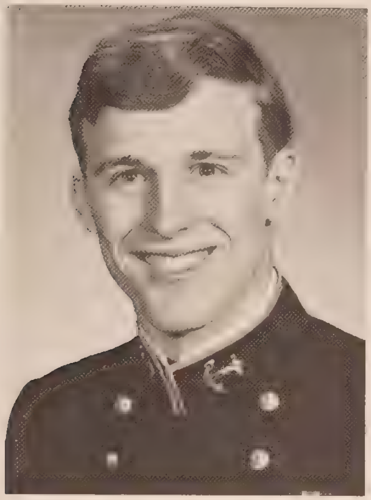
Surface line is getting a very fine man in Jeff and the Army nurses are gaining another gossip item!

CURTIS LEE COY

They say the exceptions make a rule. Curt's personality and character, at work at Navy, have "made" a lot of rules. Academics is not measurable in Curt because it is of a kind for which there is not a test yet. His influence upon those who have had the pleasure of associating with him has been moderate, but direct. Curt seeks an environment in which he can put his ideas to work, in which he can be his own ruler, and his friends hope he will find it soon after graduation and matrimony. Dig it.

PAUL FRANCIS FARRELL

Paul Francis came to Mother B from the Northern shores of Molden, Massachusetts. Despite this shaky background, PF soon learned to talk normal English and adapted very well to life at USNA. Right from the start, he and his admiral striped B-robe were invariably present at any company rumble. If not so engaged, he could always be found either with a handful of his daily mail or tightly clutching a cupful of coffee and drifting around the hall until all hours of the night. Paul's robust figure and his strange desire to have things thrown, kicked or hit at him found him goalie for any sport he played. With his strange desires, we can only hope he's careful and stays healthy. Remember, PF, good doctors are hard to come by these days!!

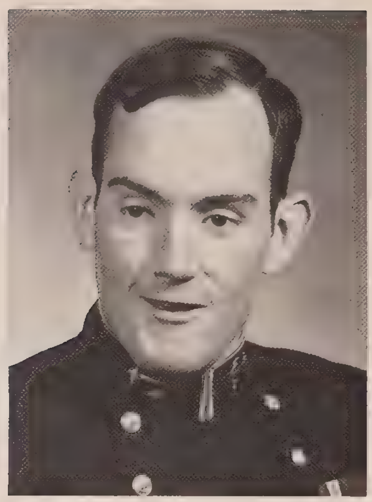


LAWRENCE DAWSON

"Larry has maintained a very low profile while here at school. When you see him, he is usually studying math, wishing it was a psychology magazine or an album cover. Only a few people truly understand Larry and know what he does in his free time: time that is well spent out in the real world for sure. As the expectancy of graduation is seen, Larry awaits the arrival of freedom from the academy and the beginning of realistic experiences as he makes his way to the west coast. Dig It: L.D."

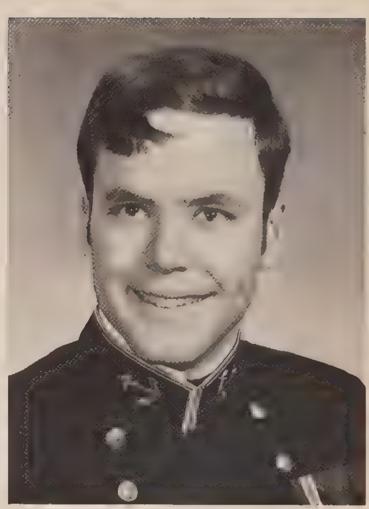
THOMAS L. DEMPSEY

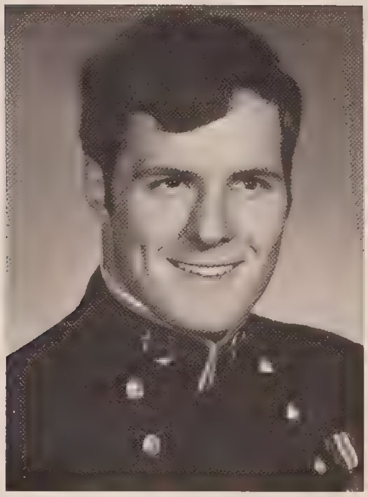
Better known as Phineous Q, III, Sergeant Rock (Romeo, Oscar,. Charlie, Killer) Stand in the door . . . go, Pud, Mean Marine, Super Straight or our favorite cannonball, among other things, Tom has proven to be one of our more bizarre classmates, but the Burger Queen still loves him. Ask Demps about his "BFD" — big furry dog and how he spent his first class loan. A full fledged member of the Pink House Party Team, Phineous could be found there many a winter's eve. Youngster year found the Wildman standing professional mate every Monday, Wednesday, and of course Friday noon meal. Before taking the reins of the BAC he perfected his technique of "working around" USNA regs — simply stated he is slipperier than a greased pig. We really don't wish him luck . . . he makes his own. The Marines are getting a fine man. "You simply gotta go with the flow and ride with the tide and be there or be square!"



WALTER J. FITZPATRICK

Need a good friend, someone to talk to, a favor done, or just some professional pictures, call on Walt. During his four years at the academy, Walt has won the respect and admiration of all classes, and even a few officers. Being an idealist at heart the academy proved to be a burden at times but a weekend excursion to the Rappahanock River (the great white water canoer), Colorado Springs, Philadelphia or hometown, Ventura, California, got him up for a few more weeks at the academy. The Naval Academy may be losing the Pauvch but the "real" navy is gaining an outstanding officer. Good luck Walt!





STANLEY A. GARMER

Coming from 'down on the farm,' Garms was the agriculture expert. Who cannot forget the all famous HOGCALL being followed every day on 5-4. If you need him, it is easy to locate Stan anytime of the day. He is either in the wardroom, at the pool getting in his mandatory workout 4 times a week (let's hope he doesn't have to jump out of an airplane while it's over water) or at his favorite pastime, relaxing in his bed. Stan always likes to pull tricks and surprises on everybody: shoes, uniforms, midnight raids, and the famous 2/c Ring Dance announcement of his future wife! (Sure Garms) Come graduation, a maroon Duster loaded down with stereo gear and cassette tapes will be headed down to Pensacola with Spanish idioms being SLURRED out the window.

CARLOS GEIGELBUNKER

The guy who at home everybody knew by the nickname Caco, but at the academy his name varied from Geigelburger to C. G. Bunker. From time to time it seemed that the system had changed him, but basically his Latin "charm" is still intact. His signing out in search of food set the example for those who will follow him.

KEVIN M. GREGOR

Kevin came to the University of Navy from the uptown, downtown, around town, soul town — Motown. Known throughout the company as a flashy dresser (check out his velour pants sometime), our man Kevin has kept Peerless in business. His biggest let down came Youngster year with the loss of his roommate, "Head" Baldowski, to the Ac Board. Kevin set 2 records during his 4 years at Navy. He established an all time high in number of girlfriends, giving out more pins than Dieges and Clust. The second came in the academic arena where Kevin always got the least return out of the most studying with respect to exams. Stand by . . . Clutch! Kevin survived it all and his management major should serve him well upon graduation.

CHARLES SHERMAN MATASIC

Our man from Alexandria, Virginia — Chucker J., a real outdoorsman, if Chuck wasn't out hunting he would be cuddled up with a Hemingway novel. Spent much of his time in his Datsun pickup — commuted from his favorite cornfield. A deer's best friend (bag any yet Chuck?). Could be seen roaming the halls of Mother B with a spotlight shining in the eyes of hopeless Plebes. Loves the white water (gee Chuck, the water must be all of six inches deep). An outstanding individual who can be counted on in the clutch. Put Brigade ops back into shape — they finally put a hard working man in a four striper position. A paunches best friend! As a damn steamer, Chuck will experience every success in the line.

GERMAN GUSTAVO GUTIERREZ

German, to describe German would be to say a good friend, intelligent, and a lover of life. When not studying for his Electrical Engineering degree, he could be found studying for his Physics minor, when not studying for his Physics minor he could not always be found. How German spent his spare time is known only to a few and even they won't confess. America's loss will surely be Peru's gain. Dig it.

JOSEPH ALLEN MEHULA

(Guy) has got to be one of the smoothest midshipmen that has ever graced these hallowed halls; who else could go out with two sisters not only during the same leave period but on the same night? Admittedly a weekend never slips by that doesn't see Guy and his determined misguided co-eds out quaffing a few for sanity's sake. It is well established that Guy will go far with his B.S. degree, we just hope that Pooche's MRS degree doesn't cramp his style. Good luck Punkin, just watch out for the wicked witch of the East. Ciao!

GREGORY D. HATSTAT

More affectionately known as "H. D.," Greg came to USNA as a hard charging gymnast. After earning his N* plebe year, his gym career at Navy was cut short by a series of injuries combined with a desire to pursue more academic endeavors.

Greg has great taste in girls and after three years of solitude, he could be seen, (or not be seen), spending his first class year chasing down his own ray of sunshine, and trying his best to be a non-existent entity. To date no one has yet understood how someone with his taste could own a banana yellow V-dub to truck around in, but then again, there are some things that we'll **never know** about him.

Taking life seriously seemed to be a character trait, but that fang never failed to show through in the end. Pensacola bound from USNA. We wish him the best of luck and life.

DAN NORDSTROM

I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content,
And if each and all be aware I sit content
One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,
And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.
My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time . . .
— From Song of Myself by W. Whitman

HAROLD ELLIS ROCHE

Harold Ellis came to this fine institution of higher learning from the vast sandy deserts of New Mexico. He soon acquired a multitude of nicknames: Hal, Harry, Don Dee, Rookie But Roach was the one that stuck. Roach was well known for saying what he thought and hassling Co. Cdrs., Batt Cdrs., Co. Off., Batt Off and Commandants, regardless of the consequences. Rare was the weekend indeed, when this hot blooded Italian didn't have a lively evening with one of his young lovelies. These weekend excursions were soon curtailed by a certain Glen Burnie lass called Pj. We wish them the best. See the Bear??

"Alone and without his nest shall the eagle fly across the Sun."

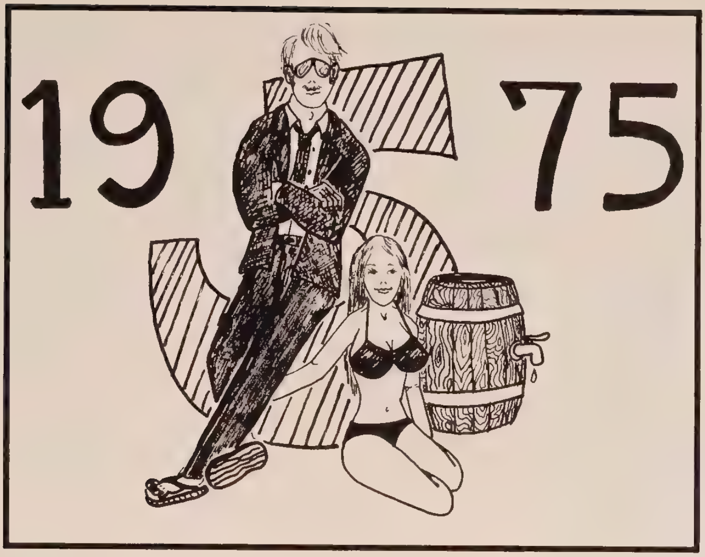
— Kahlil Gibran

ROBERT LOUIS SWEENEY

Robert Louis known to his classmates for his superior unmarching ability was our only towny Bob had 1/c car privileges as a 2/c along with being a parking attendant at Bay View Parking Lot. With blood upon the risers and brains upon his boots, "Airborne" was the proud father of two PAPooses; these were the only females in Sween's love life. One was a fine fox, the other a lifeless box. Uncle Bob should go far as long as there exists a Marine green teletype. Keep on dancing to that Airborne Shuffle and remember that ancient Nuke saying, "When in doubt punch out!"

RAYMOND B. WILLIAMS

John Shaft, as he is affectionately known to his friends, broke the hearts of many a St. Louis honey when he left for the Academy. Raymond has always been one of the quiet men in the company (about as quiet as a jackhammer). With a wardrobe that would put Liberace to shame, Ray could be seen first class year heading out for the weekend in his Oldsmobile with stops every few miles to refill his gas tank. A talented athlete, Ray never took scuba lessons but could always be seen at the Nat swimming along the bottom of the pool. Ever since first class summer Raymond has been a member of the Walt Fitzpatrick Lonely Hearts Club. Right Reesa? Even so Raymond knows exactly where he's heading after graduation . . . as far from Annapolis as possible.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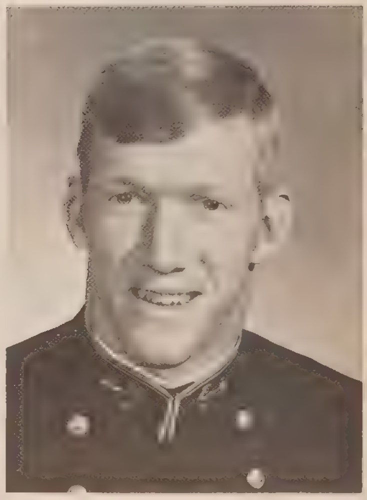
PAUL KENNETT BARRETO

Paul acquired many nicknames from his beloved classmates; "Pablo," "The Amazing PKB," "Barreto," or "Beefo." These are the ones that stuck. Paul came to USNA via NAPS and the "Exclusive Los Altos area," leaving behind a young budding blonde. An AnaMana major, his room was always a major stopping-off point in any successful gouge hunt. After much optimistic endeavor on the gridiron, "Beefo" found more pleasure in the arms of the ever popular and beautiful "Spaline." Paul's biggest dilemma came around the time of 1/c cars. After all, where do you park a three acre plot of beautiful California desert and a Nikon camera? "You all just wait until I get my Porche 911 Targa." Tell you what, Paul, we'll hold our breath, but in the meantime there's always the wife's car. If Paul doesn't manage to B.S. the entire base at Pensacola right out of the state, he just may manage to pin those wings on. One thing is for certain, he will make as lasting an impression down there as he did here. Anyone care to argue?

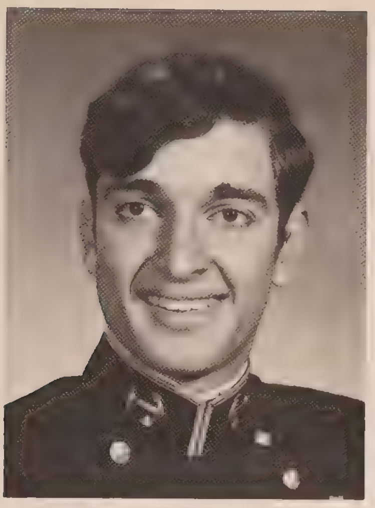
REECE NELSON BECK

Oh, wow, hi. Oh, man, that's a real cigar! It'll blow your head right off. I'm hungry. Are you hungry? I'm hungry and this stuff is great. I've been eating it all night. Oh, it's . . . uh . . . oh, yeah, pinto beans and Neapolitan ice cream and something. Look at that candle! It never stops melting. Never! Like my brain. Huh, Huh, huh! Hey man, have you seen my coat? Oh the coat is old and gnarly . . . huh, huh, huh! Oh wow, have you ever seen anything like this before? No not like this party, man. I mean like the way I stacked up these ashtrays. Don't they look like a castle, or a bunch of flying saucers waiting to take off, or a tape recorder with carrots instead of dials? Huh, huh, huh! Oh yeah isn't that great? I don't know what it is. It's pinto beans and Neapolitan ice cream and some thing. Seems like I've been eating it forever . . .



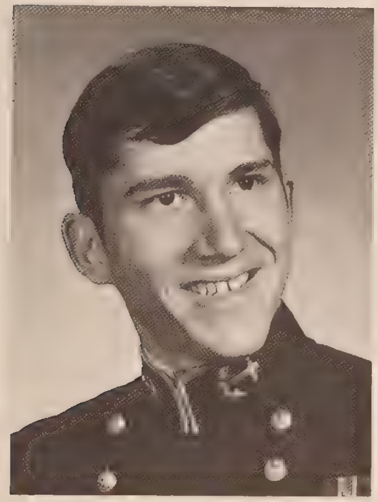
GRANT A. BEGLEY

A behemoth sauntered from the forest surrounding Quantico and quickly left his mark on the Naval Academy, and also his roommates by warping any common sense that they once had. Plebe year, the sounds of an African jungle could be heard radiating from his room while he harrassed his roommates by one-arm hanging from the upper-rack, the venetian blinds, the shower-rod and whatever else was readily available. A natural leader, Grant was affectionately called, "Mr. Begley," and commonly known as "Sir." With his soft-spoken, easy going nature, he seldom killed things larger than a hippo. A very personable individual he will undoubtedly make an important contribution to the career that he chooses — be it garbage collection, ditch-digging, the Marine Corps, or something worthwhile.



CHALKER WHITNER BROWN, III

At the age of one he was drinking whiskey and gin. At the age of two he was eating the bottles that they came in. Whoever heard of anyone named, "Chalker"? But having come from a town in Florida called, Callahan, what can be expected? Few people will ever rival Chip's knowledge and experience in scuba diving, Polish jokes and the life and history of Dolomite. It was during the "Bearded Clams" Christmas party during plebe year, that Chalker was finally recognized for his ability to pronounce words in English. "Wanna buy some stationery?" Besides an unusual oral ability, Chalker also demonstrated an ability to write grease chits with unparalleled atticism. "Wanna buy a garter for your girl?" Having brought his car up during youngster year, Chalker's numerous attempts to get a car violation were almost fruitful; when he loaned a friend his car he got a parking ticket for parking overnight at Dahlgren Hall. "Wanna buy a bumper sticker?" Never shy about anything, Chalker almost always was able to speak out on any subject. You name it and Chalker probably sold it.

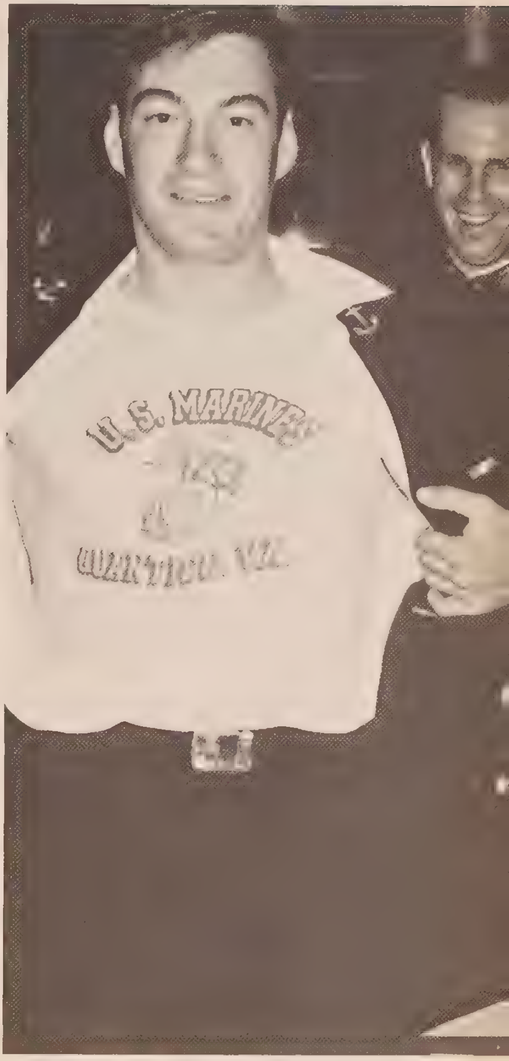


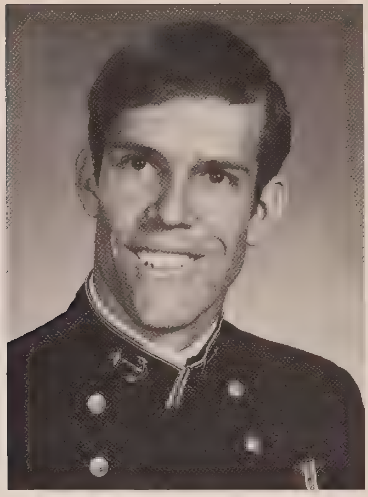
FRED JOHN CALFIOR

Fred rolled into the open arms of Mother B with all the optimism and ambition of a civilian turned Plebe. He had just won a National Roller Skating Championship and figured to roll over Navy as well. Scarred by his boyhood in Long Island, Fred mastered his speech impediment and won fame and success as the company runt. Ensuing years found him "axing" questions and academics in the world of Aerospace Engineering; and, his cheerfulness, and optimism practically burned Bancroft Hall. Free weekends were spent in pursuit of two legged happiness; and, even freer summers found him either skydiving or on one of many trips to the Father country along the Rhine. An Italian by name, but a German at heart, Fred hopes to be the first to Goosestep on Mars by way of Pensacola and Test Pilot School.

DAVID J. CHATLOS

Dave, alias the "Bucker," came floating in from the steel mills of Pittsburgh with just his eternal grin and his famous slide ruler containing the dreaded unknown functions. Aided by this marvel of modern technology (and perhaps a little intelligence), he proceeded to validate every course offered — and even a few that weren't. He could usually be found at his post in "gouge central" assisting people in anything from Russian to the more esoteric chemistry. This action was highly reflected in his grease and caused him to become the "Apple" of Captain Moustache's "Eye." It also greatly assisted him in attaining the dubious honor or the "now you see it, now you don't Trident Scholarships." With all of his attributes, it is hard to conceive of any obstacles (except the wall) in his path to becoming an excellent officer.





STEPHEN BURCH COPPINS

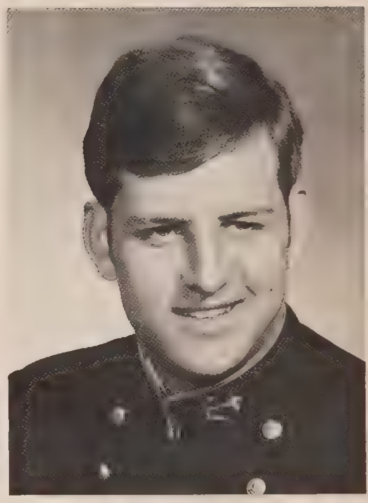
Stephen B. Coppins, better known as Burch, came to USNA via St. Petersburg, Florida. Steve came to the Naval Academy in hopes of following in his father's footsteps, but it didn't take long before he decided being a lifer in the Marine Corps was not for him. Starting off as an Economics major, it was before he decided International Relations and Foreign Affairs looked like an easier way to go. Not being the studious type Steve spends most of his time either sleeping, watching TV, or over at the high jump pit. Steve, an I star winner since Plebe year as a high jumper, is still looking for that magic seven foot mark. Graduation will find Burch back in sunny Florida studying to be a Navy pilot, and a good husband to his one and only, Mary Lynn.

DALLAS M. DARLAND

Mike rolled into USNA in late June with his hair a mop and his mind a-muck. But what more could we expect, it's a long way from Nebraska. He soon stood up, brushed off, which he found he would become quite good at and began wondering what all the green stuff was. Trees?

With his goals set, Mike floated into the Academy, touching ground not once. He soon began pelting the academic program with 4.0's but it stood fast, not giving a nanometer and in frustration he carried-on in the second regiment, only to be caught. This couldn't get a good man down any lower than his rack though and that is where one could find USNA's most sought after E.I. source.

Mike tried anything and everything once. Wild women and strange ways are only sentences in his novel of life. Mike is respected by all though and any doubts go anguished. Mike is a strong person in mind and soul and will carry his assets through life and serve those he represents well be it on or under the sea.



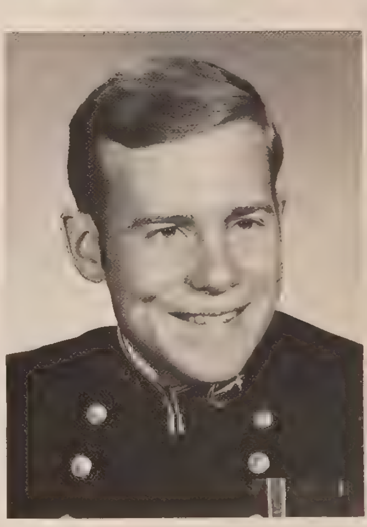
SAMUEL E. DENNIS

Everyone knew that "salty Sam" was a veteran mariner from the first time we all heard his "country cadence-call" during plebe summer. Although at first strongly tied to his hometown on the eastern sho' by his pet-kitten, he soon learned to follow those immortal words of the "Bopper" and give them all a chance — "cause baby you knooow what I like."

Reds will long be remembered for his feet — whether on the soccer field "cutting" on the boards, boogeyin', or streakin' before that hot iron could strike. (We didn't get burned bad, but we sure did get our N's blackened.)

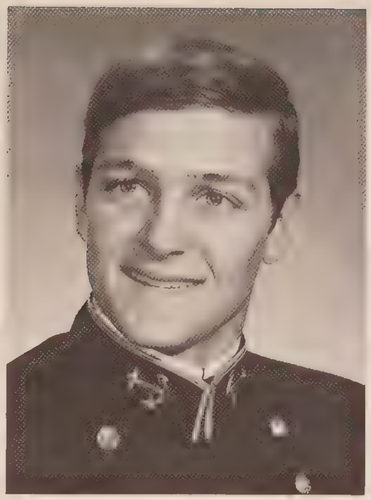
And, as for Dennis' menaces that will follow after him, they would do well to study the example of his ideology, which we can only ineptly describe as —

"When the great score keeper comes
To write beside your name the final tally,
He writes, not whether you won or lost,
But if you scored!"



ROBERT E. GLEUDINNING

Walking to the Academy, Rob was no stranger to scenic Annapolis. A soccer player by trade, Rob, spent several seasons picking the balls up around various fields in the area. Never willing to sacrifice any time, Rob wore out at least 3 matresses at the Academy. Gifted with two rare abilities, the ability to write with his left hand and the ability (given two courses) to pick the easiest one Rob strolled through the Academy walking around most obstacles. A helo pilot by choice, Rob will be joining a few others in his class in Pensacola after graduation.

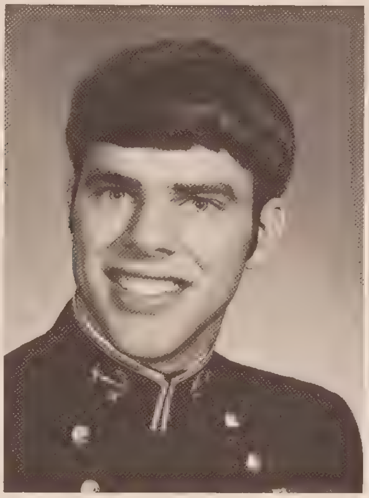


MARTIN W. MASON

Marty, better known as Mort to his many friends, came to Mother B from that well known clean American city, Baltimore. While attaining a five-striper position and lettering in two varsity sports plebe year, Mort even found time a couple of weekends to frequent Lou's and rally with the boys. As often happens the sports stayed and the stripes disappeared but not to the dismay of Mort, who proved to be a true party man. Mort never left a half a beer at any party, and he holds the distinction of fertilizing bushes at two o'clock in the morning, without the fertilizer Mort's partymate and fiancee, Debbie would undoubtedly say that "good things do come in small packages" as they pack the super-bad bug and head for sunny Florida and flight school.

DAVID ANTHONY HAMEL

Mr. Hamel rolled into Annapolis and then rolled out and then rolled back in and then rolled out, finally. In the meantime, he rolled one, then another and then another. Dave is a man of many talents. He's just as much a private pilot and sports car enthusiast as he is a nuclear physicist and professional football player. Dave will have fun anywhere he goes, but no one else will — unless they all crack up over his funny little go cart. We asked Dave what has influenced his life the most. He answered, "My mother." Then we asked Dave what time it was. He answered, "My mother."



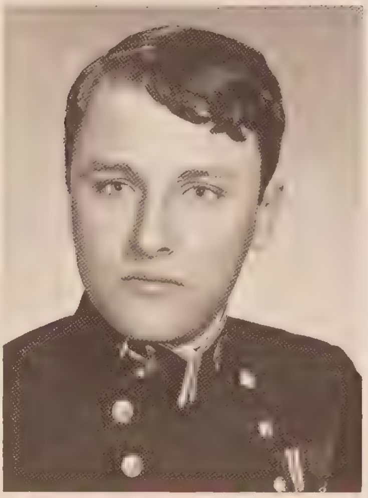
JOHN J. McCAULEY

Lilacs and ashtrays
John McCauley
Cotter High School
Winona, Minnesota
Oranges and pillowcases
Rheumatism and jello
finger and cigarettes
jeeps and thermometers
brooms and goldfish
yellowknife and acid
caps and athlete's foot
buckles and mattresses
medicine and coke
jaundice and melorine
shorts and mirrors
baseball and gamma rays
. . . all these things and many more

— R.N.B

STEVEN WAYNE JOHNSON

Steve's career at Canoe U has been the success story of all time. Coming from Pittsburgh, Steve had no trouble adjusting to military life as long as he had his pipe in one hand and coffee mug in the other. He majored in Naval Architecture, and his chief goal is to build boats. His experience in a jazz band while in high school enabled him to perform on the NA-10 at the Academy. His saxophonic sounds swept the girls off their feet; — too bad, girls, he's already taken! A glutton for punishment, Steve loved to run a few miles a day and joined the Varsity Track team for a season. During the first part of his 1/c summer, he became a member of the engineering team aboard the Alcoa Seaprobe for three weeks, and never once managed to fall overboard despite 35 degree roles. He will long be remembered



BRUCE MORRIS

Alias "Eddie Masker," alias Stickpin, alias The Hulk, alias Univac. Three times the winner of the "Mr. Coordination" award. Able to leap tall buildings in a single nested loop, owns 10% of all stock in Dr Pepper Corporation. His grease developed into a friction force shortly after his arrival from Tomball, Texas. Bruce is a genuine good guy. He would stand a watch over a long weekend or help with homework if you really needed it. A rapier like personality combined with sardonic wit, put many in their place. Combined with an equally fascinating roommate, "The Bucker," Bruce and Buck teamed together youngster and second class year to win the sought after Captain Garcia Popularity Award Whatever Bruce does for service selection, the Navy needs more people like him. Good Luck Bruce!!

THOMAS JOSEPH O'CONNOR

Tom came to Annapolis hailing from the Windy city, living in Alexandria, Virginia and never really finding the answer to his question, "Why?" T. J.'s easy-going personality endeared him to many and his outside activities made him popular throughout the Brigade. With his interests switching from Navy Baseball and grades to grades and partying, T. J. was always ready for a party at any time (even in the middle of the week) and diligently trained on the red-white and blue 12 ouncers. The "blindness" prior to the Pensacola flight during 2/c summer, the partying government van at the VMI game, the 48-hour study weeks and their required all-nighters, the madcap E.D. episodes 1/c year and his ability to wear a constant smile despite adversity will all be remembered

DENNIS DUANE POULOS

One day he came drifting in off the jet stream. Look! Up in the sky. It's a bird. It's a plane. No it's — it's an anchor! Tossed unmercifully by the winds yelling, "Reel me in!" He hurtled downward with the vengance of mighty Thor upon the heads of '72, '73, '74 and yes, even '75. His illustrious academic career began with dashing charge into "double E." Later, he swallowed physics whole as being more general, it should as well be easier. A glaring triumph of logic, it would have to come from such a truly prodigal mind. Hailing from San Diego (by the sea), he was a natural for command. Having earned his priceless D in command, he sailed far and wide, lashing his rats into action, leaving awe and terror in his wake for all who dared strike 'cross his path. And now for his finale, an exploit to dim all who preceded him. What else but to once again take to the air, "his five year mission to explore new worlds, to seek out new civilizations . . . to boldly go where no man has gone before."

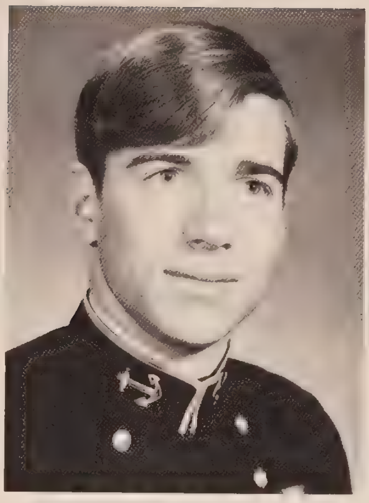
THOMAS JAMES REILLY

Barrel-chested Tom came to us from 'just outside of Philly.' Don't worry Tom, nobody thinks you have an accent. Floating from the haziness of Economics to the more rewarding field of International Relations, he'll always be remembered for taking top honors in Navigation. Never one to frequent a barbershop, Tom went beyond normal lengths and opted for the Barreto barrier. Winning the blue ribbon for his infinite library of trivia and nostalgia, TJ's mere presence never failed to go unnoticed. The lucky few who had the golden opportunity to share the same classroom with Tom have just two words to say about his attentiveness: 'Well done!' One whiplash case was enough so we know it won't happen at Pensacola. Oh, by the way, nice notes Tom — save them for future laughs. A genuinely good friend, it goes without saying that everyone wishes Tom the best of everything in the future. May your clippers and barber pole never tarnish.

NORMAN TOOLEY

"There is no use trying," she said, "one can't believe impossible things."
"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

— Lewis Carroll

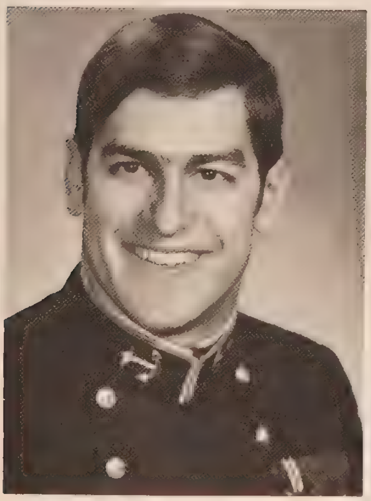


JAMES WILLIAM WOODALL

Sometimes I look back and think, 'Wow, I can really do that, sometimes.' Bummer, Bummer. I really don't like to look back. I just like to think I'm really trying to think . . . Let's see, why did I look back? — Mashed potatoes! That's it, I've got the MUNCHIES. But it's such a long way to the refrigerator. Such a long long oh, no! Would you look at the refrigerator?! It's such a smooth color. Boy is my mouth dry. Ummm, Dr Pepper. It tastes like a whole tribe of natives bouncing up and down on my tongue. And that music. Is it coming from the Dr Pepper bottle? Or the rug? O wow! Look at the rug. Lots of little swirling colors. Man, there could be a whole world down there. I wonder what it's like living in a rug. Who are you anyway? Who cares?

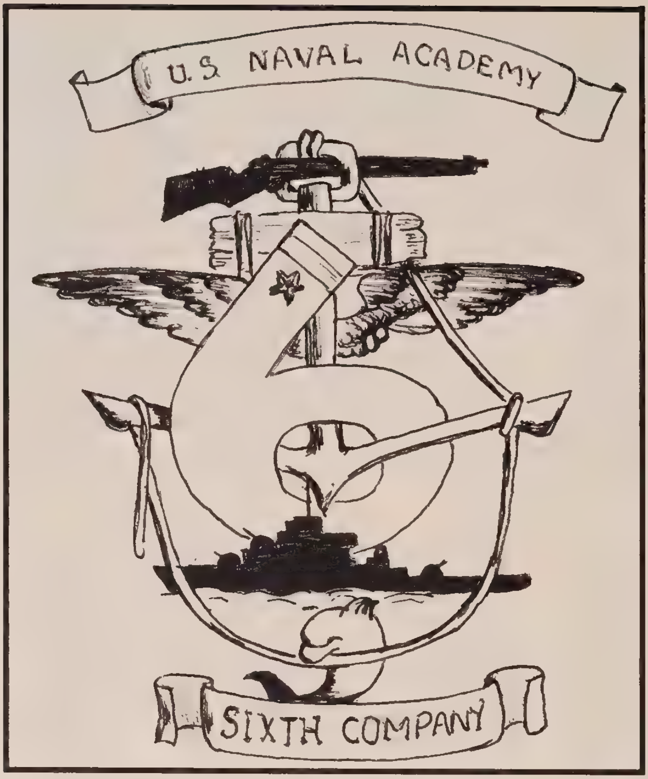
WARREN J. WASSON

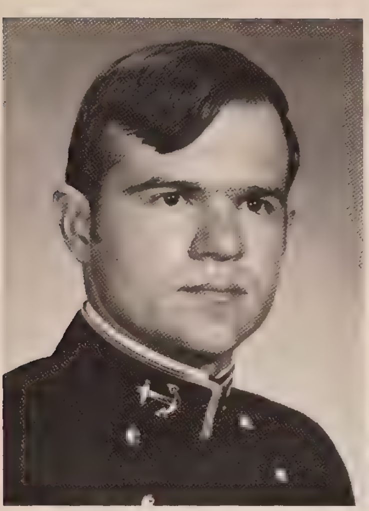
Jim left his 'cycle in California along with his charter membership in the Angels to come to Annapolis and be one of the cream of the crop; one of America's 4000 finest. Quickly discovering the truth, he decided to stay anyway. Successfully surviving plebe summer was no trouble but plebe year brought two new problems to face, one by the name of 'Violent' Vaughn and the other by the name of 'Crazy Man' Harop. Yet, even the combined effort of those two didn't manage to suppress Jim. He let his guard down one night and fell victim to the 'war games during study hour' syndrome. Oh, well, there goes another engineer. Jim's final project here was to chase Patty until Patty caught him. I am not sure who did more planning, her or Jim, however, suffice it to say, Jim has been house trained and domesticated by now. Whatever Jim ends up as, a school teacher or career officer, I am sure he will be good. So Best Wishes and Good Luck!!!



JAMES ROBIN WOOLEY

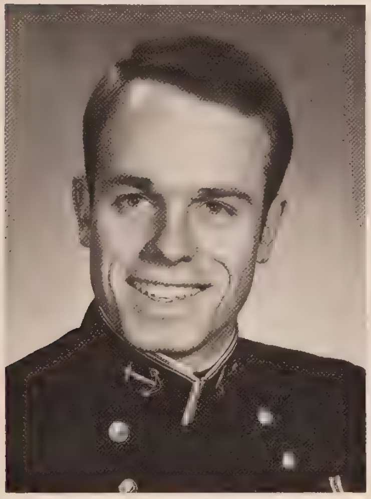
A confirmed partier, Space tripped over from San Leandro to amaze everyone he towered over. Having many unusual traits, Jim kept a stream of roommates convinced that life at USNA need not be boring. Such abilities as being able to sleep only with loud acid-rock music, to borrow anything, to nickname everyone, to talk only in "jive," to rock without a rocking chair, to eat live bugs, to build anything with his biology dissection set combined with a collection of drawings of the human eye made his room one of the best free shows around. Who else would miss a bus in Pennsylvania and casually hitch back to Mother B only to get fried for riding the 'vator? Space will go Gator Navy on an LPD out of California. Amazing!


U.S NAVAL ACADEMY
SIXTH COMPANY



THOMAS E. BOYD

Farmer Angus — Tom Boyd — always a thrill a minute — what with the biweekly publication of the C.C. Record where you could, among other things, read about Terry Matthews' latest arrest or who the latest cow throwing champ was. How about predicting how long the soap in the MAA's shack lasted. Yes Angers, thar's hair in them thar hills. Maybe, after the wedding, he won't sleep for 60% of every weekend — after watching John Wayne and Tarzan movies all week. Tom Boyd — famous inventor — will always be known for his atomic slide rule, magnetic ball bearing train, and closet full of junk.

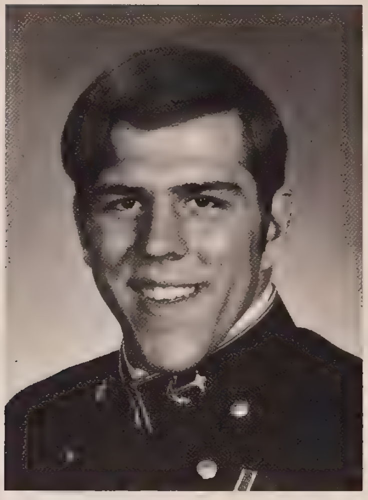


JOHN DANIEL BROWN

J. D. Brown — a man for all seasons (of track). Known for his quick wit, expertise in Naval Engineering. And his fluency in the Russian language (eta fcio, Jack!), he now departs these hallowed halls as a U.S. Gyrene (You'll never cut my hair!). While holding the wonderful job of SUBCOMSIX, he astounded his contemporaries by handling all those late lights chits and was always ready to log your current Form 2. Though he leaves the Hall behind, it will forever remember him as "The Professional Person and the Human Officer." As Stu once said, "Yeah, he's one of mine."

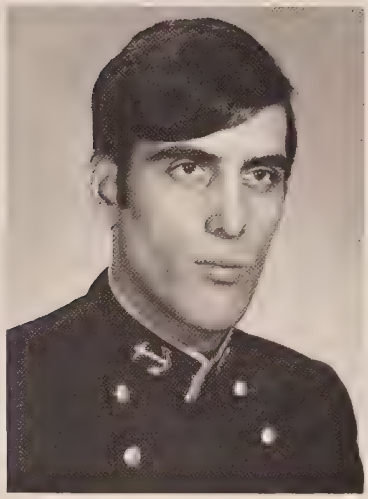
MARK S. CAMPAGNA

Noid-the-Void, this Rodent scholar astounded the company with his "Forrestal Lectures on life." Mom, pepperoni pizza, and the girl he left behind. Yes, Mark Campagna, USMC, hard core JAG officer. The foremost authority on cavitation in the U.S. Navy, Mark blew his claim to fame when he forgot the rubber washer on the transducer, which resulted in a "minor" failure in the experiment. Mark holds the record for the longest continuous brace-up in Academy history — all plebe summer and 4 weeks of plebe year! Count them chins!



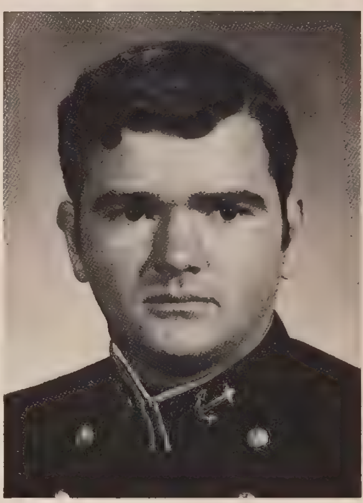
LAWRENCE W. DANKO

From the big city of Detroit comes a big man. At 6′5″ tall, weighing 265 lbs., one can often hear in the halls, "You can make it!" Being a management major does not allow Larry many hours of TV or sleep, but he seems to squeeze by as any other 4.0 man would. Besides being known for his agility and speed on the athletic field, "Danks' " soft gentle voice can be heard cheering his teammates on to victory. Danks is about the only man I know in the Brigade that can make a living off of Navy Football and "Bean-o." All jesting aside, "Danks" is one of the best friends a man can have. Navy air is getting one of "many" good men.



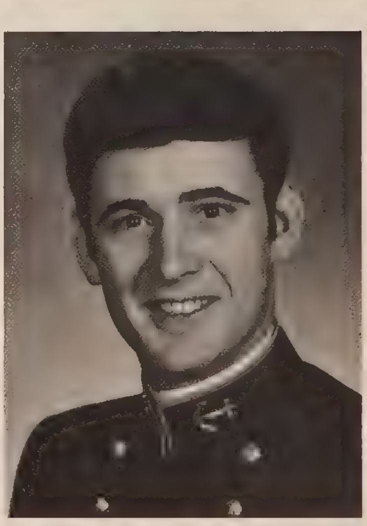
BRIAN A. DIANTONIO

Known as DI or DI-BO by most of his friends, Brian will be remembered as the undisputed Wedgee King of the company. One of Stu-balls chosen few, he could often be found on the terrace in the wee hours of the morning, usually in the company of one or more Huds. As Oragoru, Son of Orathoru, he annually made a pilgrimage to Oceana in his maroon chariot, returning with tales of adventure. Weekends found Brian at the best parties in town or with his favorite "tree." DI's humor and wit never failed and kept us laughing, even when things got hard. Navy air won't soon forget this addition to its number.



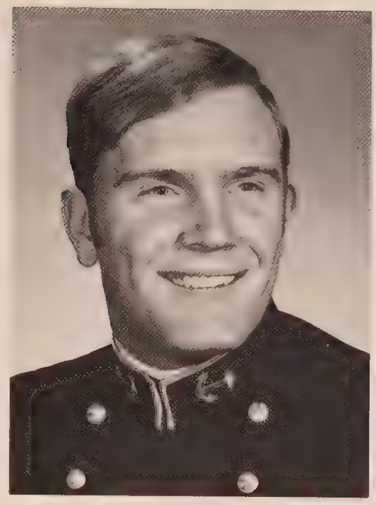
JOSEPH A. DINUNZIO

Joe came to us from the thriving metropolis of Rocky Hill, Conn. He soon found his true calling, the rack. He has been known to rack for 25 hours straight. Wednesdays found him at Sick Bay with an ailing back so, unfortunately, he didn't get much marching done. Joe did well in his Aerospace Engineering major, but his real area of expertise is cutting hair. He did more business than Tracy. Known for his power of speech, Hoe could always be counted on to waste your study hour. Whenever Joe came in the room, no more studying. Weekends found Joe taking out Debbie to Walt Disney movies and high school sock hops. All kidding aside, Joe will be a valuable addition to the fleet.



JAMES M. ELLIS

Known for his proverbial comment . . .!, Jimmy has excelled in his 4 years at the Naval Academy not only in grades but also in professional training. Even though he lost his beloved and true roommate "Freddie Bear," he has endured the hardships of the Academy with ease. His favorite things include pumpkin and calling Earl. The shakes sometimes get to him, but a good old fashioned remedy cures that. His silly car gets him where he wants to go, and it looks like he's going places with nuclear power.

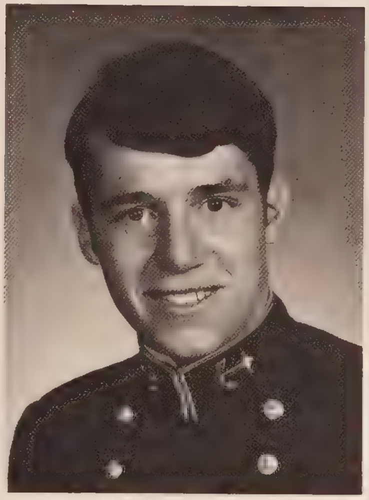


FREDERICK WILLIAM GRAFF

Fred had never heard of the USNA until 3 months before induction day. Fred had his sights on a scholarship and basketball. Perhaps this explains why the first night of 4/C summer he put on civies and walked out. After starting in November Company, Fred came back to bigger things. He worked hard and made varsity b-ball as a 3/C — too bad he played only 10 minutes. Fred later became known as Earl Gross. He is famous for being the funniest person he knows — never slow to laugh at his own jokes. After his years at the Naval Academy, you will probably be able to find Fred in Naval aviation.

CHARLES A. FLOYD

"Charbo" could be found many a night making models, or giving his money away to other Mids in a friendly poker game. Charlie goes by many aliases, such as "Charbo," but his most famous is "Chuck." Many weekends during 2/C year, Charbo was out giving flying lessons in his Firebird, specializing in the barrel roll — a sort of Chuck Knievel. Charlie has been rewarded many times over for these flying lessons. His most prized are 3 black "N's," which he displays proudly in his room. Hardly ever did a Form 1 come out without Charbo's okaying it by initialing. Maybe Charlie's experience in barrel rolls will help him as an NFO.

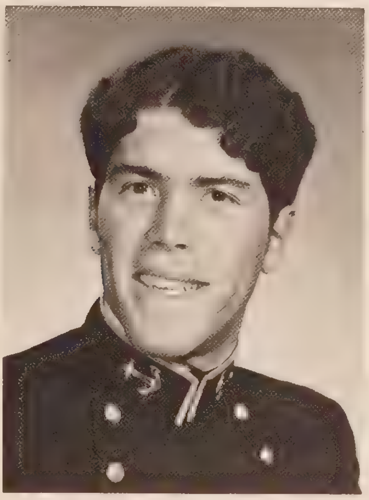


DANIEL B. GONDA

Out of the blue of a Nevada sky came Dan "The Man" Gonda. Dan flew into the Academy with high hopes of being a Navy pilot, but 4 years and 40,000 hours of studying later has found Don using a seeing eye dog. If the eye chart had been pictures of girls, he would be a pilot now, but the alphabet has delegated Dan to an NFO's seat. Eventually there'll be a girl sly enough to catch him, the question is when. Certainly enough of them have had a chance. If Dan's half as deadly with his radar and missiles as he is on the Rugby field and with the girls, he'll be the best NFO in the air.

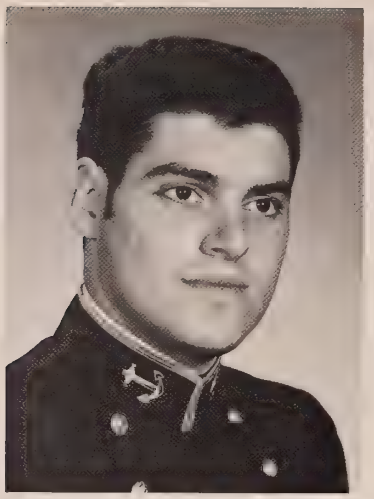
DANA LYNN FOX

Dana came to Canoe U from Ogallala, Nebraska. His strong faith in himself and his very own table of priorities allowed him to actively pursue the Drama Bug through Masqueraders. His claim to fame there, aside from the actual "To be or not to be . . ." bit, is Vice-Prexy in Charge of Drama. Very few people know that he is really a lady killer, completely crushing two young lovelies at Hood College. Dana's "true love" was found 1/C summer, a lovely number, Sebring Satellite. Dana's athletic and academic endeavors will go into history books, especially Heinz's and his academic advisors' copies. Dana's self determination and winning personality will carry him a long way . . .



LAWRENCE F. HICKS

Hickbo, always on the prowl for new peace tunes, established the unprecedented record of never leaving the Mid Store or "For The Record" without a new album and a Rolling Stone. His meticulous care for his stereo gear was matched only in the care he took of his hair which he managed to comb at least 35 minutes a day. Though an academic mug, his favorite pastime was killing brain cells. He could always be seen on the weekend with a young Miller's in one hand, beads around his neck, and a glazed look in both eyes. A b-ball wizard, potential freak, semi-obno, computer magician and a good dude, no matter what Stu says



FLOYD J. JOHNSON

Four years in a flash —

Grunt . . . rack maggot . . . FJJ's ragtime band. He aced the Nav final?! Death before dishonor. "Got a letter from 'her' today." Awarded an "honorary" Burke scholarship for chemistry. "Are those **your** ribbons?" "My home is Starksville, Miss." "I missed my way." "My home is Paris Island." Garbage in equals garbage in. "My home is Camp Lejune." Nocturnal bull major. "Who's got my calculator?" "Wait a minute, I think I've got a book on that battle." King of the Little Creek hangovers. A Confederate general from Sampson Hall. "Is there a John Wayne flick on tonight?" YES!!!

ERIC R. JOHNS

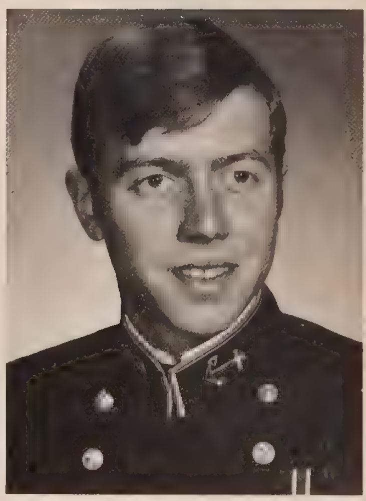
Ric is one of few Navy juniors, coming here from his easy going life in San Diego. Academics were such a breeze he took to telling swimming stories. Now he has to graduate to sea stories. Youngster cruise was a nice father-son vacation. Along with high grades, Ric has pestered the company with paddle-ball and other things he does well. This year has provided a deviation from his weekend devotion to Navy, finally. Those seldom spoken words, "I gotta get outa here!" Surface line has received a valuable and dedicated officer. "Are you sure you don't want to go Nuc surface?"

MICHAEL W. KIRK

Mike, known as "Rack Maggot," or better yet, "Pit," came from the small town of Waterloo, New York to get lost in the wards of the NA hospital. Showing great dexterity and agility, Mike found time, while he wasn't racking, to break a few bones on the O-course and soccer field. Weekends, which for Pit weren't any different from other days of the week, were spent in B'more. He is about the only Mid who liked formations — he'd starve to death otherwise. Despite Mike's extracurricular activities, he found time to study, and intends to keep on studying in Nuc Power school.

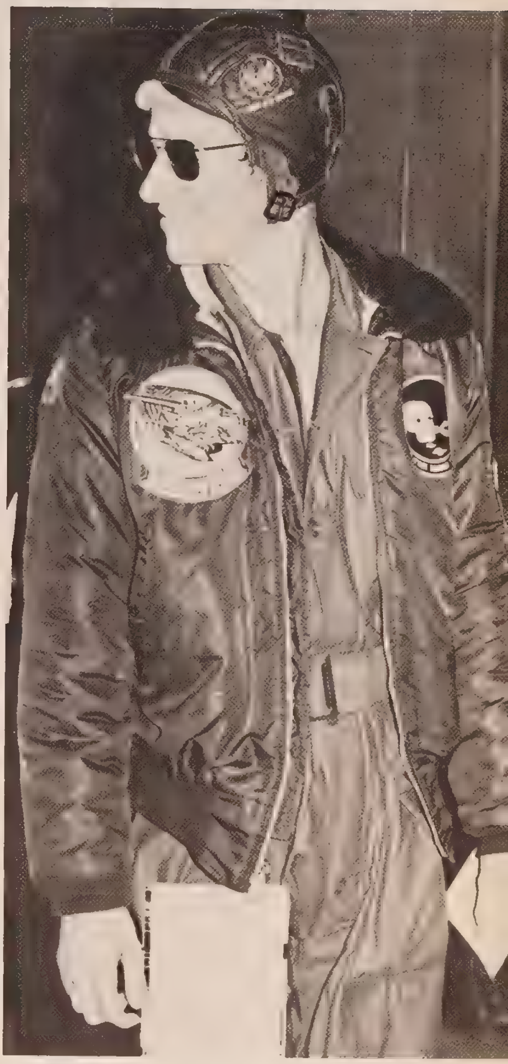
CARL R. KLEE

Ahoyyy...y Klee! Who is that man? Is he a Mid? Is he a civilian? Nobody seems to know, especially company officers — Carl who??? Carl has spent most of his 4 years at USNA tune hunting on his bike. Weekends don't seem to come fast enough for Carl and he gets by the rest of the week by sitting down and having a friendly talk with the nearest plebe. As an avid fan of Navy football, Carl has managed to attend every pep rally and listen to every home game on the radio in some bar. Known for his marching ability and excellent military appearance at formations, Carl is having a hard time deciding between military service and civilian line. Right now, Nuclear Power looks mighty fine.



KIM R. LOLL

Known to his classmates and ex-roommate as "Smitty" or "V.B.Loll Troll." When not out burlyizing unknowing dudes or abusing Sausage Patties, he could always be found pursuing his studies — by osmosis. His best friend was the rack and his favorite pastime — hacking. He was the only man ever to survive a flying lesson with Charbo. Still he was one of the few guys anybody would trust at their back in a gang fight — or to take out Louise — even if it is redundant. Despite everything he was still about the best friend anybody had. What a mug!

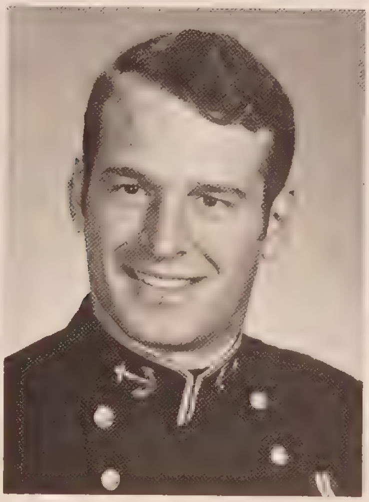


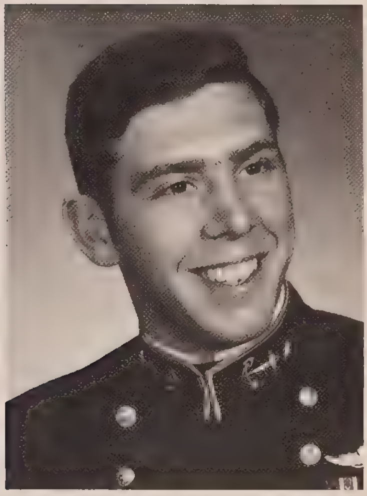
JACK WOODWARD McCORKLE

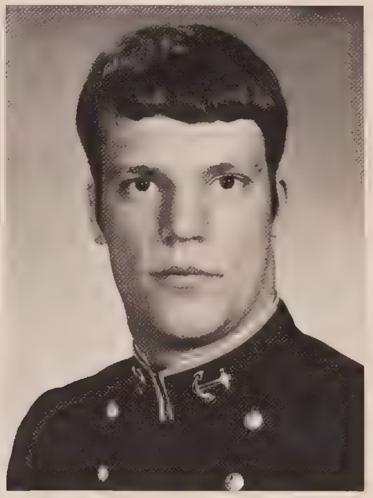
The Pillsbury Dough-boy of 6th Co., better known as McCraggle on Mondays. By the end of any week Jack will be the life of the party . . . any party . . . anywhere. Tuborg Brewery's personal representative at USNA. Jack's three favorite pastimes in order are: his MGB named "Corvette," taste-testing Tuborg's finest and indoor sports with his running mate. With a mind for business and a friend-winning personality, Jack is assured of a profitable future in many ways.

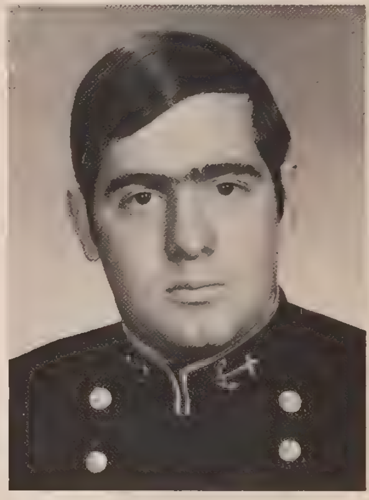
MARTIN B. McDONOUGH

During the course of four years, Marty's attitude toward many things has changed quite a bit. From a confirmed bachelor ("why buy a cow when there's a whole herd?") going SEAL'S, he's become a devoted almost-husband ("how's June 7th sound?") pushing neutrons at Mare Island. McNuff's interests are varied; on any given day he can be found taking a strain at crew, analyzing the structural forces of his mattress, or panting over a letter from Sweetie. The future holds great promise for Marty, whether the Navy wins the toss in '80 or not.









ALEXANDER PLECHASH

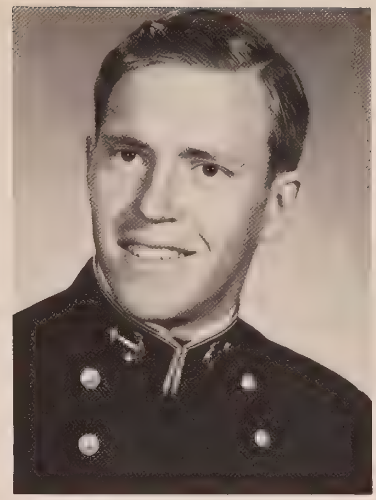
This friend of ours hails from Oak Park, Illinois. A yearly favorite at Boys' State, he thrills them all with his close cut Marine Corps hair and shining golden wings of the Navy/Marine jumper. A serious student of aerospace engineering, he knows the hours spent by candlelight (?) and calculator to see the results bring in grades the many may only envy. Long did we think this one would be a bachelor for ever, but June Week brought a lovely blonde and for Al, a Marine wife.

GARY EUGENE REED

Gary, better known as Garbo, OOD OOD, Readman, Wedgie-Weakling, Dirt-ball, and best of all, Beorn: a certain fictional character, born at the edge of Mirkwood, who could turn himself into a bear at will, and loved killing Orc, wargs, and goblins. This leaves some doubts about his parentage, but both Ma and Pa Bear live in a cave in northern Wilderland. When not hibernating or eating, Gary can be found pretending he is a helicopter, a very good thing for his service selection — T.A.D.

LOUIS T. ROUMAYA

"Happy Fellow" has always been known for his sunny disposition and pleasant outlook on USNA life. Never known as a quitter, Lou left his mark everywhere. Armed with only a Fiat and a bottle of Jose Cuervo, he easily defeated several shrubs at HOJO's. At Mary Washington he discovered the thrills of shopping cart driving and spent a rewarding evening conversing with Ralph in the back of a van. "Pleasant Lou" should find success at Nucpower school as long as there is an ample supply of "peace vibes" and tuna.



SCOTT GUY SENEY

Known for his great analytical mind and quick wit! — He is?

Famous for:

Not ever passing a math final at USNA and barely anything else! Missing an extra point in an Army-Navy game! His conversation-piece of a nose! Being the terror of the block! Being a great lover — just ask him! Hawaiian shirts! A mimosa Spitfire! Being one of the "Few good men"?

All in all the best — screen a guy could have and one hell of a great friend!!

MICHAEL STEVENS

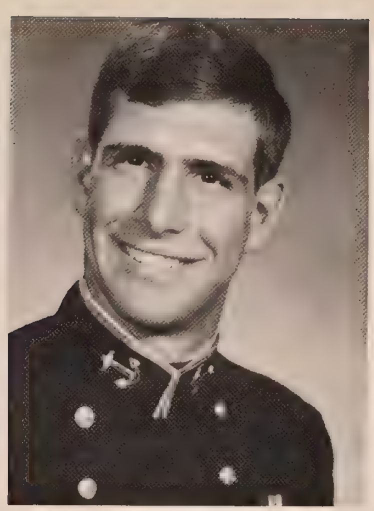
Mike Stevens, alias the "Hogman," was a devoted member of the daily workout team, rewarded yearly with 5 or 6 crew races. The power-base triangle refined the osmosis learning method by conduction through his pillow or capturing their radiation from the book shelf as he finished off his airplane. "Finals are coming, I can make another airplane." If not in his den with his airplane glue, a safe assumption would find Hennis Henpecked on the phone to boss lady or in Baltimore under threat of death. Mike was burdened with a strange spirit, good grades, and a knack for excelling.

ROBERT P. WILLIAMS

"Post Philly Willy" will always be remembered as the hardest portier in the company, though it took him 3 years to find out that he had to be able to stand up to properly woo the opposite sex. Weekends usually found Willy rallying in his machine sipping the Golden Nectar of the Gods. Known to the Huds as Legolas he was a hard core "tuber" and on more than one occasion awoke to the buzz of a test pattern. Willy has touched the lives of all who know him. Take care dude.

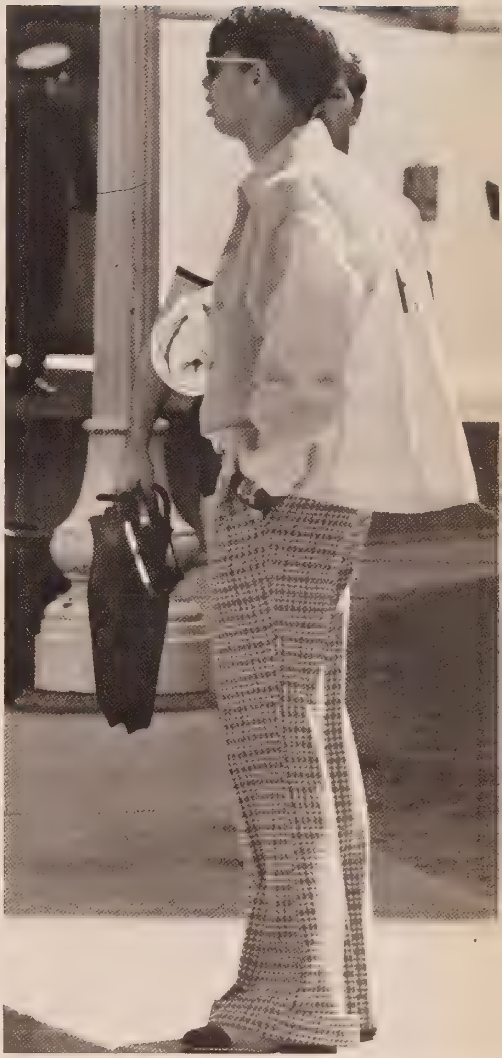
7TH CO.
SEADOGS

7th Company Wardroom
75



STEPHEN ANDRIKO

From the land of Woody Hayes Rick came to USNA to share his Ohio pride. Though not a redneck at first, he soon traded nuclear reactors for M-16's and prepared to join another proud tradition. The Nukes lost a prime candidate however as Steve was always pleasantly surprised by the academic computer cards regardless of the rack /study ratio. That was fortunate however as his love life proved more complicated than any mathematics equation. His afternoons since Plebe year were spent riding the waves of the Severn with the crew team. Not many men work as hard for four years with such determination. The Corps has found another good man



EDWIN E. BOYD

Home grown in California, Ed came to Navy from Atwater, which boasts a water tower visible from Highway 99. Always wearing a smile and possessing that Robert Redford charisma, Ed was a charmer from the word "Brace up." Upholding the highest ideals of the Navy, "Ex Gouge Tridens", "Roominism", and possessing extraordinary capabilities that only his "Buds" roommate can testify to, life at Navy was never dull when Ed was on hand. Although a participant in many popular company pastimes, Ed was actually known to have visited his room hoping to fly the "friendly skies." Ed's wit, determination, and level head will assure him "smooth sailing" throughout his Navy career

ROBERT BREWER

Big Brew comes from the sunny golf country of Miami, Florida. He decided to give up the easy life and instead ventured north into the uncharted waters of the Chesapeake so that he could try his hand at YP's. Brew has ambitions of being in charge of a tin can someday. Bob pursues a rugged academic schedule and maintains that management is a tough major. However, due to the fact that he has logged more hours than anyone else in the wardroom, our Co. Off. decided to give him early command experience as Wardroom Officer. Wherever Big Brew goes he'll do good, as long as there is a coke machine around to quench his hearty thirst

ROBERT BROWNLEE

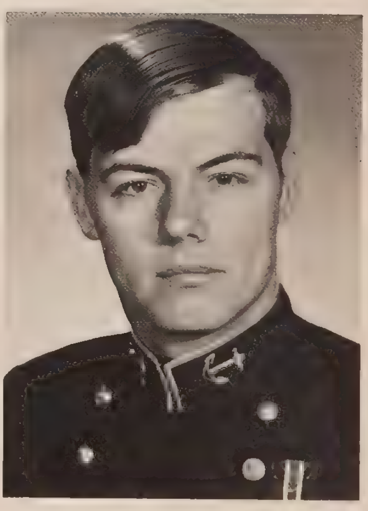
Hailing from Thousand Oaks, California, Bob has always established high goals. Being a Navy Junior gave him all the angles on excelling before matriculating to Crabtown. Ending Plebe summer as the platoon's only "Super" he went to even higher goals like his vocation; engineering (numbers and angles), and his avocation, the quest for the perfect young lady (more of the same!). An "old man" in the Company, he was known for his studious, thrifty and outgoing nature. He could always be found in the wee hours repairing engineering books he'd slammed against the wall. Anybody want a great deal on a 260-Z, or new, used civvies? Bob's the man!

CARL GLYNN CARLSON

Carl came to Annapolis from Florida to the Academy after receiving an appointment from the Secretary of the Navy. Carl majored in Systems Engineering and hopes to attend nuclear power school. Carl spent the majority of his time at the Academy on movement orders. He has been involved with the program scuba club, ski club, Glee Club, and Masqueraders throughout his four years here. Carl is dedicated to making the most of his naval career whether it be Nuclear Power or Surface Line. Whatever service selection brings, the Navy will have a first rate officer in Carl. A good friend and great guy, he'll make the most of his career.

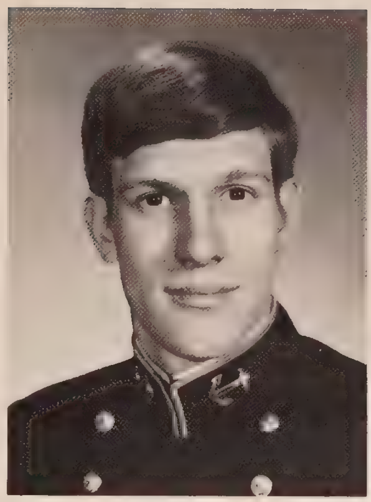
FREDERICK C. COOK

Frederick Cornelius came to USNA on that infamous June 30, 1971 from nearby Baltimore. Fred was intent from the beginning on upholding the lacrosse tradition of his hometown and went on to win three varsity letters in commendable fashion. One of the first members of the Black N Club, "Cooker" was able to shake it off with a smile and a sincere respect for the conduct system. Always a key figure in every company social event, "Freddy Boy" led the league in consumption of Black Jack Daniels throughout his four year career. His boyish grin and gift for the gab enabled him to capture the attention of many young ladies but he has thus far avoided the inconvenience of a June Week wedding. Navy Air awaits him after graduation and that 20-20 vision will come in handy in his girl watching pursuits.



RICHARD DICK

Dick Dick or D^2 came to the Naval Academy from the "Show Me" state of Missouri, and the state is still waiting for him to show them something — anything at all . . . Not being your everyday Huckleberry Finn from Independence, Rick had his own unique ideas of a good time, like standing around in dark closets, or falling out of the top rack for morning E.D. Always quick with a smile or a prayer, Dick spent most of his spare time spreading the good news, keeping himself in the top 10% of the class, or reading military history. Applying himself in his chosen career, Dick will have no problem excelling to the utmost of his abilities. Godspeed and good luck from your patient and considerate ex-roommate.

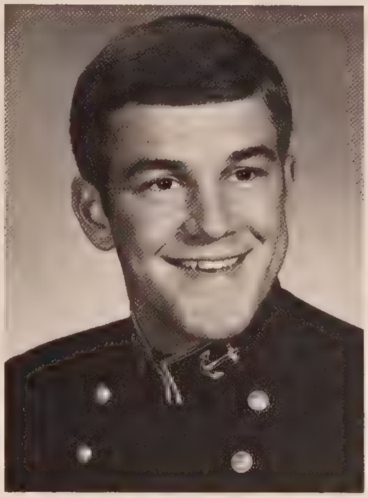


WILHELM HANSEN

Butch is living proof that all middies who have girls when they arrive at USNA do not lose them during their four year tenure. Having been married since high school, Butch has endured and endured. Hailing from the nearby, thriving metropolis of Parkville, Wilhelm could often be seen rooting for the hapless Colts or any other hometown favorite. Between trips to New York, Butch spent many enjoyable hours studiously pursuing academics. Butch's avid interest in athletics and alcoholic beverages, and his favorable reputation as company barber aided him in establishing many lasting friendships. Should Butch's career as an officer be as successful as his tour at USNA, we must all agree that he will be a credit to the nuclear power officer corps.

JOHN DOWNER

Lured from the innocence and simple pleasures of Scotland, South Dakota, to the fleshpots of Annapolis, Johnny Downer soon carved his unique niche in the hearts and minds of those with whom he came in contact (or collided). Enjoying the curses and blessing of a temper to match the color of his usually overabundant hair (with a caustic tongue as well), he time after time endeared himself to 000's company officers, roommates, and Bible-beaters all over Bancroft. Of course life does have its rough spots — but what better to do during June Week than stare at the 8th wing parking lot? Lead driver in the toyota demolition derby, runner extraordinary, and a man who said, "Lips that touch liquor will never mine," actually, under all that uncombed hair sits a fairly penetrating person, sometimes looking sarcastically at surrounding flora and fauna (especially the two-legged kind), and sometimes showing that humanity he often tries to hide. Navy Air (and maybe civilian line some years hence) will do well to have him.

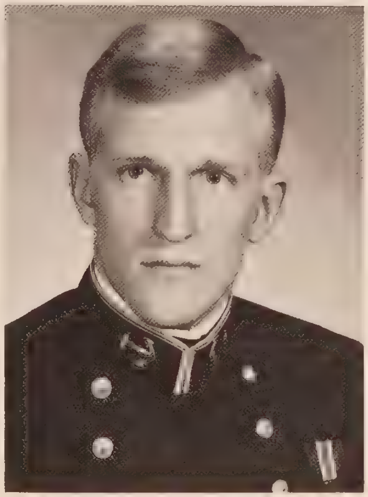


JON INGHRAM

Jon started off on the right foot here at USNA, or should I say the right knee. Yes, he was one of the first of our class to allow the medical department to examine his patella from the inside out. He recovered fortunately and in the middle of his Mid career joined that elite squad of wave beaters, Navy Crew. He played just as hard on the academic field spending many an evening with his sensors probing the wires books to learn the EE facts of life. The dedication here paid off for our first set Regimental Commander, and the Corps got one of Iowa's finest in Jon.

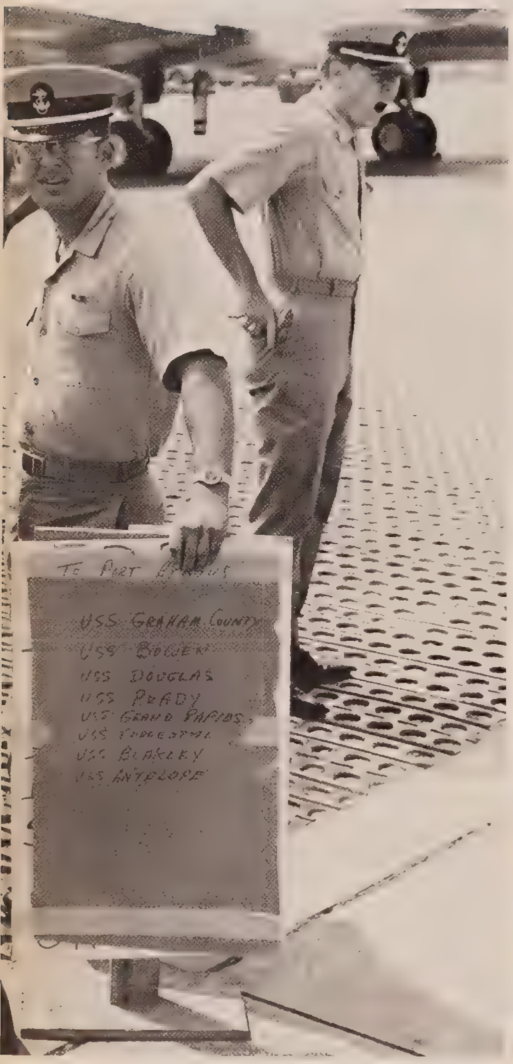
JAMES DRODDY

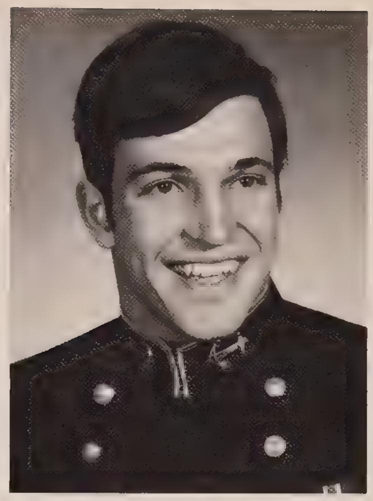
James Droddy or "Vidor" arrived at the Academy a long, tall Texan from Vidor, Texas. This fact coupled with a fine southern accent earned him the nickname of "Vidor." From here Jim and his winning smile made numerous friends at good old USNA. His enjoyment of life and the pleasures of hunting and fishing even impressed his roommate. Nights filled with stubborn arguments and "deal-um" gave way to "all-nighters" and weekends in Virginia as the hits just kept on coming. A sincere and earnest person Jim has persevered through the worst with the rest of us and survived. Either Navy Air or Surface Line will get a serious officer who will strive to do his best all the time. The best of luck to him.



WALTER MAXIMUCK

"Max," everybody's friend, could always be found boasting his redneck and numerous love affairs while listening to his endless stack of 50's music tapes. With typical Mid confidence (Muhammad Ali), he tried his luck at plebe football, 150's, lacrosse, and one swim meet. He finally found a home in the boxing rings of McDonough Hall. With Coach Smith as his new Daddy he now had the security that made his life complete. I doubt you could call him the academic wizard, but he'd never trade his "good times" for the personality that those types have! Max's life long dream has been to be a jet jockey. Looks like he'll do it the man's way by going Marine Corps. No matter where you may find him I'm sure he'll tell you in his hometown (Doyleston, PA) dialect, "I'm hoppy."





JAMES WILLIAM McGLOON

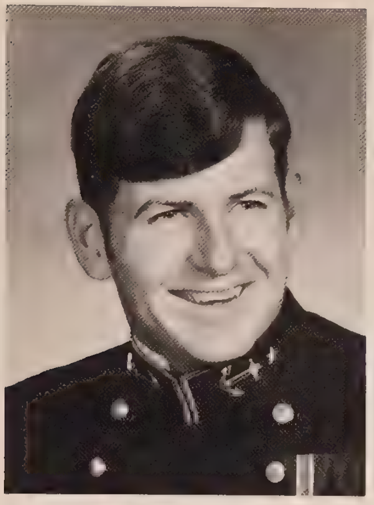
Dear Bill, alias "Super Pooper," "Bugsy," "Goo-Goo," "Pontoon Pants" and Bubble Butt came eagerly to Fun City, USNA, from Washington, D.C. Throughout his four years here, Bill maintained a scorching and steady relationship with his one true love Josephine Schlity. A three sport star from Gonzaga High, Bill concentrated on beer, football, rugby and academics at the Academy, each listed in his order of importance. Even though most of his roommates have abandoned him and left the Academy, Bill can always be seen with a smile on his face and a kind comment for all. Navy Air with Pensacola's charm are in Bill's immediate future, but wherever he is, the times will be good and the beer cold.

RICHARD W. MORGAN

Just four short years ago, Rick decided to give up all of the great nightlife and excitement of L.A., (Luverne, Alabama) and build on his already rakish reputation at the party school of the East. Always dedicated to doing the job right, Mogo, as part of the "ANAMANA" Program always got the necessary rest during the week to prepare himself for the liberty, while maintaining a good grade average. Looking forward to settling down in the married ranks soon after graduation, and then continuing to fulfill his desire to become a "backseat driver," you can be sure that Rick will always be happy and successful.

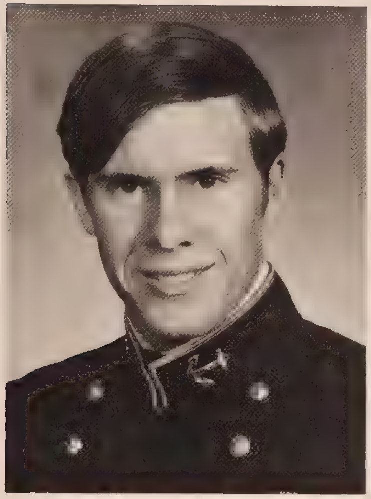
DANIEL EUGENE PHILLIPS

Dan came to the Academy from East Nowan High School, a school in the majestic town of Salisbury, North Carolina. He brought with him the strongest sense of state loyalty and actually thought that California was a western province of North Carolina. Dan's greatest desire was to play football with Johnny Unitas. However I'm sure if Johnny U would quickly understand how Dan earned the nickname "Turkey." While frustrated with a severe case of T.V. Jones, Turk still managed to secure a degree in mechanical engineering. His favorite pastimes were cheering for N.C. State and getting "tricked" by his best friends. He loved to engage in arguments and was the only person I know who could argue with a stop sign and win. Dan's humor and easy going personality were an asset to the company and his friends at all times. The Navy is getting a fine Surface Warfare Officer June 4.



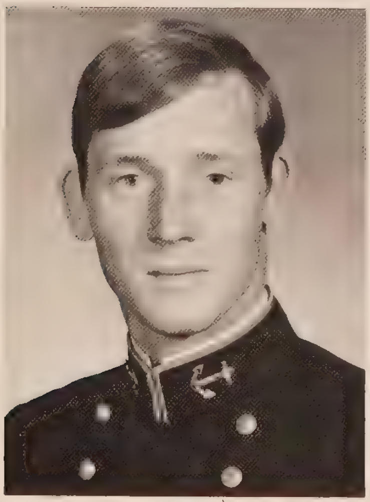
JAMES PHILLIPS

Jim came to the Academy from Alabama via NAPS. He quickly involved himself in midshipman activities plebe year being a member of the Glee Club, Protestant Choir, plebe lacrosse, and serving as class President. Choosing to follow the rough road of Electrical Engineering "Jumbo" settled down to keeping himself on the Superintendent's list and doing homework for classmates. Constantly searching for the right girl was Jim's favorite pastime along with cheering on the Crimson Tide. Jim's academic excellence was evidenced by his being chosen as a Trident Scholar and Rhodes Scholar nominee. Jim's dedication and hard work will take him to the top as a Marine Corps pilot.



FRANK STANKO

A frustrated golfer, Frank carted his clubs all the way from McGill, Nevada only to carry them from room to room plebe year. With the spirit of the "old West" buried deep inside, he was always waiting for the weather to improve, the next leave period or the car that never seemed to arrive. Having picked his car from the hundreds on the Ricketts Hall showroom floor, Frank could be seen each weekend streaking away from the Academy on low level bombing runs. Planning to wear the wings of gold, he is going to Pensacola for training as a Naval Flight Officer.



RICHARD T. TRYON

Rick came to Navy from a military family home-based in Las Cruces, New Mexico. His father was a career Army officer and his older brothers went to West Point and Kings Point; Rick was the first one at Annapolis, but not the last, by the way. Accustomed as he was to regimentation, Rick quickly adapted to "the system" and established himself as a true leader respected by all. The International Affairs major kept him busy most of the time but not too busy to stop for a friendly chat or to lend a hand if needed. Obviously "Corps" material from the start, Rick intends to give Marine Air a whirl but would really like to become a lawyer. Easygoing, ready to party, he'll be a real asset to any group.

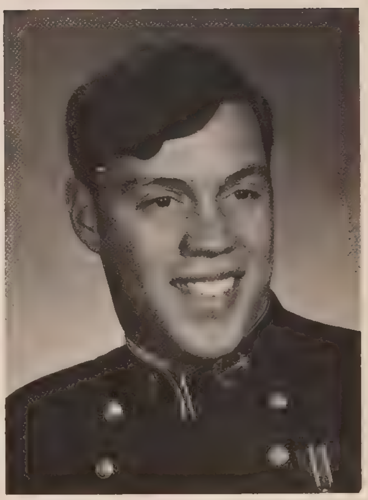
OSEY
U.S.NAVY

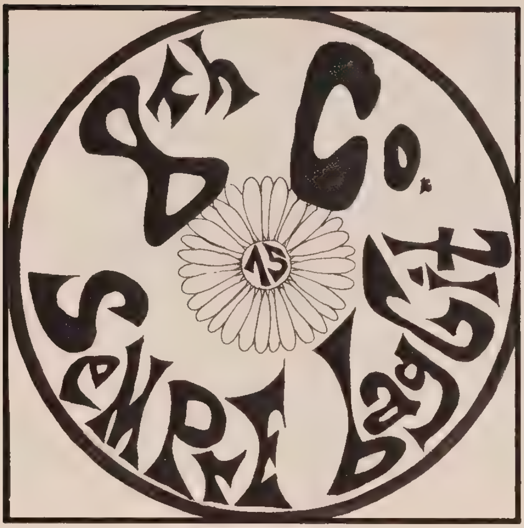
STEELE WILSON

Steele, a "flamer" from the word go, came to Canoe U. from Greenfield, California by way of NAPS. Adjusting to life at Navy quickly, Steele could usually be found drifting around in the clouds studying them of course, or in the ever present "rack," on Thursdays and Saturdays. He worked out a lot and was a defenseman on the fieldball team. His great ambition was to be a boxer, but some "hippie" stole his gloves. Steele is undecided as yet about service selection; maybe Air, maybe "grunt," maybe both! But in any event, the service is getting a real "Jive Honky."

DAVID WOOD

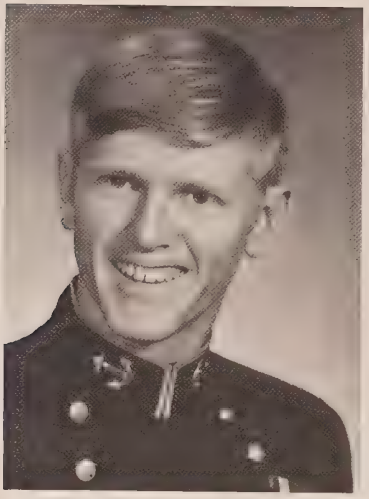
Dave had everyone fooled when he arrived on the shores of the Severn on that fateful summer day in 1971. Who would have believed that this quiet and shy boy with the downcast eyes from Winston-Salem, North Carolina was actually the King of Rock, Spelvis Quesly. With hair slicked back and hips gyrating Dave sang and strummed his way through many a "happy hour." His singing is undoubtedly what has made him the casanova that he is. Although he will most certainly be remembered for his music, "Quid" is also noted for his ability in the athletic arena where he participated in football, boxing and baseball. Another of Dave's many assets is his ability to turn anything into a joke — including his hair of which the Marine Corp will lay claim to in June of '75. That is if Mother Nature doesn't get to it first. Hair or no hair, you will find Dave always ready with a smile and a humorous phrase




8th Co.
15
Sempre Haughty

F. WAYNE BERGMAN

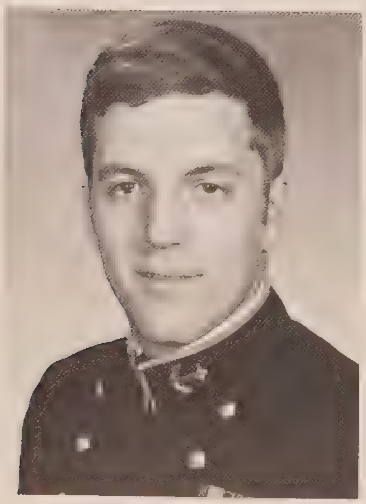
Wayne walked through the gates of Canoe U. expecting a repeat of the fun and frolic he enjoyed at NAPS, only to find he was the fun and frolic for the first class. But recovery was quick and "Berg" discovered a new avenue of interest, becoming the 130 lb. mighty mite! Punter, first seeing stars by making All-League his junior year. A frustrated aviator, he may have to settle for Surface Line, but Wayne has a good sense of humor, proven by his mania for the collection of worthless trivia and being the straightman in the Dynamic Dud of "Berg and Tinman," always having a good word for anyone, he gained the reputation as a good friend and true helper. The service will gain a sharp and competent officer whose motto is: "Work before play, but play hard." We all wish him smooth sailing.



PATRICK CONNALLY

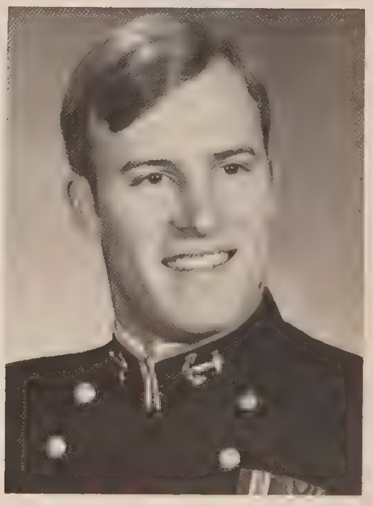
"Aurrah, another glorious day to serve the Corps, every day's a holiday every meal's a feast."

"Grommet" came to us from sunny San Diego and proved in no time, that although one of the smallest in stature he was one of the biggest in heart. A firm believer in 110% performance 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, Pat adapted to the system well. "This isn't a democracy . . . ," logic heard from Pat many times — like when he was caught breaking into Chauvenet (to study?). It was always a Company project to wake Pat up in the morning and those few mornings he would get up, he could be found looking for green "mung" in some buckle. Known for his flying tackles of first base Pat was always an inspiration on the field. A lover of pulleys and incline planes the engineering department made "Angles and dangles" on subs unlikely. Finally, the only wan to need 3 log books to reach periscope, subs lost a good man to the Corps. His only problem now will be finding a haversack large enough to carry Augie in. A true leader and friend we wish him luck in the Corps.



LAWRENCE JAMES CONRAD

" 'ther is some s. I will not eat' "
— e. e. cummings



PETER WHITON DAMISCH

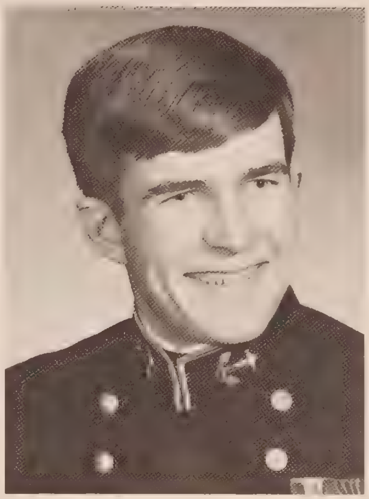
Pete flew in from Northfield, a quiet town in northern Illinois, with nothing but flying on his mind. Armed with naught but his trusty calculator, he sallied forth against the windmill of Aerospace Engineering. His love for swimming, and the Call of the Academica wrestled for his attention the first three semesters before he sat down and began to seriously study Kutta, Joukowsky, von Karman, Navier and Stokes. But it was actually a chance encounter with a beautiful person, and an epiphany that changed his whole life. After that, the future under Nuclear Power looked particularly promising, and thus he set out to establish new goals for himself. "That best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

MARK W. LAMBONI

Hailing from the booming metropolis of Dundalk, Maryland, "Lambo" came to the trade school on the Severn in search of a way to pass some time. Alas he was greeted with open arms by mother B and Form Z's by the upper class. Playing for Navy's baseball team, it was unfortunate that his batting average never matched his total demos (4 black N's). Lambo's only command at U. of Navy came as a onetime C.O. of the infamous 3-0 Grand Prix Squad. Besides his favorite beverage of natatorium Pool bres, he could probably be found grabbing for any gusto he could gulp (when you're out of Schlitz, don't be choosy stupid). For the Bone, Surface Line is mighty fine — that's all he qualified for!

THOMAS QUINTON DONALDSON V

Bidding a fond farewell to high school's glorious days of wine, women, and song (?), Alexandria's very own super star found himself easing plebe summer homesickness by performing frog imitations for his squad leader's amusement. With "Bwana" providing Tom with such diversions as "punching in" hourly during those long nights, plebe year flew by. Believing heartily in that old tenet, "What's mine is mine, what's yours is negotiable," "Wadingo" was quick to share anything and everything belonging to his roommate. Academically, he excelled in breaking his back with an oar, breaking his jaw with a fist, and breaking his "mates" sanity. Noted particularly for robbing the cradle, Tom has also been known to study occasionally so that Uncle Hymie will find him acceptable. We all wish him the best of luck as a devoted Professional and a future submariner.



JOSEPH D. McDERMAID

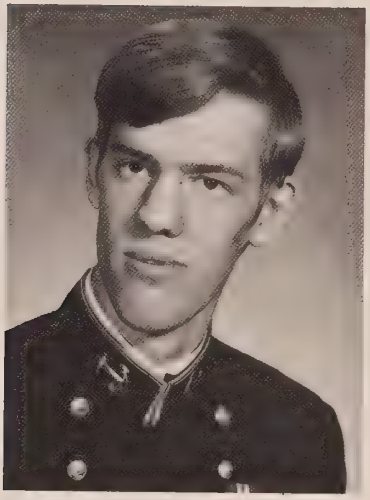
"Long Live the Weeds"
Long live the weeds that overwhelm
My narrow vegetable realm!
The bitter rock, the barren soil
that force the son of man to toil;
all things unholy, marred by curse,
The ugly of the universe
The rough, the wicked and the wild
That keep the spirit undefiled
With these I match my little wit
and earn the right to stand or sit,
Hope, love, create, or drink and die:
These shape the creature is I.
Beer — the last thing you have to think about
the first thing you grab

DANIEL E. GLYNN

"Tin man" from Windham. A frustrated basketball recruit, Dan had to settle for the intramural program. After an uneasy start in academics he began to build on his "gravy." Constantly being asked for "the gouge" he then had problems finding his books. He has a good background with the lighter side of life after being a part of the "Tinman" and "Berg" comedy team, but when work is there work will always be done. Good friends are hard to find, one that will help you when you are down or one to party with and to say Dan is friend is an understatement, he is a true friend. Surface Line or Nuke, he's going to be great.

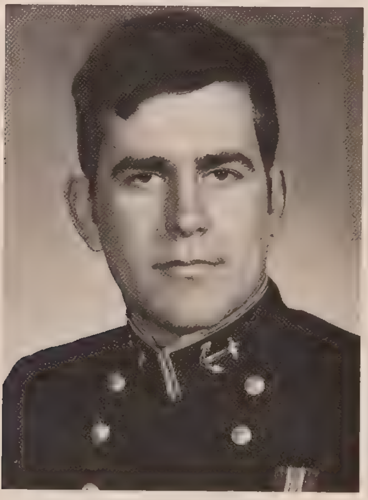
STEVEN N. OSLUND

Oz, the company's stereo and music expert, came to us from a farm way out in Viking land He never really related to USNA. Pro-courses kept his grades down, the mile was his nemesis and he kept saying the system was screwed up The last fact caused a letter to be sent from a great and all powerful one who did not like to hear that. Oz spent three years as a football manager, but took it in during his senior year Sometimes football took away from academics, but it appears as if Oz will graduate to an eventual short career as an NFO. The Navy will have to do some fast talking to keep Steve from returning to the peaceful life in the Land of 10,000 Lakes



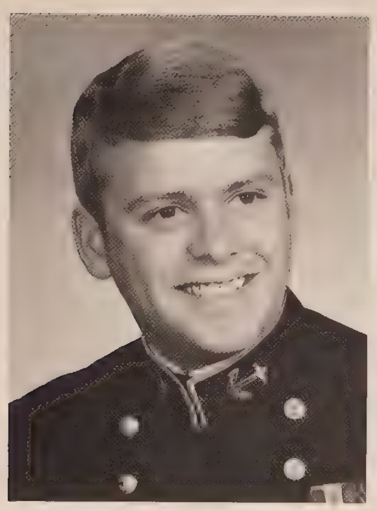
STEVEN C. SIMONSON

Coming from New York (?) ''Skate'' has become a credit to the Brigade. Plebe year was spent not taking showers, falling out of racks onto desktops, with lovable ''pup,'' and generally just getting along with his favorite mate Honest John. ''Flunking'' tests, Steve managed to squeeze his way into Sigma Pi Sigma through a physics major. Another strong point for Steve was his athletic ability. He looked forward to the mile run as one looks forward to the plague. It was thoughts of a Mrs. Simonson-to-be up in New York that made him run fast enough for long weekends. Never one to choke in a match (esp. Army) Steve shot his way to co-captain of the Rifle team. Future holds Nuke power school and hopefully, the Burke Scholar Program. A true friend, we wish him luck.



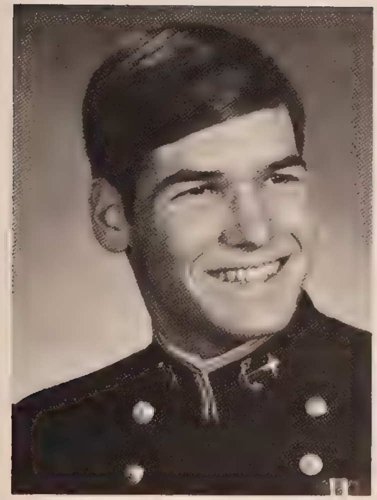
JOHN W. STEWART III

Known to many as the ''Godfather,'' Big Jack hailed from Nashua, New Hampshire in '71 to tackle an oceanography major (won't be no use after graduation Big Jack) here at Navy. Jack excelled in many extra-curricular activities including scuba diving, karate and a trimember of the ''Central Organization.'' Hiding behind coke machine karate proved very popular with Jack and most unpopular with his classmates. After destroying everything in sight including his right hand, (metal signs are tuffies . . . but it went over anyway) Big Jack distinguished himself to be a real hustler on the athletic field. No June Week wedding for him! But let it be known that when he does settle down, Mrs. Stewart will be stuck with the ''Yellow Bomber,'' all the stories that go with it, and a truly great man. A constant help and leader in the company, Nuke Surface looks good to Big Jack. Wherever Big Jack's future takes him in this man's Navy he will be a tremendous asset, and we wish him luck.



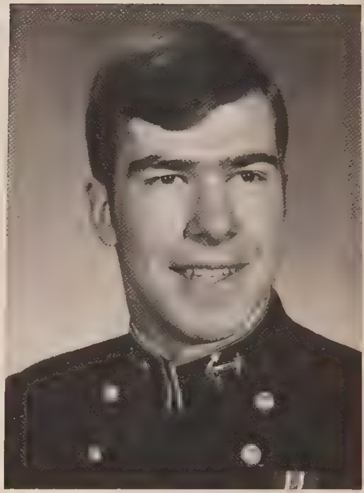
HAROLD LORD NEAL, III

There you go man keep as cool as you
can
Face piles
and Diles
of trials
with smiles
it riles them to believe
that you perceive
The web they weave
and keep on thinking free.
— M. Pinder



KERMIT P. STOTT

"The Kid" left Hayward, Calif. bound for the glamour of USNA and received his first good deal when he found out there weren't any. Distinguishing himself to be the only plebe to order his Y.P. to "come about and fire a shot across the bow" of an oncoming Y.P. This type of sound collected (?) calm (?) logic was typical of Kermit. ("If we had the same parents, we'd be like brothers . . .") Kermit and the academic hand, Prof., ("it's a kick in the teeth") After a tough break in Judo, which tore him away from the course, he decided that tennis, squash, and scuba diving were less painful. Setting his mind on "higher level" (the "polar bear" and "Big Score Board in the Sky" theories being some originals) Kermit didn't exactly hit it off with East Coast girls. Moonlighting as the vampire butterfly and co-member of the Gazzini Brothers. A true friend, we wish him luck flying.

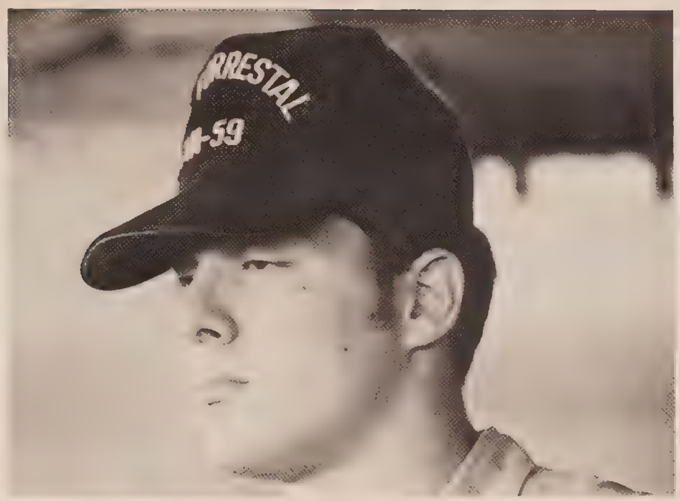


DANIEL P. THOMPSON

"D.P." hails from the booming metropolis of Paw Paw, Michigan. A firm believer in the philosophy of cooperation for graduation, he developed a major where there is just about no one to cooperate with — Naval Architecture. His good attitude towards the books and his will to become a success have stood him in good stead throughout his career here. Things went smoothly until the "silver bullet" (vette) was found in the wrong place. But with this Black N behind him and in possession of a respectable QPR, he can only look forward to the future. Waiting for his graduation is a pretty little hometown "Missy" who seems to have stolen his heart. On the career side, if there was such an animal as a Nuclear Power NFO, that's probably what he would be. Whichever selection he makes, he will be more than welcome, due to his fine mind for figures (the numbers kind), as well as his friendly and ambitious personality.

MICHAEL W. THUMM

Thummer rolled into the Un-College from Alton, New Hampshire, which by the way is on the gleaming shores of Lake Winnipesaukee. Well, Mike put up with Plebe year as well as anyone else in "good ole 31" and decided to stick around for more fun and games. Twenty thousand hours of Grand Funk later; Thummer finally bought his coyote duster to drive to College Park and see that certain coed. The unsuspecting Thummer was pegged within 14 months. Thummer's congeniality and great smile allow him to charm anyone (except the OOD, but why charm him anyway). Even the axe board was no match for Mike's New England Charisma. Thummer has chosen Marine Air for his future, so the Corps will gain at least one good man to fly for them



RICHARD TORGENSON

Torgs came to the U. of Navy by way of Brooklyn, N.Y. Bent on proving the worthlessness of a Bull Major, Torgy tackled the tough Naval Architecture major and mastered it quite well. Claiming there is an equation to explain everything, he is currently on an exhaustive search for the equation to solve the problem of a gas guzzling 'vette. How about vette + gas does not equal Mids' pay! A spurned jock from the basketball team, he turned from this unsuccessful venture into competition on equally unsuccessful intramural teams. First class year has Torgy on Navy's Sailing team as well as on his way to Adm. Rickover's office and entrance into the Nuke Navy. As for this venture, Torg's equation of success and happiness is: Total number of surfaces must be greater than or equal to the number of dives.

PATRICK E. YOUNG

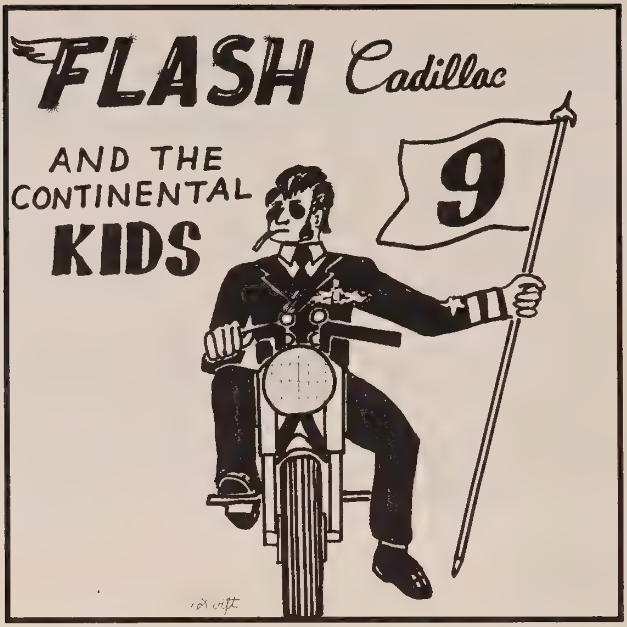
Pat came to the banks of the Severn having seen the ocean only once as a seven year old. His hometown of Independence, Missouri had little to offer in the way of water sports, but after a knee injury made it impossible to play football and run track, he took to sailing like a fish to water. The afternoons and weekends would nearly always find him racing aboard one of the yawls or Class "A" yachts, and he served as commodore of the Midshipmen Sailing Squadron

Pat's love for the Navy is only exceeded by his determination to succeed. This is reenforced by his self-description as "an individual of mediocre ability by high motivation". We wish him the best of luck as he wings his way through the skies of Pensacola and into the Fleet.

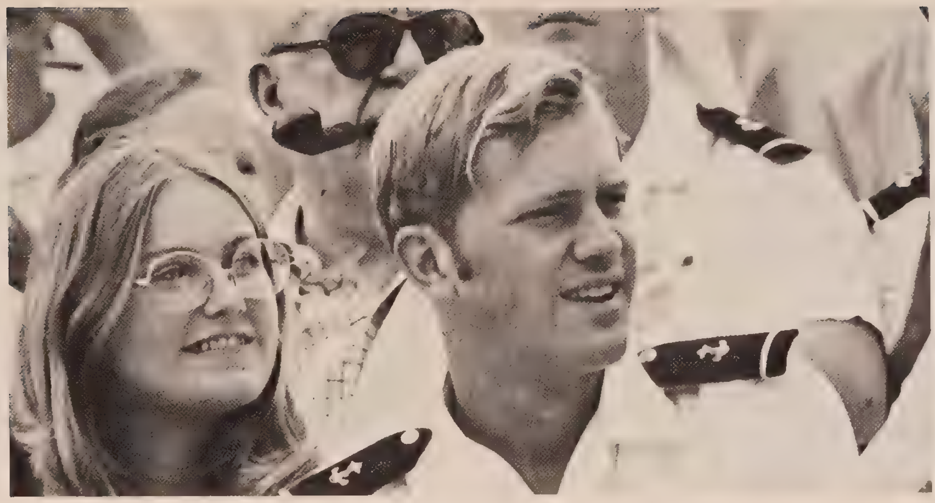
"Don't complain about how the ball bounces, if you dropped it."

DONALD WAYNE VAN OSDOL

Vano gave up his salmon-slapping pig calling career in Astoria, Oregon to take up a new life of Bull-slinging at Navy. Vano, always the studious individual. You can find him in the hall diligently laboring over term papers and projects on most weekends . . . some weekends . . . well, a couple of weekends. While here he was noted for such excellence in the areas of Chem, Computers, and Math that he occasionally signed for them again and again and . . . Youngster year our beloved Vano gained fame as the skull cracker of 7-3. After three years of trickery, both Vano and Rhonda feel they have tied each other down. Right now, he looks forward to June and graduation, and in the future, returning to see the rapid changes that have collapsed in his absence . . . ah, 20th Century, here we come!


FLASH Cadillac
AND THE CONTINENTAL KIDS
9

NAVY
75
SWIMMING



JAMES BAUMGAERTEL

"Baum" says he is from Albuquerque — that's where his ties are — but his parents lived in Point Mugu until they moved to San Diego. (Actually we don't know where he came from!) He's from Navy, right Jim? Jim enjoys athletics and became one of the best fieldball goalies in the Brigade and played Rugby and Batt Football. (This guy doesn't know when to quit.) He worked so hard it got him the company first set this year, which didn't help his QPR any. No, really, Admiral Rickover loves to see those 1.73 4-week grades. Jim took his Oceanography major seriously and then decided to take it below with him, probably to study the pretty life forms under the sea (like he studies the pretty life forms walking down the street while cruising in his hot vega, but through the hull of a submarine?). Well, if Nuc Power won't have him there's always good service on a Fram I out of San Diego — or was that Albuquerque?

ROBERT BRUCE BORRIES

A happy smile stretched mischievously across his face, his laughing voice echoing down the hall "Buzz" was never at a loss for a playful jibe. Bob was always on the go; if he wasn't chasing soccer balls down the field, he was chasing skirts, about the only thing he never found time to do was study, the wardroom was a lure he found hard to resist. He crammed well and hung in there; the Navy will have a fine NFO in Buzz. It's sometimes hard to see the depth reflected in a pair of laughing eyes.

J. J. CARRIZALES

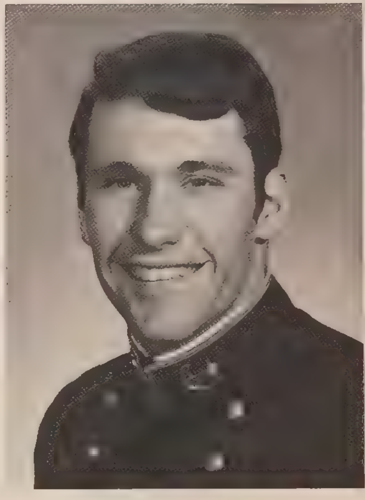
"Jay" ambled out of San Bernardino, California and out of previous service to present service in the USNA looking forward to future service in the fleet. (Serves him right!) His Spanish-American blood earned him the name of the "Mad Mexican" and we're not so sure the Lucky Bag is so lucky to have him on the staff. Jay's troubles probably all began when he started playing Rugby. After a while one is knocked around so much that one becomes senseless to pain — and everything else. (Is playing Rugby like playing Nave?) Now he just pings down the hall, bouncing off the walls, and muttering phrases from Bill Cosby and Cheech and Chong records. But soon he'll hop into his Nova and head for sunny Pensacola and flight school. (Do you think he can use his foreign affairs major best in the front seat or the back seat of a Phantom?) Oh well, we'll see you, Jay, in the Friendly Skies of Navy.

ROY CHESSON

From the sunny climate of North Carolina Roy traveled to become a member of the revered Brigade. His athletic prowess was not that of a jock, therefore his life was made fairly difficult by his occasional presence on the Sub Squad. Once he learned to stay off the Squad he quickly found his place at Navy. With a firm grasp on the channel selector he settled in for the duration of his education and quickly became known as "Capt. Kirk of the Wardroom Enterprise." Even though Roy thought that the only thing on earth was chemistry he was finally persuaded to accept the Admiral's invitation to a career of chasing dolphins.

WILLIAM ROBERT CUMMINGS

"The Fair Grapefruit" worked hard at whatever he did, whether it be academics, batt cross-country, dating, drinking, or sleeping. Grapefruit always made the most out of his Saturday nights, dividing his time between killing off a few brain cells and watching the room go around in circles. He didn't kill them all, though, and managed to graduate with a 3.5, in spite of the fact that he set a new midshipman rack record. Grapefruit also had the distinction of being one of the few mids to ever go to a watch squad inspection with hair eight inches long and not get fried. Coach Grapefruit had equal success on the softball diamond . . . and for three years coached teams that would have made Charlie Brown cry. Everything was calculated — something to be expected from a math major — but there were a few bad breaks and a couple of times when it took more than the Cummings Variable Constant to get the desired result — right Pat? Graduation will the "Fair Grapefruit" heading toward Pensacola and dinner with Mrs. Strawberry.



ROY FUHRMEISTER

Flash Fluegelhorn hails from Bellmar, New Jersey, a fact which neither holds against the other. Flash was one of the few people in the class who really had a plebe year . . . and a youngster . . . and a second class year . . . and a first class year . . . (30 demos the first day back from 1/c cruise???) His stellar performance enabled him to be a charter member of the 5th wing terrace marching society, and he attended numerous pre-dawn parade proficiency periods. On the academic side, Flash was a member of the 5th wing NARC Squad, and spent an entire semester proving that you really didn't have to know a whole lot to get a passing grade in wires. ("Sir, can I have another capacitor, please? . . . this one melted . . .") Flash's electrical talents were exceeded only by his mechanical abilities, a fact which is intuitively obvious to anyone who has seen his car . . . which happens to be the answer to the question "What do you get when you cross a 1948 Hudson Hornet with a wheelbarrow?" Maybe the Nuc Surface Fleet can succeed where USNA failed.

EDWARD GRAVES

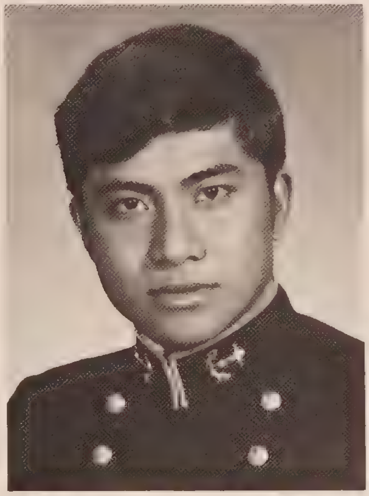
. . . Screwdrivers, Al Goldstein, Stylistics, electric blanket, TV and black lights all make Ed a jive turkey. Numerous social activities earn him the name "Eddie Marshall" (Chapel Choir, President of Glee Club, football manager, hop committee president . . .). Impressed with cool, Eddie does such things as join the Playboy Club, drive a vette, spoon plebes, spoon plebes, and spoon plebes. Being a stud boxer earned Ed many dates with "Rosie." Eddie is also known for being the company magician, constantly juggling balls and making things disappear. Eddie's plans for the future include a pink Eldorado, with white walls and a bevy of girls calling him "Sugar Daddy."

WILLIAM H. KONRAD

A hard core Easterner, Bib Bill came to Annapolis from Somerville, New Jersey. Always to be remembered for his practical jokes and love of Academy life. He will go to Pensacola after graduation. On weekends he will party, doing shots and "Blue Angels" with the best. His taste in cars (Apollo 12) got him many good times with "Rosie." Along with the above credentials, Bill is the company champion, holding the record with 23 out of 26 hours asleep in the rack. With this kind of ambition he should go far in the Navy.

CARL JUNE

"Junebug" left his Pleasant Hill, California paradise to join "America's Best" at Boat School. Unlike his struggling classmates during PEP workouts, Carl proved he was indeed a "super" by routinely doing pull-ups with a 35 lb. weight. Standing in the top of his class, as well as his pre-med major, he also takes top honors for his Elton John collection, one-night Japanese rum consumption, and most swimsuits lost at Navy. Carl also gained recognition for owning the company's most powerful amplifier and least powerful car, a **Super**beetle. Boasting a 3.9 and having promised not to name his first born daughter April Mae, the future doctor sets his sails, upon graduation, for Baylor College of Medicine, where surely another chapter in the "Legend of Carl June" will be written.

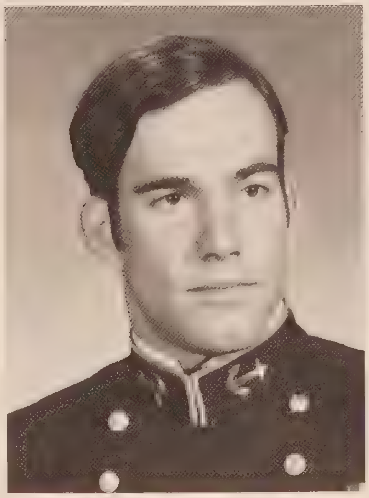


ELPIDIO S. LAYSON (PING)

A quiet, well-mannered conservative Philipino "Junkie." Ping's foreign approach to the Naval Academy made his stay here quite nice. His training prior to his arrival, made it possible for him to validate such professional goodies as weapons and the Junior Naval officer. He was most noted for his sly leadership in every area except women. He could normally be found in one of several places — on the phone calling Canada (strong chance), studying (little to no chance) or in the rack (most likely). Even through all of this he never neglected "Rosy" in moments of stress. His presence will long be remembered in Ricketts Hall.

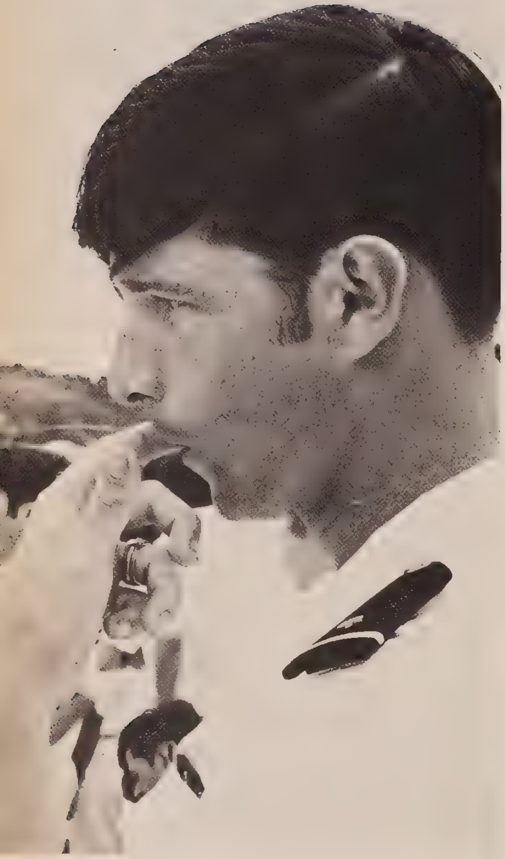
JAMES KNOX

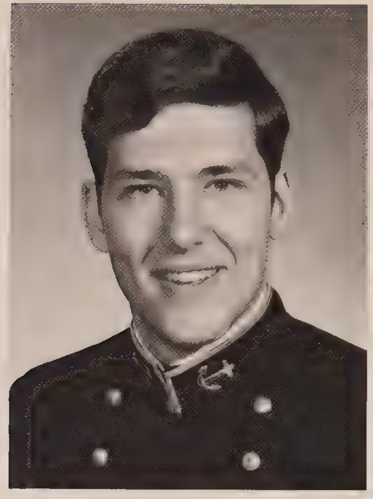
Jim hails from Chicago, and to this day wonders what drove him to attend the Academy. Although an extremely hard worker, Jim could always be found messing around till midnight, when his study hour began, sometimes. Jim is up on the music scene, digs on glitter music, and thinks Jefferson Starship is the most. His mates will always remember him for photo funnies, practical jokes, National Lampoon, rock concerts, and his serious approach to just about everything. "Rosie," and his vette have played an important role in Jim's success, and both will follow him to San Diego where shipdriving is the thing. Nobody can ever say Jim wasn't bold as love, for he asked the Axis.



RICHARD W. LOWELL

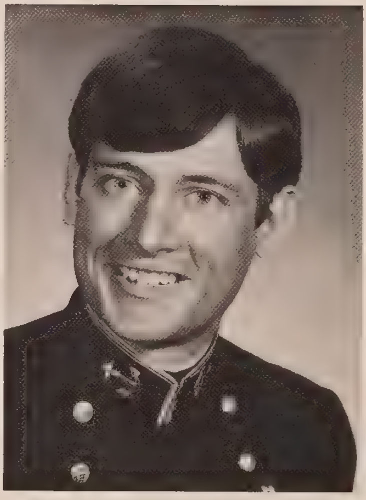
Wolfman, out of San Francisco, via Bainbridge, wasn't the typical midshipman. How many English majors are? More than one football or fieldball opponent had his "bell rung" by Rich. However, back in Bancroft, the Company romantic spent his time reading books (if they didn't contain equations) and writing. Everyone had a standing invitation to read his latest prose Rich took a lot of kidding about his hairy chest . . . shoulders . . . legs . . . arms . . . He looks like he's permanently dressed in WUB 'A.' Rich spent four years in love — the girls changed now and then, but he loved them all. We know Rich can handle anything the Navy offers: after all, he lived with Buzz.





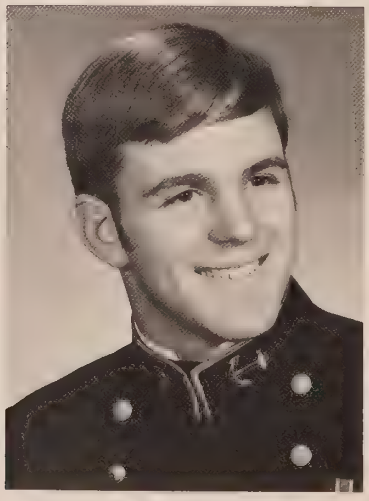
WILLIAM LUEBKE

"Lubes" came from Lake City, Fla. disguised as Gomer Pyle, without a nametag. Though never a great drinker, Bill captured the world's record for most chicken eaten by a midshipman, and no one will ever forget the night he polished off twelve cannonballs. The years at the Academy saw several firsts for Bill: among them was the first date (Thelma) and the first time sick while drinking (Silver Slipper). He will be remembered for things like a 10-day stint in the hospital from the O-course, the Lake City Reporter, Sha-na-na, orchids and a '65 Impala. Bill came to the Academy an academic marvel and a physical negat. His progress can be measured from sub squad to a B in PE and those stars that eluded him so long. Bill, a slave to the coffee bean, will be rewarded by graduating with 3.8 and is unchallenged as the company slash. If he can escape the clutches of Nuc Power, he plans to go CEC by way of IGEP.



DANE McNEIL

Leaving the sunny land of Sunnyvale, California, Dane ventured eastward to the shores of the Severn to become one of America's finest at Canoe U. Dane's main reason for coming was that it fit in perfectly with his lifestyle of cars, pretty girls, and sunshine. He soon found out that Navy would be holding back on the first two for awhile though. They did, however, give him many opportunities to get sunshine (usually at the "voluntary" extra duty periods). Undaunted, however, Dane persevered and rose to the position of Company sub-commander, gougemaster, and resident barber of 2nd wing. Dane has narrowed his post graduation ambitions down to three choices; 1) wandering minstrel and recorder player, 2) professional mattress tester, 3) Navy pilot. Navy has narrowed it down even further. Oh well, success will surely follow the man with the number 1 smile and the form 2 hair.

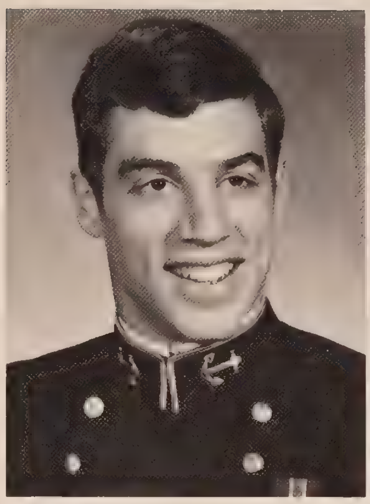


DAVID WILLIAM MEARS

Dave blew in on a cold wind from Minnesota and has drifted around ever since. While here he has managed to keep busy, first with plebe wrestling, then wrestling with a certain redhead. (What's her name again, Dave?) Never a lover of loud music or noise, many people will remember him by his famous cry, "Hey, guys, how about keeping it down out here." Academics, though, have never been Dave's strong point. Making it into the "hallowed Halls" only after two tries and a year at Prep school, Dave hit the books only to find that they hit back. He soon found that the tube and the rack were more interesting than studying, anyway. Unsure of service selection, Dave only knows that wherever he goes, Doreas will follow.

DOUGLAS WALTER MICHALKE

Although his time was divided among GCA, Big Brothers, the swimming team, and a certain redhead at the University of Alabama, the "Fish" was always able to squeeze into each week a few minutes of study, a quick trip to the Steerage and a few hours of the tube. This may not seem appropriate for a guy with his heart set on med school, but when you have an attraction for gouge, the study time required is reduced proportional to the amount of gouge received. (Maybe Texas works on the gouge system also.) Come June, after four years, it looks as if Doug will be exchanging one of his roommates for the little redheaded girl. The other roommate will hopefully be around for many years.

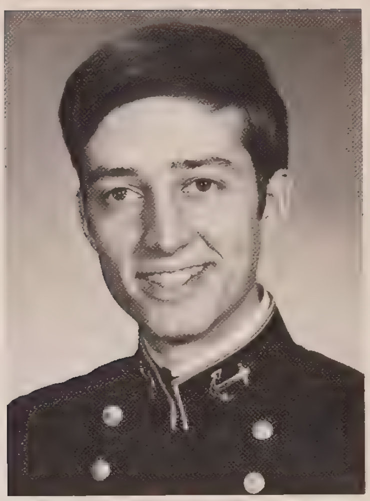


DOUGLAS B. MORAN

War Mongreling Doug Moran came directly to the Naval Academy after ripping up the Gridiron in Virginia. He hung up his "golden spikes" and switched to the intramural program here, trampling or attempting to trample, anything that moved on the Rugby, football and soccer fields. His guitar and Rocky Mountain High voice guided his escape from many verbal beatings when at times errors and "I forgots" were invalid excuses. His previous free time was leisurely spent thumbing through magazines and newspapers hopefully looking for that special deal on his long awaited dream car — which did finally materialize with an exotic 30 miles to the gallon. Doug spent all of his crisp fall weekends rubbing two antlers together in hopes of bagging a bigger set but he usually returned with little to show except the usual case of candy bars and a mind of stories. UDT or Navy Air are his top notch service selection hopes. He's not as confident that "what goes down must come up," but since he feels "what goes up must come down" he'll probably choose Navy Air.

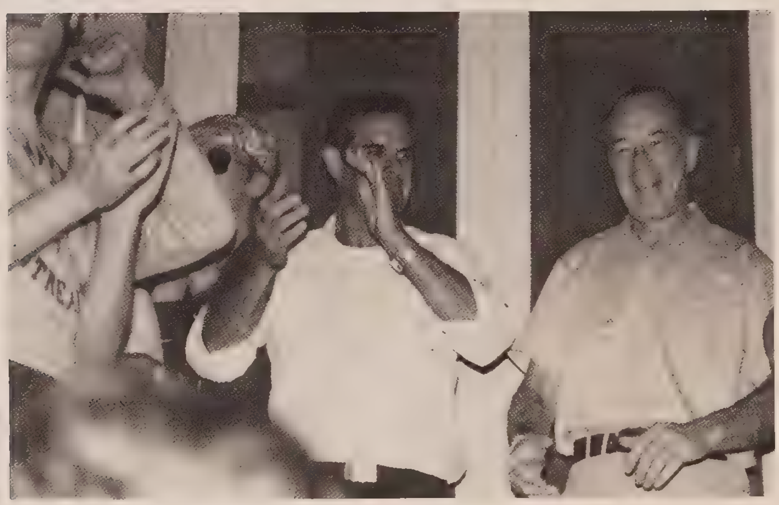
RANDALL SHIPPEE

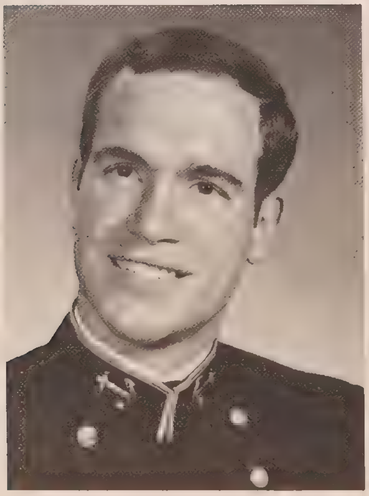
Perhaps R. Craig's claim to fame was being Batt Supply, Batt Admin, the duty yeoman, and an MIR all at the same time. He spent many a night at the typewriter with the magic fingers (both of them) dancing across the keyboard. His philosophy toward USNA was basic: (a) Bagging it is a first class rate, (b) Wherever there's a will, there's a way around it, (c) There exists a shadow only where there's an absence of light, and (d) If the minimum weren't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum. His activities were varied, ranging from student to choir member and from mail king (56 letters and 3 chow packages on youngster cruise???) to part-time rain god. He was the un-engineer, and escaped from the Med's wires lab as Flugelhorn's sidekick with a B. When he leaves in June, he will be one of the company's two firsties to have made it through USNA without a "Dear John" letter. (Sorry about that, Deb; you're going to have to share your honored position with Bubbles.) June of 75 will probably find the fair strawberry going to Pensacola via the chapel.



GARY BENNETT SWIFT

Hailing from that well seafaring town of Sparks, Nevada, Gary was naturally drawn to USNA. Even so, he had to turn down several lucrative offers from other schools, such as a $25.00 scholarship to the University of Nevada. Plebe year was, to say the least, challenging. Nobody promised Gary a rose garden, but he certainly got more than his share of "Thornes." But a happy-go-lucky attitude and a good sense of humor pulled him through. The transition from plebe to upperclassman brought a change to the emphasis of Gary's energies — from survival to academics. He has diligently applied himself to his studies as a Mechanical Engineer maintaining a 3.3 CUM. For the future, he is looking forward to chasing neutrons through the depths of the oceans on a sub.



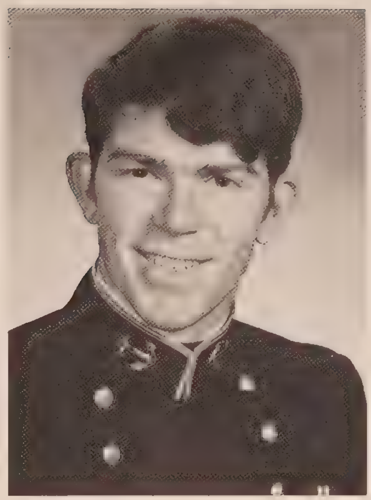


THOMAS O. SWIFT

Better known to most as Turkey, T. O., TOS, and Overton, Tom came to Canoe U. with a long line of outstanding credentials earned at Overton High School; which included Student Council President, Varsity letters in three sports and the coveted Mr. Overton Title. Upon arriving at the Univ. of Navy Tom decided to forego varsity sports and instead pursue the academic life, the intramurals route and work towards a closer relationship with our Lord. He chose International Relations as a major with hopes of possibly becoming a foreign diplomat and later on working as a minister. Tom has been an inspiration to many during his four years here and to all who knew him he was truly a great friend. His favorite words of inspiration are quoted from
Psalm 27:4, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

MICHAEL CHARLES TRACY

When Trace left New Orleans for Annapolis only to find that it had no Bourbon Street and closed down after 12:00 p.m., he began to have his doubts. After plebe year confirmed them, he came to the conclusion that it had to get better since it couldn't get any worse. He was right . . . almost. His grades peaked out at 3.6 but his love life started to sizzle out all together. Now, however, he lives by his Camaro, his address book, and his long weekends. Graduation will find him rounding out his Naval Arch. major at PG school or chasing atoms at Nuc Power School.



LONNIE OTTO WILKERSON III

Lonnie was Bryan, Texas' contribution to USNA. "The Tequila Kid" (as he was known to some) majored in marine engineering and minored in rack, battalion wrestling, rack, weekend taking, rack, football, rack, handball, record-taping, rack, and naval law. The Kid didn't do much dating first class year . . . but it wasn't because he didn't try. Always a go-getter, he set high goals for himself, which at assorted times included being an audio engineer, passing NL 451, being a professional human and an officer person, and preparing for a career in nuclear power. Lonnie possessed no aversions to studying, a fact substantiated by his 3.3 QPR. He approached academics with an open mind ("Why, engineering is easy — every answer you could ever want is right there on your slide rule."), and kept his grades up in spite of CDR Petty. The bubble-head Navy should be one fleet steamer stronger after June, 75.

LAMBERT R. WALKER

Always looking for the gusto in life, Lambert R. Walker left Wilmington, Delaware for Crabtown, Maryland. Known to his classmates as Roger Ramjet, he began Plebe Summer by becoming an O-Course casualty. Undaunted, he charged ahead into Plebe Year and discovered that although he did not like peanut butter, he had to eat it anyway. Seriously pursuing his degree as a marine engineer, Roger holds the company record for owning the most volumes of Schaum's Outline Series. Although he appears mild mannered, he is actually a fountain of scorching wit. (Are you ready for this Salty Sam?) Roger is known for his sparkling Polaris Patrol Pin and his quick, friendly smile (which also sparkles thanks to the D.Q. gang). Roger has decided on a rewarding career boring holes through the ocean as a Nuke.

LARRY WARRENFELTZ

Back in 1971 "Feltz" came down route 70 from Smithsburg planning to "Play football for Navy." Finding 300 other people (all faster than him) with the same plans, he turned instead to intramurals and made his mark as a brigade champion volleyball player. One of the original "Aqua-arocks," Larry somehow managed to pass all his swimming tests. Coach Higgins still says he swam the entire 40-minute test under water. Despite the fact that he pushed "grapefruit" for the Company rack title, and was never caught with a book during the weekend, Feltz still pulled down more than one 4.0. He'll do well in his chosen field of meteorology.

FRANK PAUL YASMENT

"Yaz," a high school hero from Lyon Mountain, New York, shed his 50 lb. letter sweater and left the "real world" to become a "middie." Frank validated the first three years here by signing out for varsity soccer on the "muster board of life." He set a USNA all time record by actually studying the required 30 hours per week which has won him the privilege of being a "USNA Day Student." Spending most of his time in the library Yaz dreams of graduating and "WWH" (his Wheels, his Women, and long Hair.) In the past, June Week would find our man "Down in the Dumps" but this year things will be different. Yaz wanted to become a marine till he found out that "Napalm sticks to kids." He's now eggbeaters. Yaz will make it . . . no matter who he's with.

GOOD
TIME
10

DANIEL J. AIKEN

Husky Dan didn't get his name for his size. A 5'6", 128 lb. product of Budweiser Breweries, New Hampshire, Dan joined the ranks of the Authors of famous Naval sayings by asking a certain company officer, "Doesn't anyone do anything here just to make us happy?" Husk is not what you'd think of as a model midshipman He's more of the outdoors type — a fine representative of the brigade's flower children. Second class summer he enlightened some of us with his brilliant demonstration of how to do those unmentionables in the woods

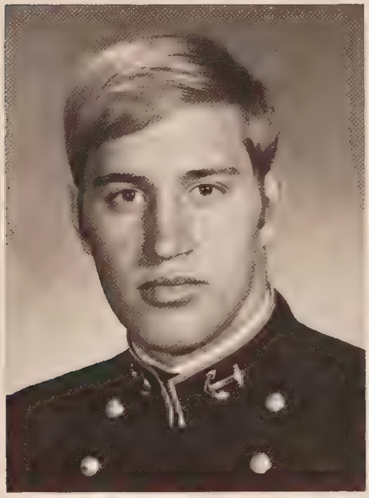
Husky's academic prowess and caustic wit kept us wondering about his future. Marriage seems imminent as do five quick years in the fleet followed by an extended tour in the wilderness of the Colorado Rockies

GEORGE Z. WILHOIT

George "ZZZACK" Wilhoit came from the sleepy village of Sacramento, California. He had no trouble getting used to the place and, in fact, slept through second class year. Zack actually has always been a very active man, be he working on a 4.0 or a brigade handball or squash championship. Zack has had two narrow escapes here. He almost went Marine Corps. and he had planned to get airborne wings. A bout with Mono prevented the latter, and a sudden flash of sanity saved him from the former Graduate education and Nuclear Power Training (Surface) are his immediate post-grad plans

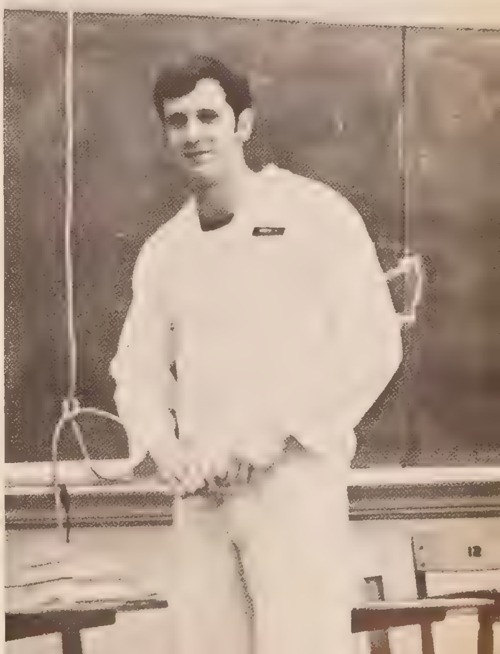
DANIEL A. WEHRLE

Dan Wehrle came to USNA from everywhere including Miami of Ohio. He still remembers how happy he was when he heard the news he would become a midshipman, and frequently asks himself the question, "Why was I happy?" Dan has always had a knack for covering himself to keep out of trouble. He even managed to lie, cheat, and steal himself the position of Brigade Honor Chairman. Nothing stops him. For all of us that know Dan, we wish him good luck always and thank him for making the last four years a little more bearable. It sure will be nice to see a smiling Marine.



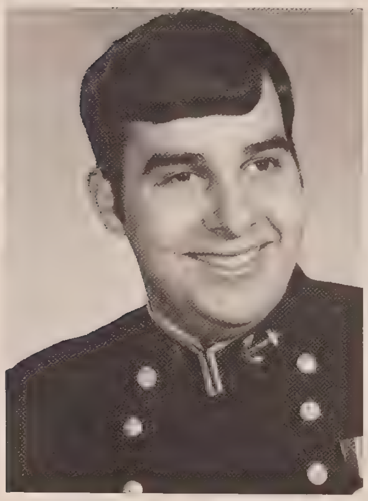
GLENN A. AMUNDSON

Glenn stepped out of a swimming pool in Waterloo, Iowa into the Disneylike world of the Academy. Glenn, however, was able to circumvent many of the unnecessary things here at Navy, i.e. marching and o-course, by having his knee smashed in fieldball. The injury did not hurt his social life, as he was able to: snake his friend at home, watch TV in a hotel room in Philly, smash a glass in New Orleans, go to the Triple S in Yokahamo, and have friendly relations with the natives in Hawaii. Tin Grin now looks forward to the day he can cram his expensive stereo and weights into his gas-guzzling Vette and roar (if the battery does not melt) onto U of I's campus in quest of his medical degree.



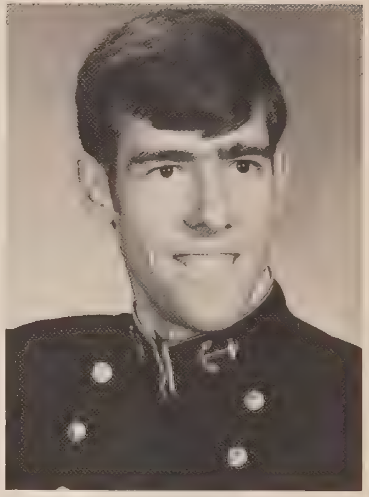
RICHARD R. ARNOLD

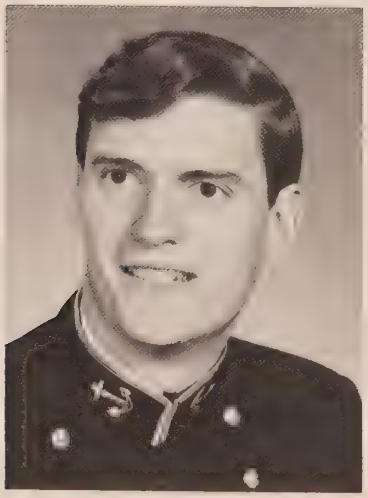
Ol' Big Dick squinted, snorted, shuffled, mumbled and sleezed his way into the Academy four years ago from Boonville (no **s**), Missouri. Rumor has it he had a copy of the physical enabling him to pass that exam. Digger is unchallenged as head "gougeman" at this institution. His nick name **"Big Dick"** tells you much about this particular midshipman depending on which word you stressed. His athletic expertise has been an asset to the company, especially in basketball, leading near-brigade championship teams to victory. Digger's aquatic ability is something to be desired . . . But Boone's true forté is his ability with women. If you thought Navy's score was good last year against Army (57-0) — Dick's was phenomenal. One particular young lady added a certain unforgettable color to B.D.'s life. Soon Dick will collect his rubber tubes, inside (him) joke, mount his "pimpmobile" and drive into the unavoidable oblivion of Navy life.



JAMES E. BURD

James E. Burd, known and loved by all as "The Burdman," hails from the sparkling city of Pittsburgh. Jamie's athletic prowess consists of a fantastic talent for 12 oz. curls, preferably "Iron City" brew. A true mill-honky at heart, James was never caught without his never ending wardrobe of overalls. Always bizarre and the life of the party, Jamie was tamed by "no-pants-Nance", "queen of the dance." James, who once said, "I'll never get married," was later heard to acclaim, "Hey guys, I got engaged!" As a member of the varsity wardroom team, Jamie moonlighted quite successfully as a naval architect. Service selection will find "The Burdman" joining "the birdmen" in a career of naval aviation.



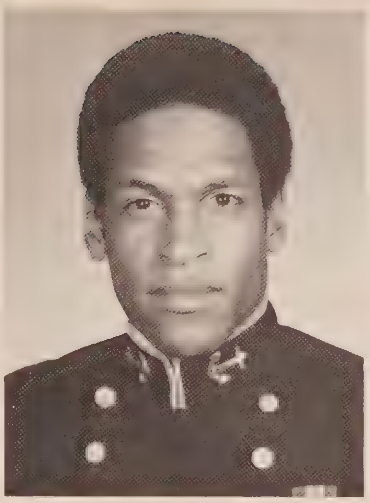


ROBERT F. BURNS

Big, Bad, Burly, Basketball Bouncing Bob (HCH) Burns, "Brooklynite," came to Academy with two things in mind . . . to play B-ball and have a good time . . . not doing too bad in either area. Big Bob's major, Economics, has had to take a back seat while he spends 6 grueling days a week on the court and of course, equal time in the local night spots, having a few brews with the boys. But Big Bob's weeks are not all work — sometimes he finds time to take in a little Monday night football or, garbage trucks permitting, get a little rack in during the day, or all else failing, maybe do a little homework. With any luck, the "Pork Chop" Corps will be graced with the "Gazelle of the Hoops," but for right now, Surface Line is looking mighty fine for at least a year.

DONALD GARRETT

Don will do anything for a laugh — that's why he came to Navy. From his auspicious beginning — when he saluted a commander in full football gear, **and** the commander returned the courtesy — I knew Toad was destined to a 5-year career of exemplary service and **moral** courage (upholding the traditions of the fishcake he is). Retiring from his position as roast ("most"?) rump on the meat squad, the Dumple has dedicated himself to becoming lewd, mean, and obscene. Fanatical by nature, Don's pastimes have become dieting, exercising, and arguing. Through the years, he has kept us smiling at adversity — as our only source of sanity. He'll be sorely missed. Toad's future is in Grape-Nuts and Marine Air.

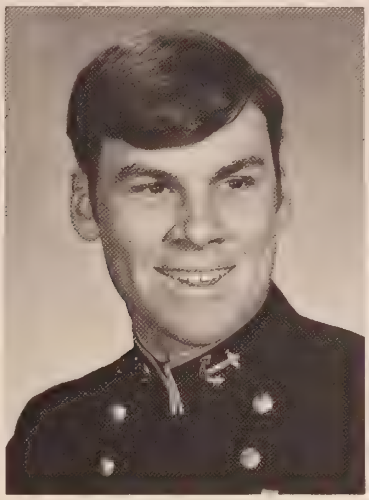


CHARLES HARGROVE

When Charlie arrived from Long Island, he was determined to make many new friends. He started out by learning the names of his contemporaries in the company in record breaking time, about the middle of Youngster year. Particularly active in company soccer and lightweight football, Grover was nevertheless no stranger to academics and many late hours with a book. Keeping his priorities straight, however, he was never one to remain needlessly at Mother B during liberty. Charlie is looking forward to a career in Naval Intelligence following a short pleasure cruise as a guest of the surface navy.

DAVID H. GOVE

D.A.'s arrival here was the culmination of his boyhood dreams. After 4 years of disillusionment and OA he is just about ready for the real world. A true student-athlete, he has logged in some serious rack time while displaying tremendous physical ability on the 12 oz. curls. A veteran of 12 intramural campaigns with B-Ball as his forte, he takes the ball to the hole with authority. But his party time has been severely curtailed this year by his OAO, who occupies most, (all) of his weekends 1/c year, because firsties get more libs than youngsters.



WILLAIM A. KELLY

Although he is extremely active during the summer, when the leaves begin to turn brown and the books start dragging his spirit down his eyelids grow heavy and Kell turns to the rack for the spiritual enrichment he finds there. Coming to the Academy from Rome, Georgia, Bill brought Loretta to pursue the happiness and peace of the open road. With a record of extreme success in everything from wearing out two popcorn poppers in one year and chair number two in a two man barber shop to perfecting the art of hibernation, one can only guess at what he will do to Navy Air.

DAVID A. HAMMER

When Dave reported to USNA from Bethlehem, Pa., he had to his credit several wrestling titles and a beat-up, two-tone International Scout.

"Hamms" no longer wrestles Navy foes; he prefers female friends — loves to take 'em to the mat.

Academically, "Sledge" has worked hard but come weekends, he's either in the field hunting and fishing, or on libs . . . hunting. Through it all, his Super Scout has remained faithful: it gets him through the bush — or to it — by making the paths of the wilds — or the sidewalks of D.C. — conquerable. Navy has only managed to increase his expertise at juggling hot items and burning the candle at both ends. With one FBM patrol behind him, "Boomer" looks to 5 more years of getting Rick-ed Over.

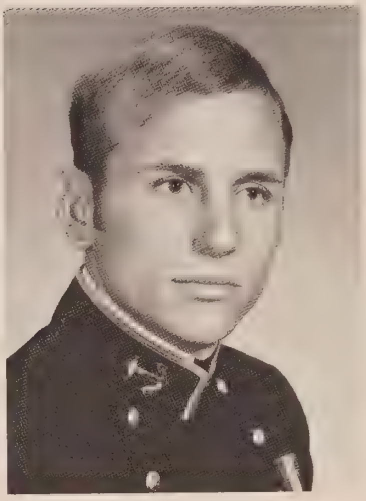
JOHN KITTLER

John came to us from the cornfields of Rock Island, Illinois, where he spent most of his early life roving over the nation's heartland. Here at Navy, he quickly adjusted to military life, as was evidenced by his capacity to attract work. John's good nature is readily apparent; as he has attracted a very sweet wife (yes John, we know you're hooked) for the past two years. Surface Line (preferably Nuclear Power) looks to claim John as a fine officer.

DONALD R. LAW

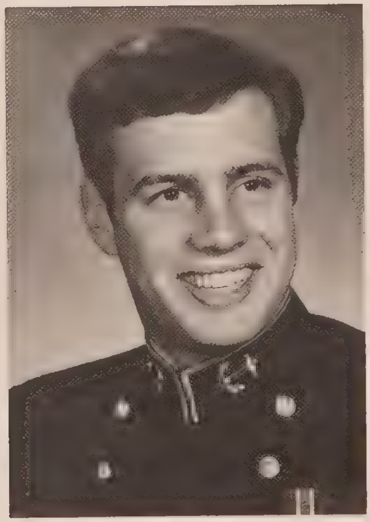
Don Law changed his roost from the famous Corn Palace of Mitchell, S.D. to USNA in the summer of '71. Since then "DOC" has managed to keep his friends entertained by his rare and electrifying performances; one of which consisted of the big prize in diving in New London. He is the recipient of a black N — needless to say. He is always good to have around when cars get stuck and makes an excellent navigator on 'borrowed' tractors. Don leaves behind 5,000 feet of used dental floss, 40 lbs. of sunflower seed shells, 2 blown speakers, a set of braces and his motto, "there isn't any place gouge can't be found."

For Service Selection DOC hopes to get his feet off the ground . . . **if** he ever gets to his feet.



MICHAEL R. LILEK

Lil scurried into the academy as a lad under Hops and Gil and has since upheld their fine tradition. Last to speak and first to be heard; Mike's wit has pierced the dark years of 'Spuds', 'the beod', and 'jobber.' His mannerisms fall smoothly into place among those things dear to him, a good book, a nice wine, and clancy's. Mike chose a difficult major and compares his grade point average and study habits to a sinusoidal curve. But how can you expect him to study in the library when there are no beds? Ernie has always been helpful to his buds — whether in the academics or after hours just past the seven mile limit. Mike heads for better things in fossil fuel. He leaves behind his comb, pomegranate, and four wisdom teeth!



MICHAEL S. LIPARI

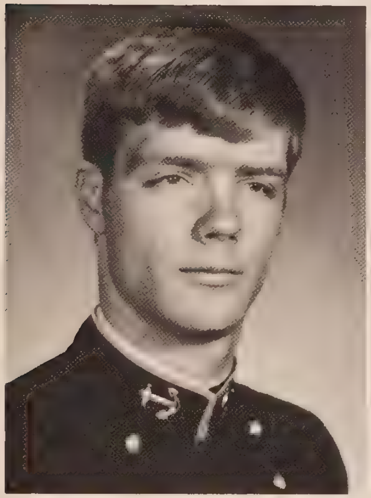
Few people would deny that it takes true dedication to forsake New Orleans and its French Quarter Streets for Annapolis and its Maryland Avenues, yet Mike did exactly that when he reported to USNA during that long hot summer of seventy-one. Mike always did well in academics and excelled in his chosen field of history, yet his true love was sports. His enthusiasm in competition was contagious and his knowledge of any sports topic unbelievable. Not satisfied with just playing on championship intramural teams, Mike coached company softball and basketball teams to undefeated regular season records in successive seasons. Of course there were downs as well as ups for Mike, but never anything so major that another date, or perhaps another day, couldn't handle. The indefatigable spirit which has served Mike so well at the Academy will undoubtedly carry him over anything the Marine Air program can offer, as long as they never forget that "the name's Michael."

CHRIS McCARTHY

He left Long Island and arrived at USNA in June of '71. While at the Academy he distinguished himself in two areas, financial management and academic prowess. In the financial department he usually managed to have December's pay check spent by September first. In academics he lived by the motto, "if the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum." Chris always skated on thin academic ice but always managed to wade the academic board by some miracle.

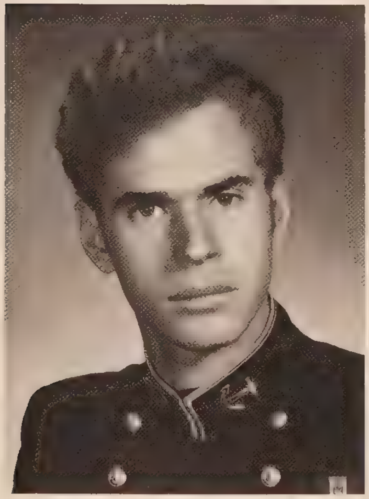
Aside from these two areas he will probably be most remembered for his "midnight ride" in the cemetery and for his ability to find a way to get by if there was a way to be found.

Service Selection will find Chris driving ships but his true love will always be driving tractors.



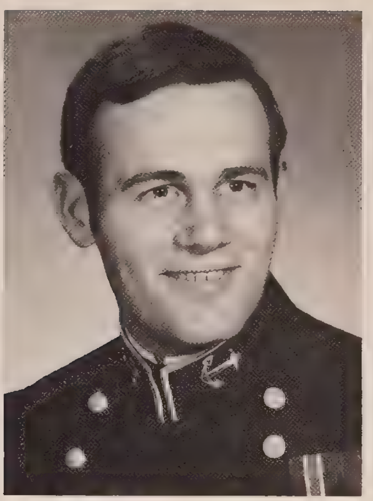
B. J. McCULLOUGH

B. J., III, straight from the coal mines of West Virginia, wanted to escape all those hippi freaks, decided to don the ears of Mickey Moose. "Bar," born with a bright red neck, is known for his tremendous ability to down 15 pitchers without straining the kidneys. B. J. has the distinct honor in this company of, being the only one with a used $700 engagement ring (worth at least $1,500, a deal), the only one with a used, just off the lot, TR6 (another deal), and being the world champion pencil thrower. We all here at the ranch hope B. J. fares well when he gets up agin those NUC Power jocks. He will always be remembered for his heuristic insight that produced his favorite saying, "This *?@Z#!! place is amazing."



BRUCE E. MILLER

Bruce rolled in from the great state of Kansas in '71 and shortly thereafter destroyed every academic validation test the academy could muster. In his first week he completed plebe academics and moved on to help the struggling upperclass survive their academic routine. First class year found him with his head in the clouds (working on his Trident project of course). With little challenge from the academic world, Bruce took up fencing and battled for Navy for three years before trading his sword in on a car. Admiral Rickover will be lucky to have Bruce in his program and we hope Nuc School will give him at least a little bit of a challenge.

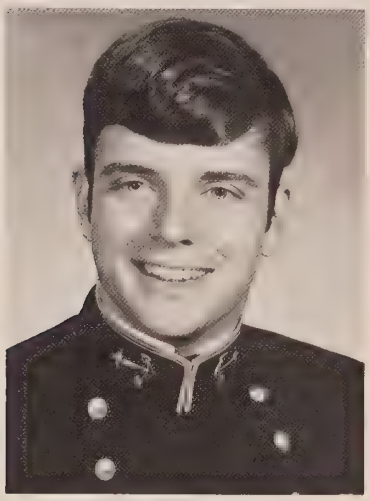


MARK A. MORISON

Four years out of California, Wink was afforded the opportunity to debark with the New Zealand Navy and apply all that he had learned at the Academy. He did. Five cents a drink and two months later he had accumulated a ninety dollar bill. Well learnt Mark, that's eighteen hundred drinks!

A master of pacifism procured at great risk in Japan, B B Morison spends most of his time high on life. When forced to acknowledge Earth, he can be found travelling, skinny-dipping, E.D.'ing, speaking of 'Milo,' acting rude crude and unattractive or selling raffle tickets.

Looking down to subs Wink says, "I just want to do it, who cares how deep."

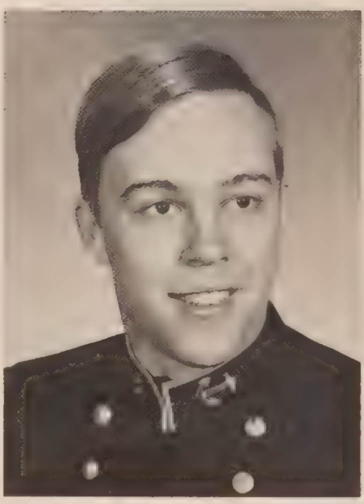


LYNN F. OSTER

Lynn, one of Marion, Illinois' finest and a small town boy all the way, was a monumental challenge to USNA. It took four long years to complete the metamorphosis and, Voila! Ensign Lynn, small town man. Never one to waste time, Oyst quickly made known his great taste in clothes and total lack of ethics. As a charter member of the company Black "N" Club, he found plenty of time to study between restriction musters and plenty of time to talk between taps and reveille. Too bad he was usually asleep. June week will bring Lynn to the altar, although no one is sure just who the blushing bride will be. At last count Connie (another of Marion's finest) and his custom van (one of Dodge's finest) were running neck and neck. No one knows just what the future will bring but Navy Air is a good bet for five years of Lynn's time.

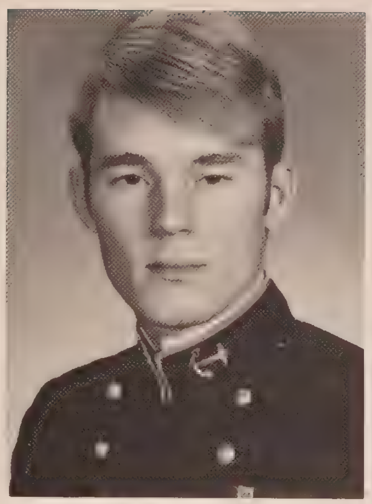
DAVID W. ROGERS

Washing the salt from his hair and the sand from his skin, Dave stepped from the beaches of San Diego to the deserts of Annapolis early in the summer of seventy-one. Jettisoning an engineering major in the early going, Dave soon topped the class in operations analysis, and through extraordinary feats of El managed to bring much of the rest of the company through the rigors of Navy academics as well. Dave ended seven years of chlorine and competitive swimming his second class year when he hung up his towel and left the varsity squad to devote himself full time to company sports. We wish Dave the best of luck in Admiral Rickover's program and we hope when he reads this, some day in the distant future, that he has paid off his car.



W. P. SCHENZEL

Schenz decided at the ripe old age of 22 that Milwaukee, Schlitz, and the Pack were not all this world has to offer. So, in an attempt to see the world, Bill joined the Navy and ended up at Disneyworld, U.S.A. After three tough years of sleeping, eating, and sometimes swimming, Schenz decided to change his image so he changed his name from W to W. P., brought his "woman" to Annapolis, and had three operations on his face — what some people won't do for a Kirk Douglas look. A special thanks from his roommate for making this zoo a little more livable. May you be forever blessed with strong wings and a cold drink.



GEORGE STRATMANN

In the summer of '71, "Buffalo" Chip was forced to leave his Stetson, boots, and spurs in Corpus Christi, Texas, in exchange for four fun-filled years at USNA. Plebe Year he was candidly asked, "What are you famous for?" to which he replied "Nothing yet, Sir!" Chip has excelled in minimizing study, marching, and his share of not-so-good "Navy Good Deals" . . . one wonders how he found time for all his accomplishments?!! One day he let his secret be known. "It took many hours of hard work in applying a popular management process: the do-nothing theory of maximum gain for minimum effort." Being a fairly successful advocate of this doctrine, Chip failed in some areas: SCUBA, Hop Committee, Varsity Sailing, and Varsity Pistol. The weekend usually found Chip either joy-riding in one of his two Porsches or joy-riding a pretty lass from Baltimore. As for the future . . . Chip thinks he's one of the few the Marines are looking for.

DAVID S. SHEPHERD

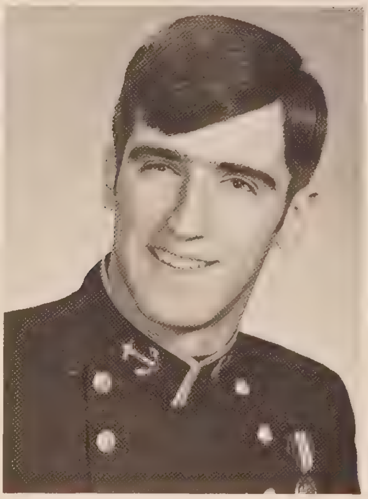
Huntington, New York's gift to Surface Line, Dave has shown us that this Naval Officer is also a hard-working gentleman with a classic touch. Dave has been pursuing the elusive 4.0 these past few years. That is not to say he is the all work dull boy; he found time on Friday nights to drive the watch squad nuts with Bach, Handel, et. al. This good sport has also found time for the mask and foil of a swordsman and this and Suzanne have him well fenced-in. His good nature is evident by this, as he has had the same hard-headed "wife" for the better part of three years.

JOHN R. SZYMANSKI

John, hailing from a nebulous town in Pennsylvania, began his tour at USNA by becoming the first man in his class to become NPQ shortly after his arrival. Although plagued with this misfortune, John quickly rose to the heights of success by being recognized as the foremost expert in ordnance and is locally recognized as the company computer jock. He's famous for knowing the value of a dollar by being the only member of his class to own a used car. Even if it is a "Mercedes Benz." Taking into consideration his experience gained through many of his "cloak and dagger" exploits, especially those in Nimitz Library, Ski has decided to become the Sherlock Holmes of Naval Intelligence/Security after graduation.

PAUL S. STANLEY

Steve Stanley known to most as "Stan" and to that blond on 3-1 as "Stevie" came from the Metropolis of Doylestown, Ohio. Steve may be the only guy to ever have his fiancée and car within 100 yds. of his room for 2 years. It was not until first class year was Steve able to find peace and quiet as an out of company striper away from "give me a hair cut" and "where's the popcorn." Having done quite well in all phases of Academy life (even to post a perfect record as football coach of a Batt team, 0-5), Stan plans on finding out if Submariners really do it deeper. We all wish them (Steve and Jean) the best of luck in the future whatever it may bring.



KEVIN E. WALLACE

Kevin E. Wallace, affectionately known as "Kiwi" has hailed from many places. His love for wanderlust is probably the only excuse we can figure for Kiwi's choice to go down to the sea. His first impressions of the Naval Academy were marred by hours of E.D., but now he's made amends and is chalking up hours of tin-tipping — as long as he isn't tied down by one of his many brunettes. With qualifications that include an ever-smiling face, a flawless bank account, and lifetime membership in the "Partius Maximus club," Kevin should have it easy as a Navy NFO — as long as the guy in the front seat knows where he's going.

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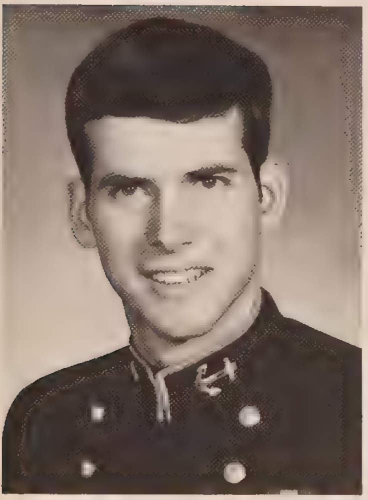
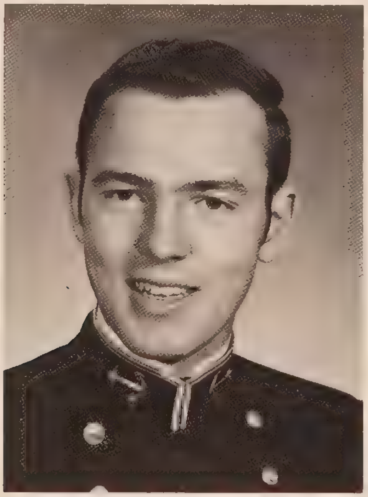


JAMES ARTHUR BELLARD

No man is an Island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main; if Clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the lesse as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a mannor of they friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee

— John Donne



ROGER G. BLUMMER

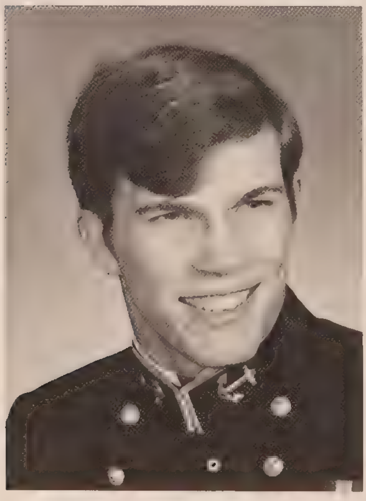
Roger ventures to 'Canoe U' from the suburbs of Chicago. Plebe year brought many challenges to Roger, or Blumms, as he is sometimes known. One of God's favorites, Roger divided his time between the "good book" and studying (sometimes in the wrong proportions). Blumms found academics his greatest challenge next to people. Being very professional, Roger was always known for his proper RT procedures, ("wait one", "say again"). His friendliness and love of people should make him a good addition to which ever branch he chooses

MARK LINCOLN BUMGARDNER

Coming out of high school to USNA, Mark was an achieving young man. Although Plebe year was tough, he put in his every effort to shine. In these four short years he has majored in Oceanography maintaining a high QPR. He has won the coveted N* in baseball as a pitcher. He has won the T-shirt ripping contest. In fact, he has worked hard to be best in everything, even golf in which he has done very well. There is only one more thing to exceed in, and he will prove himself outstanding as a Naval Officer. Good luck Mark.

STEPHEN CRAIG BUTLER

Steve, colloquially known as "Cool Butts," is a product of a red-neck little town, Sharpsville, Indiana. He brought some interesting views to the Academy, not unlike his background. While his forte was not academics, he had unmitigated stamina for studying, many a time keeping his roommate awake until the early morning hours. "Cool" was infamously known from Indiana to Florida as a heartbreaker of young women; but as first class year rolled around he had settled down to just two loves: Sharon and his big yellow "truck." If "Butts" heeds his fates (i.e. he stays away from Mary Washington College and doesn't overindulge in "gasoline") his success will be unmeasurable.



MARK S. DISNEY

Dizman originally came to USNA from Glen Ellen, Illinois. The "Knarl," as he is often referred to, has frequently threatened many a Plebe who wished to carry him out to a pep rally. Known and loved by all of his classmates, Diz was always conscious of his academics, mainly because of the "Academic Warnings" printed on his inter-semester grade reports. But he always managed to pull it out when he went for all of the marbles. USNA will never be the same when the "King Turd" departs with his title and tennis balls in hand

STEVEN CRAIG ESTES

A well rounded individual especially in the area of his gluteous maximus; takes resentment towards anyone who teases him of it. Known to have set Academy records for both hours logged in the rack sleeping and hours logged in the wardroom watching T.V.

Born an Illinoisan he is a strong Illini and Chicago Bear fan. He is also a dedicated sportsman, as he loves football, swimming, fieldball, baseball, and game hunting. Participated in Navy football 3 of his 4 years at the Academy.

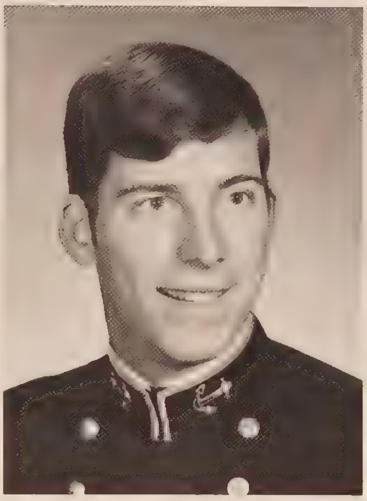
Had it not been for his electing to attend USNA he would have never met his fiancée, Miss Jane Morris, daughter of the former Commandant of Midshipmen, RADM Max K. Morris. His fiancée gave him the nickname of Beap and the reason is self-explanatory. Upon graduation he'll go Naval Aviation.

HOWARD W. GUTZMAN

"Howie" came down to USNA from the hills of Vermillion, South Dakota. After attending the University of South Dakota for a while, Howie accepted the challenge of the "Home of Midshipmen." During Plebe summer "Gutz" always seemed to have the gouge and "Howie says" became a popular expression. With the aid of his logical thinking, math background, and enthusiasm for the computer, he was able to overcome the major obstacle of Systems Engineering. In the future "Howie With Gouge" plans to continue playing with the computer from an N.F.O.'s seat miles above Admiral Rickover's Navy.

BERND ALWIN FOERSTER

The spirit of St. Louis had a different mission this time; to become a graduate of the United States Naval Academy — though the weather has been stormy at times, Berny's dedication and perseverance have steadied him well for his four. Having an enormous appetite for playing the game, Christmas leave returns have not been his calling. A generosity that sets him apart, seems uncharacteristic with a thrift that is ever watchful. Mechanical engineering seems to have lost the hard fought battle and it gives Berny a deep satisfaction that he has truly earned. Legs has always been a mid of action. None the less, the one thing he won't fly is the "Bug." Berny is friends with all and his true service selection is Sue.



THOMAS B. HILL

Up, up and away are the best words to describe T. B. Hill. From the minute he came to Canoe U., his only desires were to fly and get that shiny-blue Corvette. Never a one for hard work and spending much of his time in the rack T. B. managed to B.S. his way through the Academy. You could always count on Tom for some thrilling tall tales about soaring, fishing, crew, and girls. Tom finally settled down when he met that certain sweet chick but she didn't tame him enough when it came to flying or goofing around. Always good for a laugh Tom will be remembered for his all-night term papers, antagonizing his roommate, and his busted stereo receiver.

RONALD JOSEPH FRIGO

Freegs came to the old boat school from Chicago in a beer truck. He became a very dedicated student in a "bull" major and easily attained an average over 3.0. He was affectionately known by his roomies as "mama" because of his good housekeeping habits. Ron was best known for blindly obeying the most ridiculous of orders even when given by a midshipman striper. He will always be remembered for burning out girls faster than he could find new ones to date, and his "Superman" physique. The Academy will never be the same without Mama

FRANCIS JOSEPH KEARNEY

The Rotund Cherub has shuffled nonchalantly down that narrow perilous path leading to graduation, adroitly outmaneuvering the academic department and even being named to the prestigious Commandants Five Best Dressed roster his first class year. Coming to Annapolis four years ago as a lacrosse recruit from Bel Air, Md., Frank found his ultimate calling on the hoops court and on the company fields of gnarldom. His vast storehouse of "baseball" knowledge is legendary among the plebes, sports trivia a forté

Never a man to turn down a beer or to offer one, Frank firmly established himself as a fearless sort with one eye always open for the OOD, a favorite of his classmates. Navy Air and an impatient fiancée will claim Frank on graduation

LAVERNE R. LOVELL

"Always, being a woman, she [Fortune] favours **young** men, because they are less circumspect and more ardent, and because they command her with greater audacity."

— Machiavelli

". . . our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously for something out of life, that while it is expected is already gone — has passed unseen, in a sigh, in a flash — together with the **youth,** with the strength, with the romance of illusions."

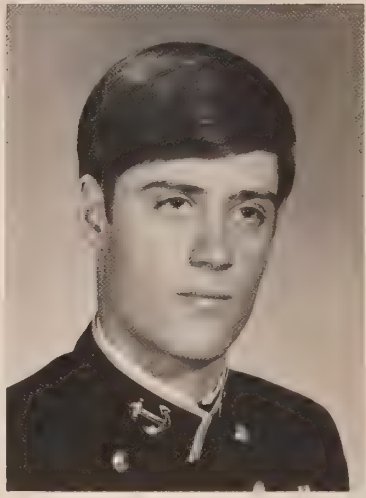
— Joseph Conrad

JOSEPH MARK LAMBRIGHT

Lambo, hailing from Wilmington, Delaware, has proven to be a little short on physical stature, but not much else. As a result of his belt buckle view of the world, Mark came to be known as "The Sandblower." Lambo is known for several things, among which are his captaincy of the gym team, a keen wit, his taking of "special libs" and a rare compassion for all. Always adhering to the low profile concept, Lambo could go unnoticed for weeks at a time. The biggest moment of Mark's career at the Academy will undoubtedly be when he drives his orange "Crow-Vette" out for keeps.

WILLIAM MERRELL

Hailing from the Windy City, Muffman left many a young girl with a tear in her eye when he came to Disneyland on the Severn. His first three years here were devoted to books and football; mostly the latter as can be seen by his QPR. Will was an easy person to find if you needed him. If he wasn't in the rack in the afternoon he was at WRNV. If he wasn't in the rack in the morning he was out practicing the rifle manual from 5:30 to 6:30. If Muff keeps his head and goes Navy Air he will be a fine addition to the fleet. If not, at least there will be one good man in the Corps.



ALBERT JACKSON MONGER, JR.

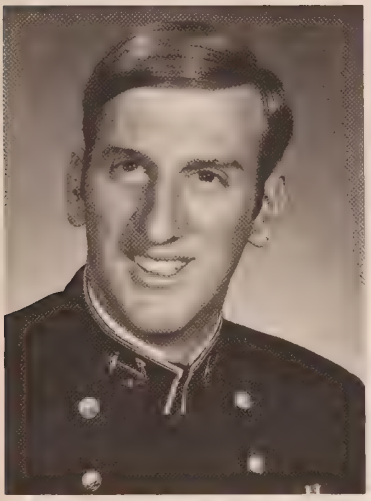
Jackson left the good old sunny beaches of California and immediately established himself at USNA. Known for his heavy beard, long hair, and numerous scrapes with the Youngsters Plebe year he nevertheless managed to stay out of serious trouble. If he wasn't participating in various sports from Plebe crew to brigade boxing, he could be found catching some rays on the Red Beach. One of the first to own a car, he was also the first to get it stolen. A lover of good Daiquiris and cute girls, Jack will definitely go a long ways in the Navy.

DONALD FREDERICK MOOREHEAD

Don came to the Naval Academy from Virginia Beach, Va. straight out of high school with only one nickname — "Butch." Quickly, however, "Butch" came to be known by a variety of nicknames including "Head", "Narl", "Schlong", "Schlonger", "Schlonghead", and "Toad."

While at the Academy, "Head" majored in Marine Engineering and attained better than a 3.0 average. His sporting interest was always in contact sports such as football, fieldball, and Lacrosse — no volleyball for this "Narl."

Well liked by his classmates, "Head" will be missed after graduation when he goes to Pensacola to pursue a career in Naval Aviation. A flying Toad?



PIERRE J. ORTIZ, JR.

'Pete' came to the boat school from two well qualified backgrounds. First he was a California boy, and second he came straight from three tough years at the Marine Military Academy in Harlingen, Texas, which left him well prepared for the rigors of Plebe year.

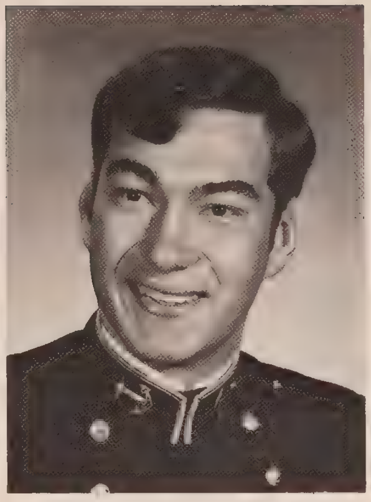
Pete had an easy time Plebe year as he soon learned to master the system and take advantage of his exceptional good luck which followed him everywhere, whether in the hall, or on the Severn stroking a crew shell, or at an away football game in Atlanta.

'Ortz's' luck seemed to falter 2/c year when he won a Black 'N' two times in a six month period. But his good naturedness and easy going personality saved him from the monotony of being locked in 'Mother B' for 60 days and almost as many nights. However, when it appeared to many that his good luck was all gone, Pete proved them all wrong by finding Cathy at a Sunday afternoon mixer.

A candidate for the Marine Corps since the day he set foot in Annapolis, "Tuna" certainly has a fantastic and exciting career to look forward to and a wonderful girl to share it with.

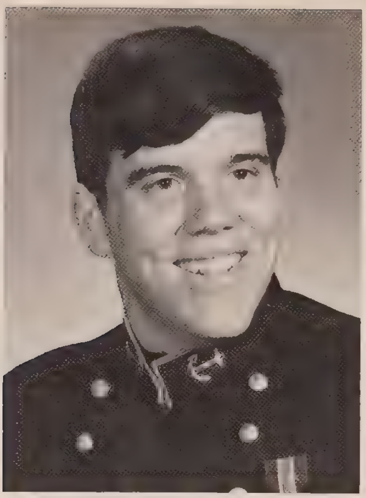
LESTER EUGENE RYAN

Les came to Annapolis by way of Southern Maryland. Being the self-proclaimed and often-proved Gnarl that he is, he has had little trouble sliding through his four years, doing just what had to be done. His loose manner and "don't panic" attitude have proved that life, in general, is really not a "bitch" after all. A gifted athlete, Les could be found on a different intramural team each season. Leave periods usually found Lester on his way to Ohio, or Ohio on his way to see him. Upon graduation, the Navy will gain an excellent Pilot.



WILLIAM E. SEIBEL

Even though "Fast Eddie" came from Louisville, Kentucky, we liked him enough to allow him to be our first company commander. A solid Corps man from Day One. He was one of those Engineering majors who some day wants to be a lawyer. His memories of this place will include Civil War battles during the summer, fights with the Plebes during Pep-Rallies and attempts at boxing and crew. But the rest of us will always remember him as a young man dedicated to truth and justice, and just being himself.



LYNDEN DUANE WHITMER

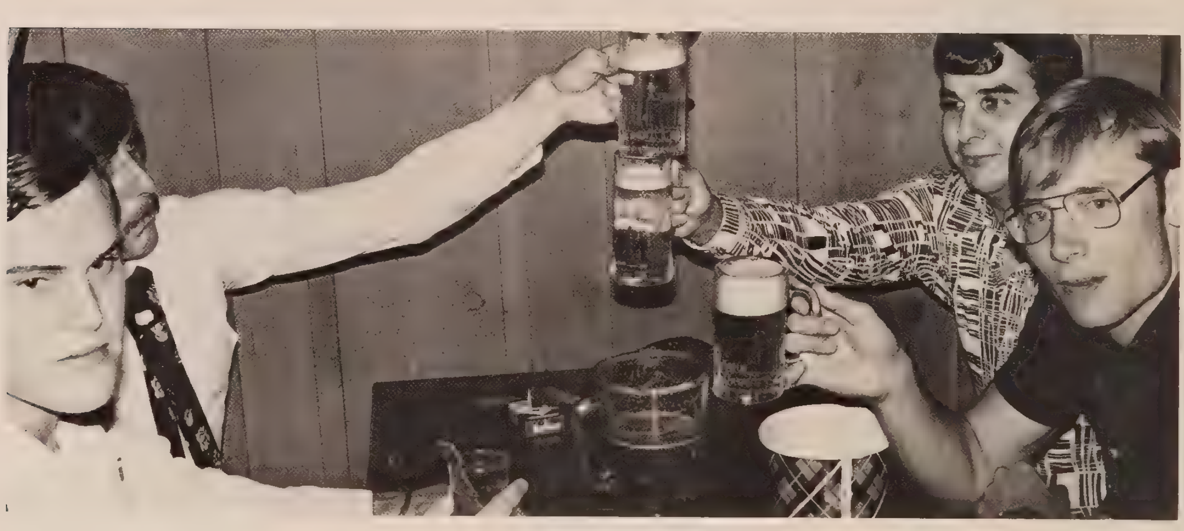
Lyn, better known as "Whit" or "Blimpie" came to the UNcollege from Staunton Military Academy. His actual place of residence is now being decided by the states of Tenn. and N.J. Being a Plebe Jock Whit became one of the three infamous HOGMEN of '75. If there was a critical factor to help him choose his major (General Engineering) it was fifteen semester hours his Youngster year. The only N* he earned was a black one from the St. Valentine Day's Massacre USNA style. Only two troubles were ever encountered by Whit. One was being mistaken for his roommate when they weren't together. (The duo known as the Golddust Twins, Dynamic Duo, Bubsie Twins, etc.) and two JEANS/DUNGAREES. One still wonders if Whit will ever be able to wear civilian clothes. A real fun loving guy with a good nature he split his time hunting gouge and racking. Navy air will get a fine officer if they find a plane big enough for him and his Corvette

EDWARD S. ZAPOLSKI

Ed, better known as Zap hails to us from the "Polish Iron Men" of Don-Bosco High School in New Jersey Zap came to Navy to play football however, after 2 years, 3 two-a-days, and 1 tooth later he decided to become a Navy Officer might be easier. This however didn't change his jack attitude so his classmates ray in those character builders called 54-alphas Speaking of character builders, Zap has the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre including a Black "N" Star, and 21 hours, to show how character is really formed here at Navy, but that was standard in those knicker years in Bite the Bullet Nick D's company. Of course it's not all work here at Navy. Zap found the real meaning of Army-Navy weekend Youngster year, now there's more in Philly than meets the eye. Then there was his alcoholic indoctrinations during second class summer and of course we wouldn't want to forget all that rack-time, those "hard" nights at Ho Jo's and an overwhelming love for Emmersons. Soon after 2/c year began he ordered his Corvette and it's been all down hill since. He finally came into his own 1/c year, car, O'Club, and duty, and lots of Gravey (those EGE majors never did have it very hard) This could last forever but I think if there's one statement that could describe his way of living it's 'If the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum "

RANDEL L. ZELLER

"It is not the critic who counts," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions and spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows the triumph of high achievement; and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."



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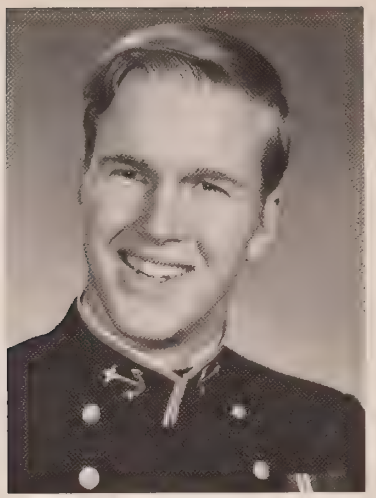
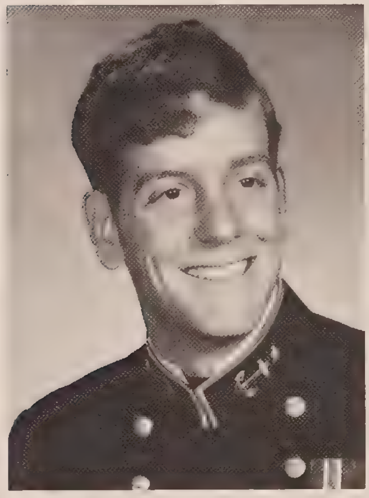


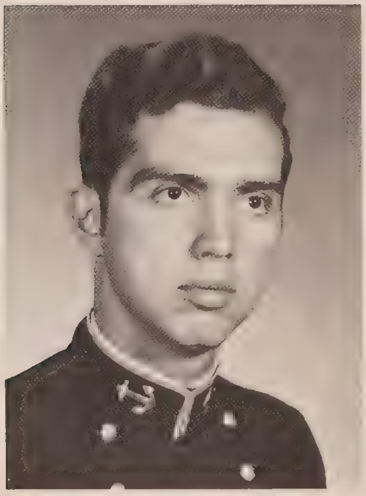
JAMES BOYER

J. B. came to the sunny shores of Canoe U. from the wilds of Rockville, Connecticut. After surviving a rigorous and uneventful Plebe and Youngster year, he became the roommate of the infamous — mobile, agile and hostile White Whale. After the Whale's departure he decided to pick up his OD Qual as Commanding Officer of the 12th Co. Wardroom. He now looks forward to becoming one of the "Winged Wonders" of the fleet after graduation.



DONALD MORRIS BURKS

Waging a four year struggle to get the best from himself, Don left Hawaiian waters to look for that something more at USNA. He hung up his bathing suit at the end of Plebe year to spend extra time in his search for the Orient and branch into new and untried things. After a diverging path Youngster year, Don settled back to take from the Academy all he could and leave his sometimes unorthodox ways as his mark. A hard worker and persistent in both his studies and athletics, Don has prided himself in working to his full potential and should do well in the years to come.

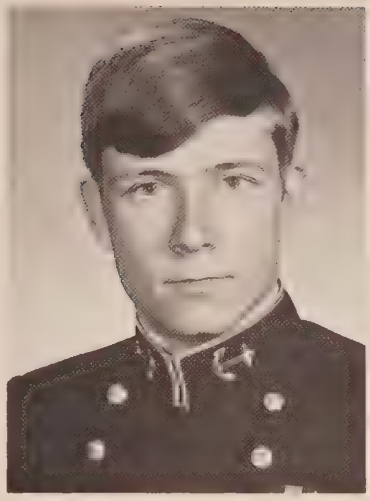


JAMES W. CRANDALL, JR.

Jim has gained many a pet name in his USNA career; Sugar Bear, Polar Bear, Rodger the Dodger, etc. All obtained through his expertise or eccentricities in various areas. A music lover from day-one, he bestowed his all-state trombone honors on the D&B for two years, before throwing them over for his beloved Miami Dolphins and Monday night football. He can still be seen, however, frequenting the area's various music concerts. Seriously, Jim's math major has found him forever in search of Epsilons and Deltas. I think he found them with "Hyman and the NUC's" who welcomed him with open arms. Good luck to a sure lifer.

JAMES JOHN CUFF, JR.

"JJ" took his time getting to USNA by way of Camden County Community College, Trenton State and finally a year at **MAPS** before entering Canoe U as one of the "old men" of the Brigade. "JJ" managed to acquire Mathematics as his major, and with the minimum of effort has succeeded in remaining barely above the 2.0 level. Between Varsity Track, Public Relations Committee President, Company Hop rep and stays of duration on excuse squad, "JJ" has acquired the art of bagging USNA, including the majority of P-rades and Thursday noon-meal inspections since that day in June 1971. June Week will see "JJ" gain a long sought after diploma and begin a promising career as a Marine NFO.



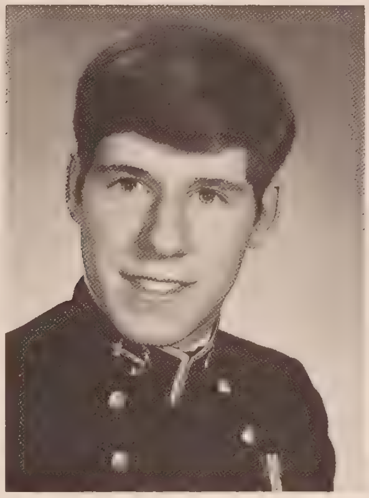
CHARLES WILLIAM KENNARD, JR.

Chuck (Choo-choo) came to USNA from Fayetteville, North Carolina. Finding himself more apt at "bull" than slide rules or steam tables, Chuck chose History for a major. He spent most of the next four years studying, sleeping, chasing girls, and trying to convince people that the south did not really lose the "War of Northern Aggression." Although, unsuccessful at this last endeavor, he did prove that it is possible to graduate from Canoe U without being fried. A true believer in the saying: you rate what you get away with. Bad eyes ended hopes of being a pilot, but Chuck decided being a NFO isn't a bad way to pass the time until he can get into law school.

JAMES HOOD

"O taste and see that the Lord is good; how blessed is the man who takes refuge in Him!
I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make its boast in the Lord; The humble shall hear it and rejoice.
O magnify the Lord with me, And let us exalt his name together.
Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing;
Thou hast loosed my sackcloth and girded me with gladness;
That my soul may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent.
O Lord my God, I will give thanks to Thee forever."

Psalm 34:1-4, 8
Psalm 30:11, 12



JOHN R. LANGAN

St. Louis, Mo.

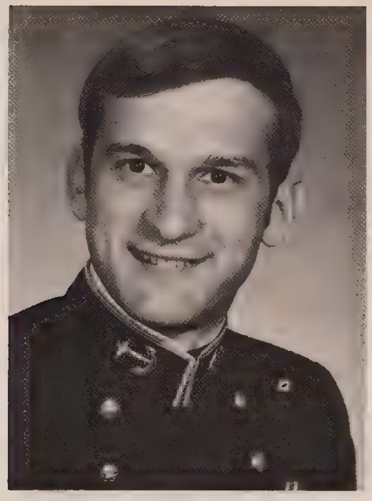
Hailing from the city of the 'Golden Arches,' the "Kernel" pinched a loaf in the Annapolis area just in time to catch the class of '75. After four terrific years of dabbling in the fine arts and the good life, the 'Kid Squid' seeks a role as a damn steamer aboard a Mississippi River Queen or bowing to his Mother's request — a storekeeper aboard the Guano Islands.

BERNARD STEWART HUMMEL

Transiting from the booming metropolis of Evon, Ohio, "Bernie" entered the hallowed halls of the Uncollege in search of the better way. Throughout his active career as a typical Mid, Mr. Hummel continued to be bombarded with a barrage of nicknames. He has been affectionately labeled with a variety of adjectives since his first encounter with Naval Academy inhabitants. A quickly compiled list of these nicknames would include such descriptive clauses as "Space Cadet", "Morroio Mole", "Brad", and a more recent, "Dr. Hugh-mele." By working diligently at his studies between periods of prolonged rack and overcoming any damaging side effects of "tube" originated radiation poisoning, Bernie has successfully completed the staunch requirements for parchment day. Someday soon he may be seen leading fearlessly, little green men into battle or ornamenting the back seat of one of those magnificent flying machines in the great "Green Air." We all wish Bernie the best of luck in finding "the root of all evil."

THOMAS MEAD

Seven five five eight, six three



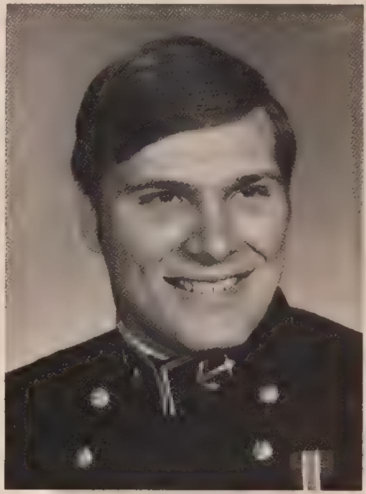
GARY LEE MILLER

Annapolis, Md.

Life is half what you make it, and half how you take it.

ROGER K. MOORE

Roger "Ruski" Moore descending from the bombing metropolis of Livonia, Michigan swaggered into the quiet atmosphere of Annapolis, Md. for a confrontation with 150 years of tradition. In order to afford a diversion from the vigorous routine of Naval Academy life, Roger's roommate, after two years of "almost" total dedication, took up the quieting hobby of rodent rearing (docile and delectable little gerbils) only to find they were cannibalistic in nature. Roger's leadership abilities were not overlooked when he received a field promotion, first set, first class year and given the command of the 12th co. Under his direction the company was inspirited to achieve a second place finish in the Brigade fall color competition. With all intentions of someday flying, Roger has placed himself in a category of "a few good men."



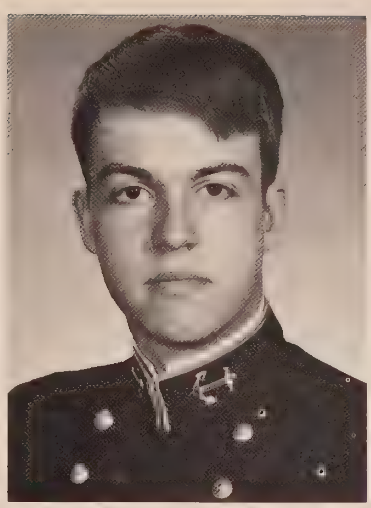
TONY M. MUSCHARA

Praise the Lord! For all who fear God and trust in him are blessed beyond expression. Yes, happy is the man who delights in doing his commands. His children shall be honored everywhere, for good men's sons have a special heritage. He himself shall be wealthy, and his good deeds will never be forgotten. When darkness overtakes him, light will come bursting in. He is kind and merciful — and all goes well for the generous man who conducts his business fairly.
Such a man will not be overthrown by evil circumstances. God's constant care of him will make a deep impression on all who see it. He does not fear bad news, nor live in dread of what may happen. For he is settled in his mind that Jehovah will take care of him. That is why he is not afraid, but can calmly face his foes. He gives generously to those in need. His deeds will never be forgotten. He shall have influence and honor.

— Psalm 112:1-9

DANIEL ALAN NELSON

Upon receiving a presidential appointment to the "Boat School," while at Zama American High School in Nippon, Dan the "Mor**man**," was compelled to the field of Oceanography, but still he kept his interests in aviation having not received a much-desired appointment to USAFA. After a year with Secky and a few casual "brown-noses" from George and Tom, Dan found the time to develop his vocal talent through his active role with the Glee Club and to pursue his design aspirations with the Masqueraders. Although he usually "flunked" the Applied Strength, he did make a good pitcher of "gleep," win an occasional game of "Lo Man," and he often indulged in avid listening to his roommate's harmonious singing. Probably most noted as the "Continental Breakfaster" (alias "C.B."), Dan is a dedicated Naval Aviator and hopes to become based in the "only state with great, sunny beaches," California.

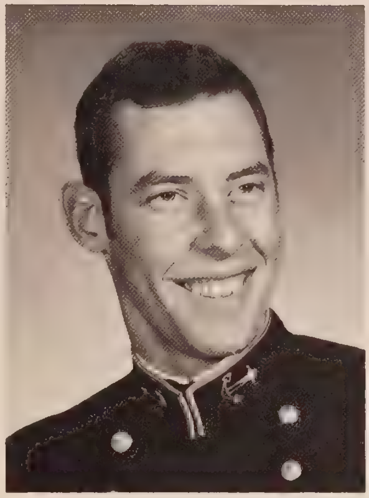


GORDON MERRIAM ROESLER, JR.

"Bronco" in the hot summer . . . Physics and E.I. for classmates . . . survival, discovering the world on Youngster cruise . . . sailing and shooting to keep from studying too much . . . the "Youngster Slump" . . . two types of ships in the world, submarines and targets . . . two girls as a segundo, only one left after Christmas . . . destined for matrimony and Nuke Puke School, Post-grad later . . . twenty-one years of Annapolis couldn't dull the joy of graduating . . . forty and out, if Ann stays domesticated.

LAWRENCE A. NEWCOMER

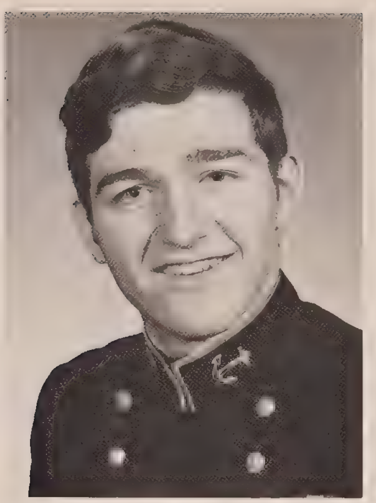
Larry, more commonly known by his friends as "Newk," left the tranquil surroundings of Widber, Pa. ready to challenge the not so tranquil halls of Mother B. Leaving his star studded days as a "Rambler," Newk made his debut at USNA as a promising member of "Big Blue." After careful consideration, he decided to leave this life and devote his time to being an Oceanographer (?). In more recent days, we were all glad to see the Battalion placed in such competent hands as Newk earned the title of the infamous "Dr. Know." Upon completion of his duties here at Severn State, the Newk will trade in his traditional ensemble of black on black for a lighter shade of green. Future days will see him screaming over head as a member of the mean green flying machines.



SCOTT W. SARGEANT

STEPHEN ALAN O'BRIEN

After spending a good portion of his life in Canada, "O.B." came to USNA as the 9th alternate for a Congressional appointment from New Jersey. Since then he has proved that it was no mistake to pull him from such depths. Steve has excelled in such things as hockey, football, English, government vehicle driving, Koolaid procuring, and hamster husbandry. As he plowed through his Oceanography matrix, one thought always came back to haunt him, "I should have been an English major!" Joseph Addison once wrote, "There are three essentials to life: someone to love, something to do, and something to hope for." Steve loves Marty, will be flying with the eagles (or sea gulls) in Pensacola, and hopes to be the best A-7 pilot the world has ever seen.



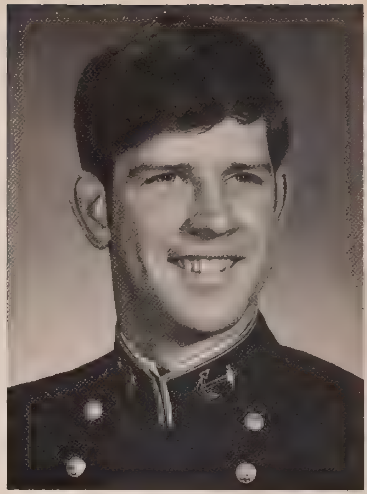
DENNIS P. SAVONAROLA

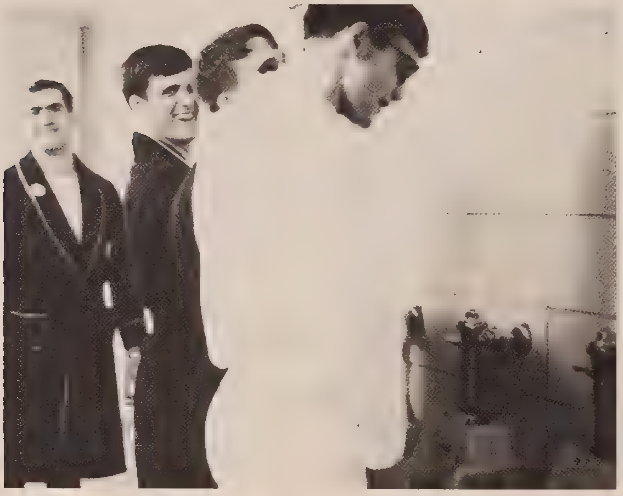
Dennis Pacifico Savonarola flew into the hearts of his classmates one June day in 1971 on the bos flaps of a "Savon's Delicatessen" chow package. The real 12th recon never had it so good.

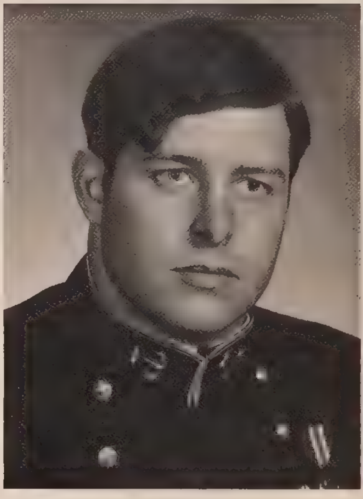
Aqua Rock splits his off the rack time between Judo, a sweet brunette from fair Baltimore, and his beloved USNA swimming pool.

We hope Pacifico can fly better than drive his deceased Sport Coupe, but then, kids don't run stop signs on you in the big blue sky.

Watch those curves and corners and fly high on Navy.







STEPHEN A. TURNER

Our principal talent is the ability to apply ourselves to various practices. It is existing but not living to keep ourselves obliged by necessity to a single course. The fairest souls are those that have the most variety and adaptability. Here is an honorable testimony . . . He had a mind so equally versatile for all things that whatever he was doing, you would say he was born for that one thing alone.

— Montaigne

KEITH MICHAEL ZWINGELBERG

Keith, or Zwing as he is better known, vaulted into Canoe U from the sun basked plains of Phoenix, Arizona. Although he chose Oceanography as a major, he decided Youngster year that he wanted to become a doctor. After pulling all strings available, and then some, it seems certain he will succeed. An outstanding member of Navy's super track team, "The Berg" looks like a miniature Milky Way walking, bow leggedly, about the halls. A really goofy guy at times, with an outstanding future wife to keep him somewhat sane, he was often heard saying . . . "What evil lurks in the hearts of men? The shadow knows!" The Navy and the Medical Corps will gain a hard working and dedicated officer on June 4, 1975.

RICK WILSON

Plebe year when Rick came to the Academy the firsties told him there was no way he would graduate and still be going with the same girl. His roommate even bet him that Rick himself wouldn't graduate. Looks like everyone was wrong because he is marrying the same girl and making it to June '75. Just lucky I guess.

GEORGE BURTON WINDSOR

"We must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor."

DANIEL S. ZAZWORSKY

Smithmill, Pa.

"I have never let my schooling interfere with my education."

— Mark Twain

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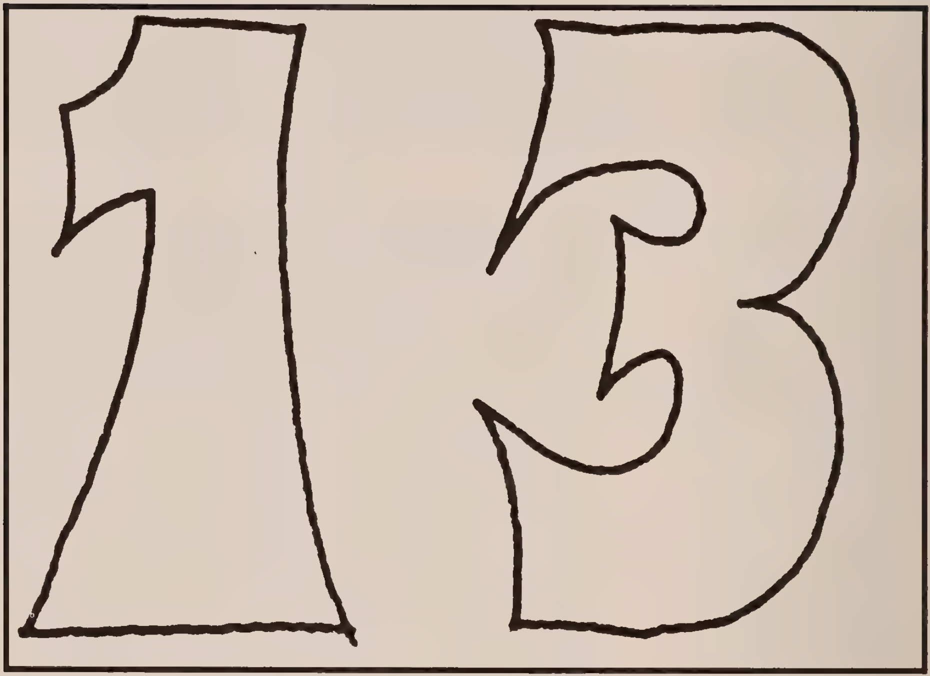
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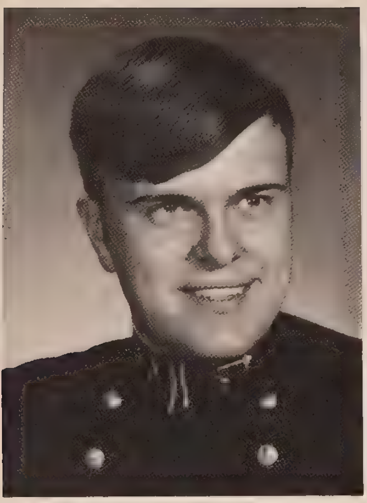


CHARLES T. ALLEN

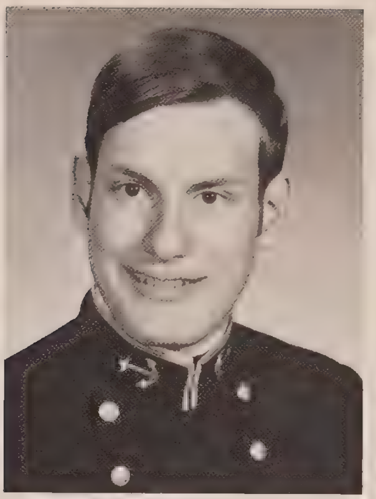
Charlie had many things going for him when he hit Annapolis from the far out town of Pueblo, Colorado. One of his biggest assets was perhaps the fact that he was one of the easiest going guys to ever hit the boat school. It always amazed his roommates how he could smile his way through Plebe year.

It was easy to find Charlie on the weekends waging one of the battles of the past in full force with his war gaming buddies in one of the recrooms. If not there, it would probably be best to find him in one of his other hobbies such as YP's, grades (3.4), and hibernating.

Upon graduation he plans to go beneath the sea. It amazes his friends how such a large guy from the Rockies wants to go to such confined spaces. But that's Charlie.

BERNARD CRAIG BAILEY

Bernard Craig Bailey, as his close friends affectionately call him, a man among men, an unparallelled football coach, the person who, if the gouge is to be had, has it, will, to his great dismay, after four years dedicated to professionalism and a Navy career, never experience duty at sea. Originator of the famous motto, "NPQ for the chosen few," 'Bails' has left his mark on all who have known him. The Naval Academy will not be the same for the loss of this legend in his own time.

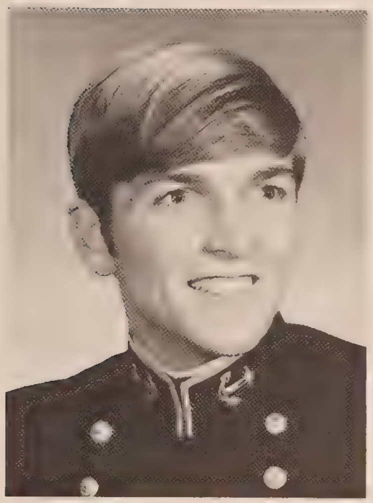


ROBERT DANIEL PAUL BROWN

"Truth in the moral of his wit . . ." Shakespeare has bequeathed these words to man and Bob has lived by these words centuries later. The qualities of a gentleman and that of a connoisseur of wine, women, and song have been established by Bob in the many facets of his four years here. From the oars and shells of the Severn to the firing ranges under T-court, his essence has been the drive for totality. Wit though without humor is a void which Bob's humor filled with his deeds and actions through the four years. Bob's interests laid not in things but in ideas and what might grow from them. Homecoming contests and classes bore the fruits of a ceaseless imagination that was never prevented from expanding. As the Greeks, Bob believed, "Nothing in excess."

STANLEY P. CROOK

Stan decided to come to Canu U after leading his senior high school class at Cumberland, R.I. in acceptances to institutions of higher learning. Such an illustrious and independent individual, Stan is the man who heard the different drummer drumming. His career at Navy is as illustrious as his personality. Plebe year he was known for his clean 'wipe-it-offs.' A car wreck his third class year ended his football career and earned him the nickname of 'Spaceman' for his casual space walks around Bancroft Hall. During second class year he remained in limbo. This became short lived during the beginning of first class year. When his spacemobile was found within the infamous seven mile limit and found himself very down to earth in the confines of USNA walls. Stan plans to get back into the swing of things with Navy Air upon graduation. If this man doesn't make it, I don't know who will A party man from way back, his lust for travel and fun make him a veteran and exciting newcomer to any occasion. If I had to rate this man, I would make it seven light years, truly an amazing and farout individual!



FREDRICK W. WEBER

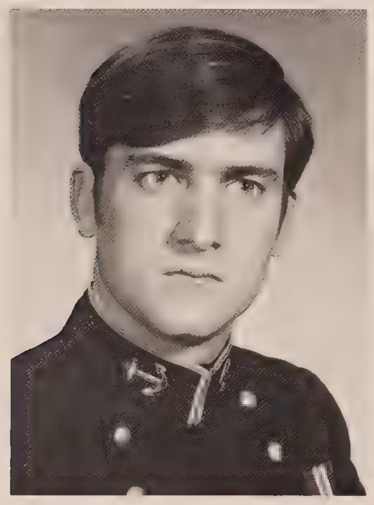
June 30, 1971 — June 4, 1975.

KIRK J. DANIELS

Kirk J. Daniels has always been known for his famous statements. Two of these classics were, "I'll never give anyone my class pin," and "They'll never catch me parking out at St. John's College." Needless to say he fell to both of these statements. Kirk got off on the wrong foot starting first class year, but I'm sure it was just because he wanted to have one of those heart to heart talks with the Dant. While at the Academy Kirk had many ECA's, including two month's restriction during first class year, the Pep Band, NA10, and the Drum and Bugle Corps. I'm sure he will make the best of Pensacola and the Aviation Program.

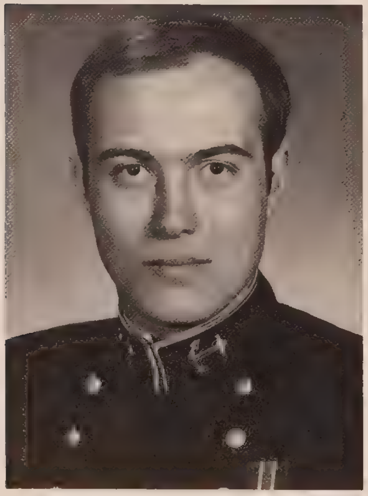
THOMAS B. DAVILLI

"I haven't quite finished yet, Sam Magee."



STEVEN DUBA

Steve "Scuba" Duba hailed from St. Louis bringing along enough brains to carry a 3.0 as well as the gouge for his fellow thirteenth company ocean engineers. While doing his time as a Mid, he picked up his sacred Jaguar and Triumph 500. During the fall, he could be found anchoring the right end of Third Battalion's football team, providing it did not interfere with his weekends. Service selection will find "Scuba" aboard a salvage ship where he can best elicit his professionalism which he has worked so hard to develop over the past four years.

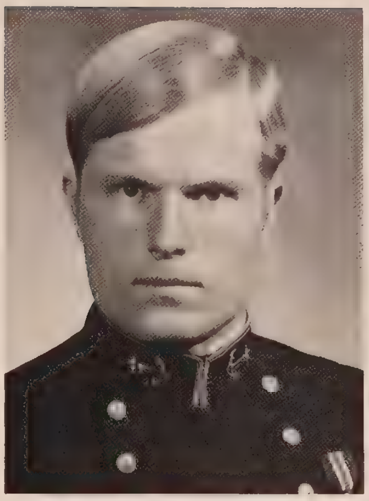


WARD FOGELSANGER

Ward Togelsanger came from Casey, Illinois with a name no one could remember straight and an intense desire to fly. He soon developed a new study technique which involved closing his eyes, snoring, and scratching his head all the while. Sitting up in his chair, he sometimes got through three pages per night. Ward's true love was the Glee Club tour. Each semester led to the tour as its culmination. Every time Ward came back in love with a different girl. Ward did well despite a constant string of complaints from the engineering, sciences, and math departments. His motto was, "I'm just here to survive this place."

THOMAS J. GREGORY

Tom Gregory came to USNA from Laton, California. He immediately became the company sweat. If there was anything to worry about, Tom would worry about it. Hard work had its reward. Tom rose in the Brigade Honor Committee and became a permanent 3 striper. He worked hard for three years and became COMYPRON 40. He studied hard and maintained himself in good academic condition. He had the respect of his fellow classmates. Tom should have a great future in the surface Navy.

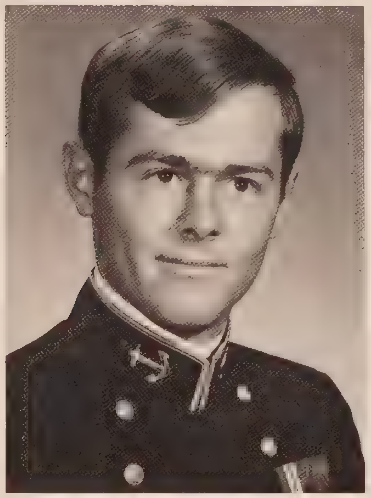


WILLIAM STEVE HOWSE

Coming from El Paso, Texas, "Howse or Hogger" as he is more commonly known, wound up with the two most "unique" summer roommates in the entire plebe class. He managed to follow the typical mid glide path all the way through the Academy winner of a Black "N," pinned and bought a Corvette 2nd class year, became a 3 striper and was engaged 1/c year, and is even looking at a June Week wedding. His ECA's were 150 lb. football, knee surgery, and Kim. As far as academics go if it wasn't for plebe year gravy, he would have had a rough ride. Mr. Howse should develop into an excellent Naval Officer. I rank him 1 of 4.

DOUGLAS ALLEN HALL

Doug came up the road a bit to spend his "college days" at U of Navy in his home town. With his nightly bridge games, boob tube sessions, and basketball games, it's a wonder this systems major did as well as he did. Doug did manage to excel on the fields of intramural competition, and Maryland roadways in his yellow Porsche. If his plans are realized, Doug will be found piloting a Navy phantom.



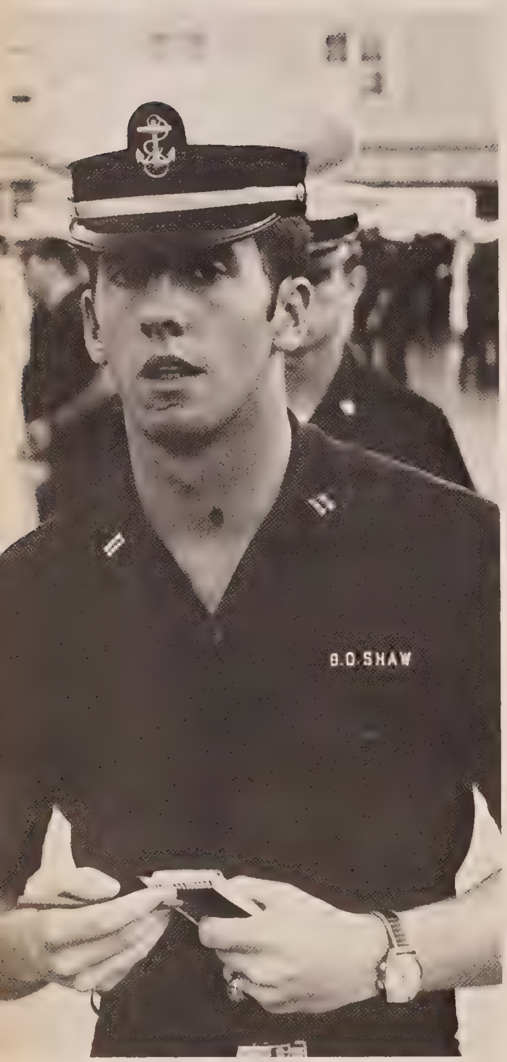
SCOTT A. LINDSEY

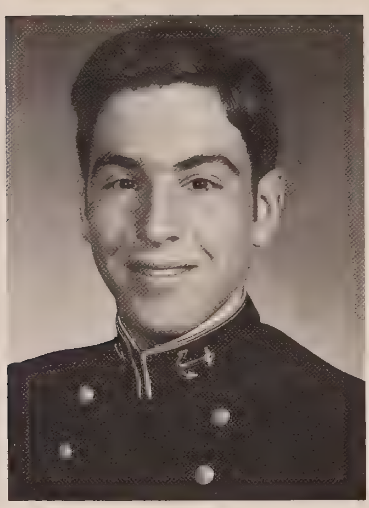
Scott came to the Naval Academy from a military background. From the start, he built a reputation of being a career Navy man with outstanding professional bearing. From an innocent start Scotty has achieved the plateau of stardom and "stud-um." STARDOM in that he was the inspiration and the drummer for the Naval Academy's best rock band, "Danforth." Many will miss his vocals as he walked through the halls singing those beloved oldies. "By the way, he was the only member of the band that didn't sing." And STUD-UM in that wherever Scotty went, a hord of girls were sure to follow. Most of his time was spent on girls, sports, the rack and the pursuit of a 2.00. Scotty has chosen to be the best and will be going to correnodo for seal training upon graduation. It is common knowledge the Scotty seal will be a success in the Navy and life.

RICHARD W. HESS

Rick came to the Naval Academy as a man without a hometown. Coming from an Air Force family, he has lived in Japan, Germany, Hawaii, and coast to coast in the U.S. Since the day he entered Canoe U., "Ricky Flyer" has set his sights on Navy Air, and will definitely be a "hot stick" in Pensacola. Ricky could usually be found either feeding the chipmunks in his Toyota, or feeding his face with AIP box lunches. The past four years have seen Rick with more tennis and squash awards than his B-robe has room for, and his energy in the Juice Gang, Midshipman Modern Music Bands, and parade judging is surpassed, only by his knack for having girl A to the football game, girl B to dinner, and girl C to the dance on the weekends.

Happy Carrier Landings, Rick!



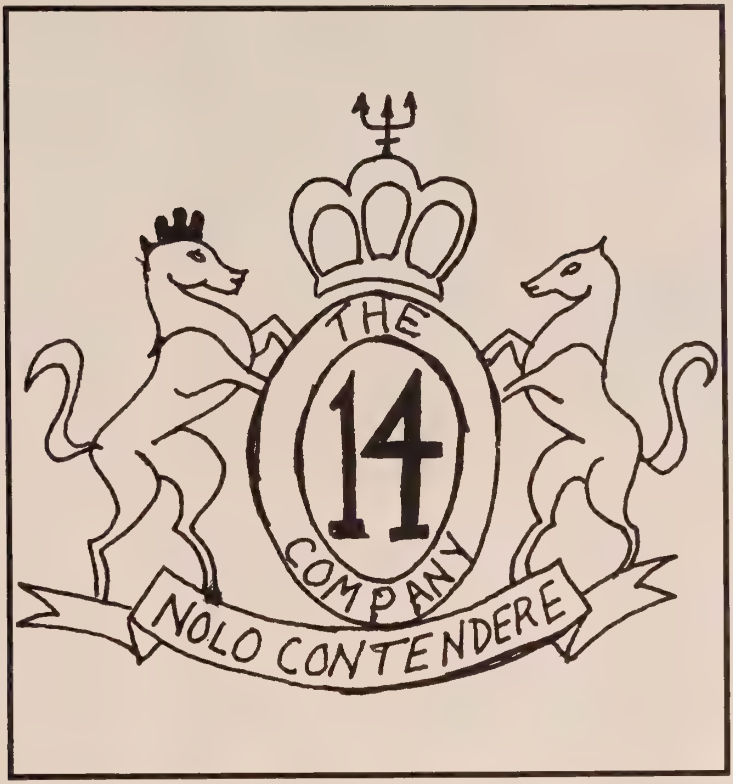


JAMES STEWART MACLIN

"Big Jim" drifted by Annapolis one day and was sucked in for four years and floated off to Nuc Power afterwards. In between, Jim established himself as a true slash by compiling a 3.8 CUM in a Physics major. Quite the stud athlete, he perenially escaped from the jaws of the PE department by the narrowest of margins. In his second-class year he finally discovered the fairer sex, and, after his first love, wargaming, spent his spare time pursuing the young lovelies in his bright red Dodge Dart. Providing a fair wind blows Jim to Nuc Power School, he will be a success whatever he does.

MARK J. WYDRA

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood and Mark held off the decision as long as he could. On that fateful morning second class year though, Mark tore up his papers and that made all the difference. He's one of those guys who always got written up as "outstanding" and though he fancied Bogart and Bond, he created his own style with women which always brought results but were frequently accompanied by an over abundance of heartaches which continued to plague him during his stay here. Though the academy is a fulfilling experience for most, Mark like Diogenies, was always looking for something else. Maybe someday he will find it.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COMPANY
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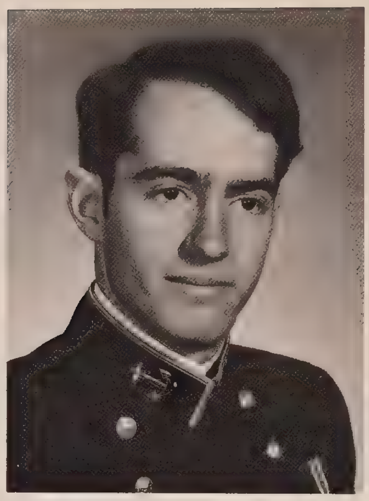
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

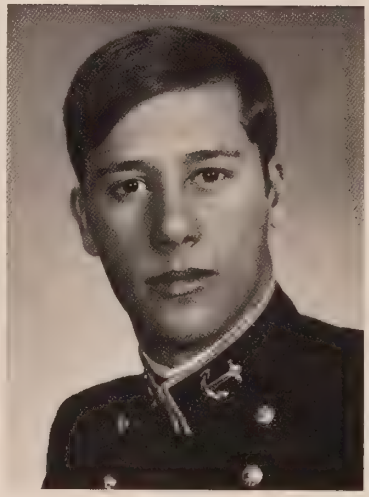


JESSE ARILDSEN

Jesse "Drift" Arildsen ran to the Academy from Butler High School in Huntsville, Alabama. Then he excelled on the Navy track and cross-country teams. Jesse had no trouble with academics. If he didn't know an answer he knew where to find it. His successful completion of a double major is ample proof. However, Jesse's real claim to fame lies with his famous quotes. He always said the right thing at the right time. Jesse has proven himself as a hard worker. His motivation, determination, and super personality, will give Jesse the proper up-doppler to be a fine submarine officer.

SCOTT ARTHUR BAUER

Scott traveled from one coast to the other in order to attend USNA, hailing from Anaheim, California, Scott had a hard time convincing everyone that the only reason he came to Annapolis wasn't to be closer to his favorite football team — the Baltimore Colts. During plebe year Scott decided to give his life to the lightweight crew team and the Systems Engineering Department — both groups are glad that he did. Upon graduation Scott is going back to California to attend Nuclear Power School and become one of Admiral Rickover's boys.



THOMAS CHRISTOPHER BRASCO

After spending four years at USNA, Tom plans on joining the elite corps of bubbleheads. He has always been a very patriotic individual, exemplified by his great admiration for stars and stripes.

Because of TCB's unique ability to tell dirty jokes in French, he was awarded an all expense paid vacation in Belgium compliments of the Foreign Exchange Program.

The desire to achieve and excel in all aspects of life is not uncommon with Tom. His professionalism, integrity, and amiability will allow him to do exceptionally well in any future endeavors.

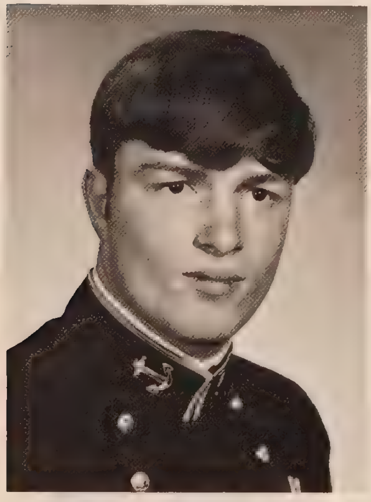
MICHAEL LEWIS CECERE III

Mike, alias, "Admiral Codfish," realized his long time ambition in June 1971 when he entered the hallowed halls of Navy. Although he missed his friends and his hometown of Geneva, New York, "The Cod" quickly adjusted to the spartan existence at the Boat School and impressed his classmates with his academic prowess. In the spring of plebe year after much consultation with "Bones," Wild Billy Collins, and other firsties, he chose to walk down the straight and sleepless road of Mechanical Engineering. Youngster and second class years found Mike "ready to work" as he continually improved his grades, finally reaching the "impossible" plateau of 4.0. He was also 4.0 in the company sports arena, where "Cod" was a vital cog in the machine that turned out one brigade championship after another. Mike's keen sense of values and dedication earned him the position of honor representative for three years, culminating in his appointment as Brigade Honor Recording Secretary, one of the "four horsemen." Always the incurable romantic, Cod's heart was stolen by the graceful cruises, and that is where you will find him after graduation. With his personality and desire, you can bet any ship Mike sails on will be 4.0 all the way.

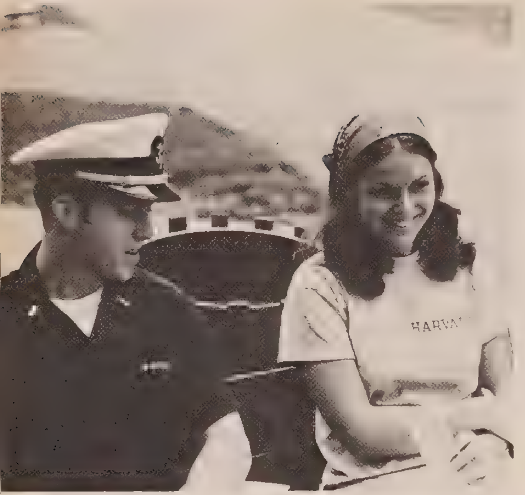
NYLES CHRISTENSEN

Nyles, alias, "Ol Sweater Chest," came to USNA from the ski slopes of Utah. Always a hard worker, Nyles is one of the few midshipmen that went with the triple major program. He was an active member of the Rallee Brothers and was also one of the infamous B-Men. Nyles' favorite haunt was Nimitz Library, where he found that the good study atmosphere helped prepare him for the next day. And even though his concentration was keen, he always managed to wake up in time to get back for taps.

Perhaps Nyles can best be described by his own favorite expression, "Burly!" And burly is what Nyles will be in anything he chooses to do.



SHAWN H. COHE

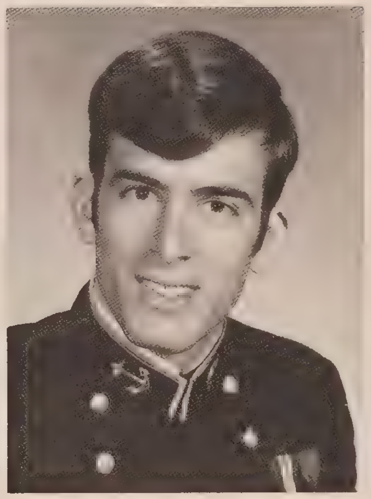


ROBERT HARDING DAVIS

Bob Davis, who is better known around the hallowed halls of Bancroft as "The Mormon," began his illustrious career here on the shores of sunny Annapolis as a skinny, little kid from Arlington, Virginia. Now after 4 years at USNA Bob is still a skinny, little kid, who has had the privilege to live with such great roommates as "Hicks", "Gabe's", "Jesse", and now "Regan." Because of these roommates and the fact that Bob rarely ever studies, he has managed to pull above a 3.00 every semester. Stellar in sports, Bob has managed to amaze all his classmates with his great hands in football, blazing serve in tennis, and his hard head in soccer. His love of water, women and song has Bob eager to launch his career as a part of the Navy team that claims to do it deeper, the Nuclear Bubbleheads. With a guitar on his back, Bob heads for what should prove to be a very successful career.

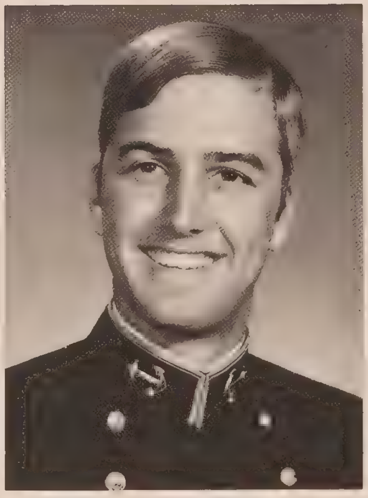
PATRICK J. CORRIGAN

Pat came to Annapolis from Albuquerque, N.M., the most recent of his many homes as an Air-Force junior. A standout high school runner, he made the Plebe Cross Country team, and more importantly, T-Tables. His quiet, easy-going personality, coupled with his unique ability to see beyond most "Navy good deals" soon established him as a stable element in the Company. When not racking (nearly all the time) Pat could usually be found either running yard loops or reading through old **Logs** at the library. Pat was a man of simple pleasures — the Allman Brothers Band, his Spitfire and leave of any kind. Pat's determination, intelligence, and quiet leadership will surely spell success in his career in the Nuclear Navy.



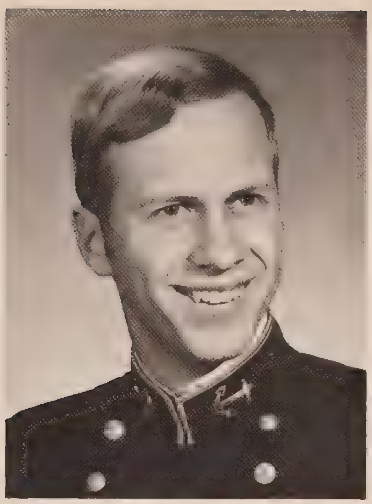
DENNIS JOHN DIANTONIO

"Di" came to Navy from NAPS with his twin brother, Brian. A 1970 graduate of W. T. Woodson High School, Di broke the hearts of many young lovelies when he left to follow in the footsteps of his oldest brother, Steve, a Naval Academy grad of 71. Di quickly developed a sincere affinity for the rack and a severe disliking to any hours spent awake. This lasted until his true loves entered his life, free clothes at Peerless and a not so free TR-6. He soon became known as the original rally brother and the instigator of the "Annapolis 500 Club." Our rally brother, Di, will leave Annapolis with a B.S. in physical science, a TR-6, an out of date address book and a problem of how to put a thousand dollars in stereo equipment into an F-14.



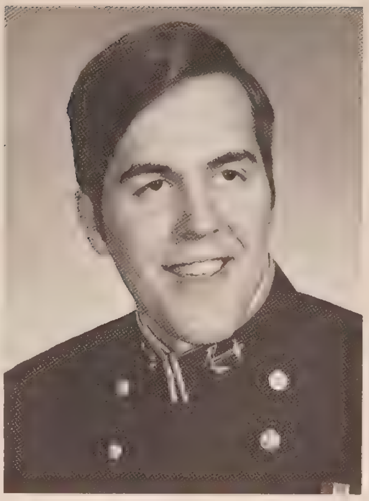
ALBERT LINWOOD EATON, JR.

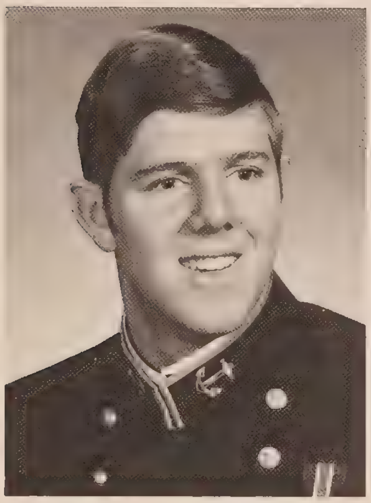
"Big Al" comes to us from the Navy town of Charleston, S.C. where he spent a year at Charleston College tantalizing the girls with his blonde hair and Pepsodent smile before embarking on his four-year tenure at U.S.N.A. A diligent student, as most ocean engineering majors are, Big Al could be frequently seen burning the midnight oil and consuming reams of engineering paper and was even known to spend a Saturday night or two in the hall wrestling with a tough problem. Despite the heavy academics Al still found "Mo," a cute little brunette from Cleveland, Ohio, who has since laid claim to Big Al's athletic body. Al manages to pass the time between visits to Cleveland by starring on the Company basketball team which he helped along to a 21-1 record and a Brigade Championship in the past two years. He also loves football, tennis, swimming, Mustangs and Navy Air. Big Al walked through Gate One four years ago with NFO stamped on his forehead, and after threatening once or twice to become a "Squid," has decided that Pensacola is a nice town even for a married man. I am certain that the Air Community will welcome this professional young man into their ranks.



JAMES RAYMOND GABOR

Jim Gabor, otherwise known as "Gabes" came to Annapolis out of the smog of Cleveland, Ohio with a Browns' pennant in one hand and an Indians' pennant in the other. After a rough Plebe year with "Hick" and "Monkey," he decided to trade his pennants for a mug of coffee and an Italian book, as he chose Foreign Affairs as a major. Fortunately for his classmates he did not instill the Indians' winning ways in the Company Basketball team, of which he was manager his junior year and coach his senior year. They managed a 21-1 record for those two years in spite of him. After graduation he first signs his life away to Debbie, and then to Navy Air; either way he'll be up! Never known as one to drink anyone under the table, Gabes made remarkable strides in that area during his last three years at USNA. Jim will surely live up to the motto of Pensacola, "Navy Pilots do it better."



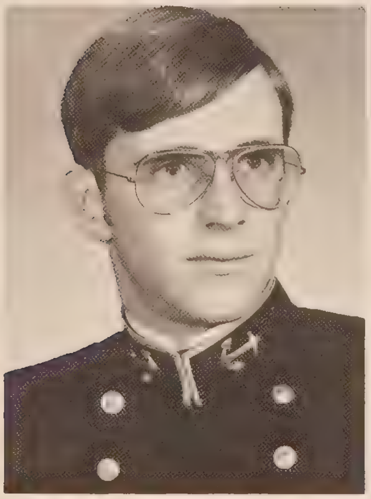


JOHN DOUGLASS GINN

John, an Air Force junior, can honestly call almost any place on the East Coast his home. In many instances, his hometown depends upon which young lady he is trying to impress with his deadly charm. In the academic world at Navy, John has surprised many people with his lackluster approach but impressive grades. Sporty cars, stereo equipment, and women seem to consume much of his time when he is not showing his prowess on the athletic field. During his brief four year "Pit Stop" at Navy, John has earned both a varsity "N" in crew and a black "N" for conduct. With his amiable demeanor and quick wit, John will be a welcome addition to any squadron, upon completion of flight training.

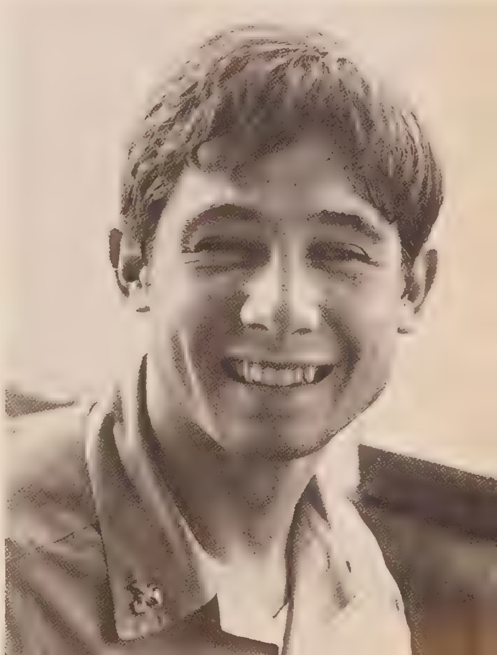
PHILIP GRIESE

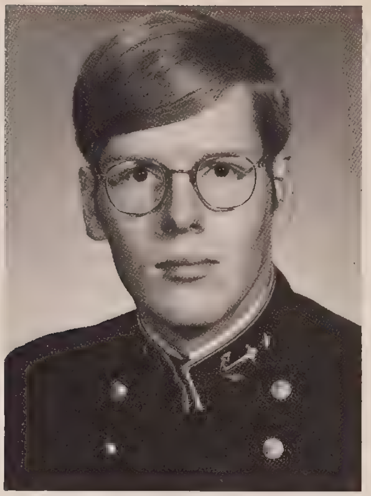
Phil, hailing from Haddonfield, New Jersey, never seemed to worry about anything, be it a last minute term paper or a watch squad inspection. Although he was quite a jock in High School, Phil left the glory of the baseball field to become a star in company sports. A veteran of many night sorties to D.C., the Academy finally caught up with him as he picked up his black "N" the first week of first class year. A firm believer in academic excellence, Phil it is rumored never knew where the library was. He seemed to place more emphasis on the gouge. Phil's easy-going manner and good sense of humor will stand him in good stead after graduation and in his career following Pensacola.



JONATHAN GREENERT

From the steel country of Western Pennsylvania where he was a standout swimmer for Butler High School, 'Nert came to Navy, only to find his name misspelled. If it weren't for his uncanny resemblance to a certain classmate from Alaska, Jon might have had a reasonably trouble-free plebe year. Sports were always Jon's forte, and he easily made the Plebe Fencing team, later settling down to Batt Swimming, Company Softball and Fieldball where he starred. After 2/c year began, Jon could often be seen with a 'boro and a cup of coffee, pulling late nighters studying and wondering what life was like at Penn. Never one to refuse a drink or an invitation to good times, Jon's weekends were always colorful and almost religiously non-academic. Jon's easy-going, likable personality and his Ricky Ricardo laugh made life at USNA a little easier for his classmates. 'Nert made his banes early as a charter member of the Friday Night Club, continuing suit with the establishing of the B-Hive. Jon's plans for the immediate future involve nuclear power. After that, be it Navy or civilian line, with his personality, good looks, "receding hairline" and quick wit he is bound to be a success.





MARK J. HARPER

Mark wandered into Navy during the summer of '71 from a small town on the Delaware River. A versatile athlete, "Andretti" drifted from bench to bench, before finally winning his letter on the Annapolis raceways. Harps dominated Navy academics, but saw his stars and stripes dimmed by an unsuccessful getaway first class year. Undaunted by Deke, Mark can still mow a heavy six-pack down with the buddies on any weekend. His goals for Nuc Power are only outshown by aspirations of a long and illustrious career in the Navy.

KENNETH ROY HART

Ken left the sheltered and secure life of the Baltimore suburbs for the comforting arms of "Mother B." In the academic arena he quickly dazzled the Profs. and his classmates with his uncanny ability to get max results from minimum effort, a difficult feat for a Mechanical Engineering major. Never one to let his schoolwork get in the way of his education, Ken could always be found negotiating the distance between Baltimore and Annapolis on the weekends. Injuries put an end to Ken's hopes of playing Varsity Soccer for Navy after three years of struggle. Not satisfied with four years of commuting at Navy, Ken plans to anchor at Bainbridge after graduation, with hopes of wearing Submariner's Dolphins someday. He should prove to be a valuable asset to Admiral Rickover's clan.

RANDALL JENCKS

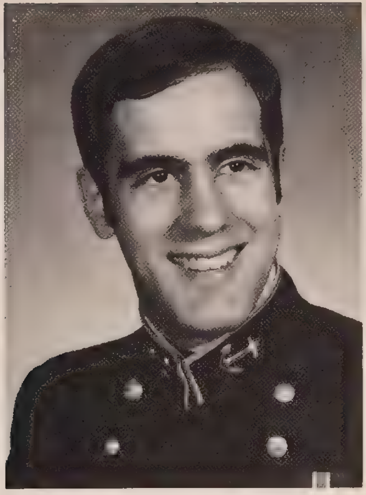
Randy found his way to Annapolis from the plains of South Dakota, a feat, considering that in October of Plebe year his sense of geography swore that the Hawaiian Islands were in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Nevertheless, he arrived on time, carrying with him an impressive collection of "sweethearts" in his wallet, a determination to be an engineer in his head, and a big heart in his chest. He never lost the heart, and despite keeping his roommate awake during numerous "all nighters" to graduate an engineer, Randy does so. Only one thing was denied him here — a new and permanent picture for his blotter. Maybe the CEC could find one for him.

MICHAEL LEE LINGERFELT

Being an ex-mountain boy from North Carolina did not seem to bother Mike Lingerfelt in his drive to graduate from USNA. Unable to find a free and lasting relationship with a member of the opposite sex while on vacation here for four years, Mike decided to buy himself a girl instead: which turned out to be his car, a TR-6. (What a lovely couple they make!) Memories of Virginia Beach, his lust for Vodka sours, and his sincere effort to catch those tasty crabs while living it up at the beach have kept this boy plugging along. Mike, who lives and dies with N.C. State's basketball team, has done quite well in sports. A fine Batt Tennis player, lightweight football player, and a member of the Company Basketball team which lost only once in his last two years here, have kept him busy and in shape. His decision to go to Nuclear Power School has brought new hope for Mike. His firm belief that he will find a pot of gold waiting at the conclusion of his military obligation, has made Mike eager to start, what should prove to be, a very short and successful career.

TOM MADRE

Tom came to make his fortune at Navy from the thriving metropolis of Mountain Home, Idaho. Here he gained instant fame by setting the world record in the "ol' flip the penny off your elbow trick." He has achieved many other successes with his various other antics, not to mention his being a charter member and general manager of the Coffeemates. These activities have left little time for such extracurricular activities as studying and sleeping. None the less he has maintained a 4.0 average in the latter. Tom has established himself as a very conscientious person and one who is liked and admired by all. His easy going personality in conjunction with his leadership capabilities will ensure his success in and value to the Surface Fleet of the Navy.



JACQUES MOORE

Jack came to the eighth wonder of the world from York, Pa. With his first step inside the golden gates, he began to express his vast knowledge of historical events and when the time came to choose his academic option, he willingly became a history major.

Times were rough during the first year but his constant struggle with the Board always ended in his favor. Since then he has expressed a desire to join the Marines and continue the search for a few good men. Let's hope that in the years ahead his searching guides him in the right direction.

PAUL REARDON

June of '71 brought this man to the Naval Academy via South Boston, Poughkeepsie and Essex Junction, Vt. Although customer for nosy first classmen, Paul made his Plebe year a memorable one.

Youngster year found Paul in search of the simpler pleasures of life forsaking the books, for that mysterious something behind his eyelids. However, the realization that second class year brought with, "The Last One Hundred Go Corps," brought Paul out of bed and back to the books once again, where he proceeded to resume his winning ways, with the academic department, while his family shifted home base from Vienna, Virginia back to his beloved Vermont.

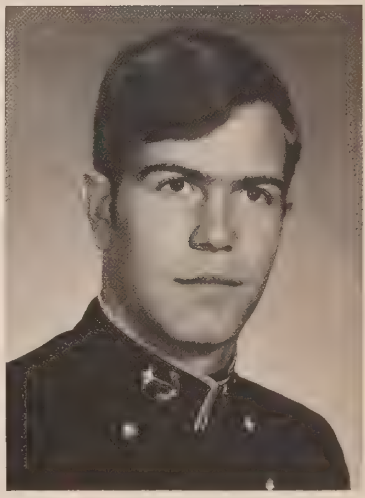
Paul excelled in sports in Company and out. A four year starter on the Academy's fine hockey team, he usually managed more stitches than playing time. First class year found him as the co-captain and also as the Company Sub-Commander just sitting at his desk processing form-2's and studying weapons. June 1975 will find Paul a far cry from "The Last Hundred" and on his way to Nuclear Power School. His great sense of humor, capacity for hard work, and genuine interest in people will stand him in good stead as the service acquires an outstanding officer.

RICHARD LYNN SNYDER

Rick, better known as "Duke" by his many friends, came to good ole' Crabtown from the mountains of West Virginia. A good athlete, he left his hillbilly football team short one offensive guard. At Navy, Duke also exhibited his athletic prowess participating in a variety of intramural sports, from fieldball to Brigade boxing. Majoring in Oceanography, but more important, how to enjoy liberty, Duke was seldom seen occupying the halls on a Saturday night. He was too busy looking for a good time or making one. His goal is to earn his gold wings as a Fighter Pilot and he'll surely be a great asset to Naval Aviation. So if you're ever looking for this "Rally-Brother," just look for him behind the wheel of his long awaited "Grape," a plum colored Jaguar

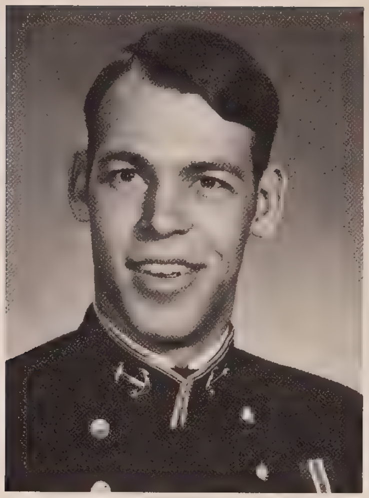
DANIEL T. VILOTTI

Forsaking sunny Ukian, California for the cloudy clime of Maryland, Dan "Too Tall" Vilotti began a four year recurring battle with the Academic Department. After two years at Navy, the books appeared to have the edge, but they didn't figure Dan's drive and determination to succeed. A superlative comeback during second class year invokes him as one of the elite few who have ventured below the plateau of 2.0 and have returned to tell of it. This triumph was not without its sacrifices: Dan had to abandon a varsity basketball career and burn a lot of midnight oil to placate the "Gods of 2.0." Always willing to help classmates out or join a party, Dan is well liked and a natural leader. The Brownshoe Navy will be proud to welcome him on board after graduation, and he is sure to prove his worth.



FIFTEENTH COMPANY

"SOMETHING TELLS ME
IT ALL HAPPENED AT THE ZOO
I DO BELIEVE IT
I DO BELIEVE IT'S TRUE!
WHAT A GAS!
YOU GOTTA COME AND SEE
AT THE ZOO!"



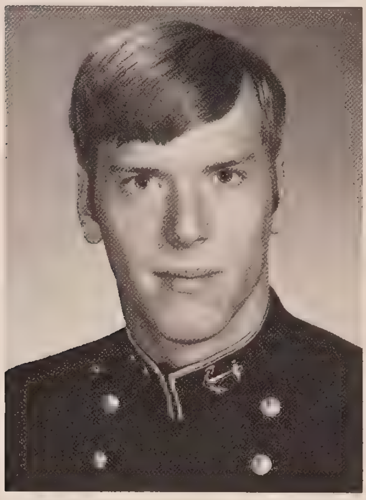
RANDOLPH RALPH BRIDGEMAN

Originally from Greer, South Carolina, Randy will always be known for his keen wit, persistent battles with academics, zeal for working out (in the rack), and pursuit of the fairer sex. His main academic interest was the study of the Russian culture and language.

"So it is that we are saved by faith in Christ and not by the good things we do."

— Romans 3:28

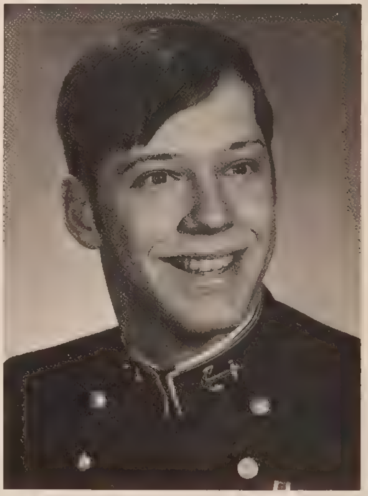
By his faith Randy was known.



KEITH P. CARL

RICHARD C. CHURCH

Rick brought a touch of Hawaiian flair with him as he became a member of the "clubhouse" in the summer of '71. After surviving Plebe year at the weight of 159, Rick, later to be known as "The Hulk," blossomed to 205. As an upperclassman, Rick was to be the comedian of our class. Many hilarious nights in the youngster wardroom can be attributed to his good humor (remember the cream pie in the top bunk!). And of course, he was the discoverer of the "meat-hook." Academically, Rick always came through in the clutch. Rick will do fine in any field of the Navy he selects.



CLIFFORD LESLIE COLLIER

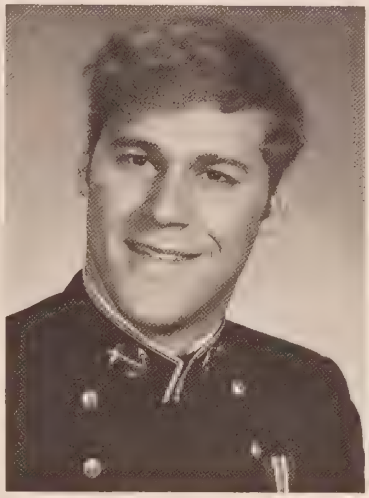
Howling from the backwoods of Belton, Texas, Bulldog hit the Naval Academy football program where he starred on the Plebe team and was selected as Co-Captain of the Varsity squad his Senior year. A country boy at heart, the Dog had some unique talents which he unveiled during Plebe year. Eating muster boards and sun glasses was not uncommon for the Dog after a few beers. He also proved to be one of the best rifle shots in the brigade. He attributed this talent to the many hours spent on his back porch picking off Wetbacks trying to cross the Rio Grande. An Electrical Engineer, Dog spent more hours rigging gadgets and making plans to shock and scare people than he did studying. Never one to hit the books until it was too late, he could be found more often than not roaming the halls with his roommate and part-time trainer planning some sort of mischief. John Deere Tractors, Windsom Windsor, Rhonda, Parties, and Football are his loves, and **necessarily** in that order. Dog's major is graduating at which time he will grace the Surface Line community with his presence. Sick 'em Dog!

DAVID MICHAEL ENGLER

All-Popular "Engy," or Baltimore-Mike in business, chose Navy U. because he deduced that he could make more investing in a destroyer than he could with Harvard's best dorm. So ever since he remained our financial advisor, haircut and all. Known throughout the brigade for his body-building program, his 6′, 106 lb. frame was our constant inspiration. But Mike cannot be forgotten as a true friend to us all, who always stands his ground, and will always be there in the pinch. We just hope the Supply Corps does not get hold of him; he'll invest the defense budget in mutual funds and fertilizer companies And he will always come out in the black and ahead on anyone's chart.

MICHAEL DOUGLAS

Dougie was believed to have made his trip from Kenai, Alaska to the 'boat school' on a dog sled; however, this is not true because his ice berg is still double parked at the sea-wall. Never has one man been so well liked and equally slandered by his friends as Mike. He brought his quick wit, determination to excel, and if that wasn't enough, his lil' woman with him to sustain him during his stay at Navy. Mike has been through enough roasting by his friends, including his future 'Boss,' Admiral Rickover, to last him a lifetime. Majoring in polysci with Chinese as a language has awarded Mike many hours of many hours, and the opportunity to take more for Nuc power, but his good grades reflect his efforts. Mike's presence has been felt by all, his absence will not bring smiles, and when Mike makes it to his first submarine, we will remember his immortal words, "Just remember, I'll be out there making it all possible!"



WILLIAM FERRIS

Bill Fer, a Chicago suburbanite, came to USNA and immediately showed us that "Big Bad Leroy Brown" was just a wimp in his book. Bill spent two years in Track. He had a knack for having bad luck here (getting fried for hair while going **to** the barber shop), and he learned to escape from reality by visiting his pad.

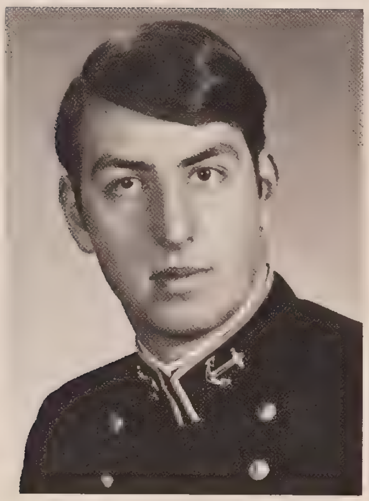
Bill was never one to let his studies interfere with having a good time, but nevertheless did well academically. When Bill graduates in June he will take himself and his black N to Pensacola, and I wonder if it'll be the same after that.

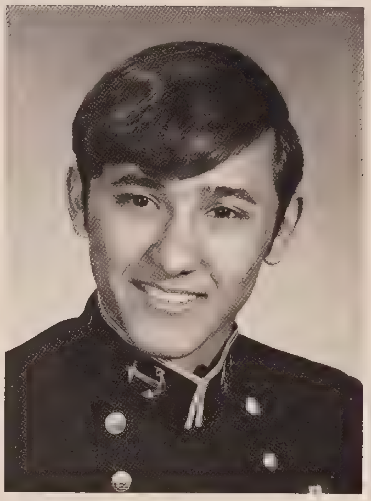
PETER ENGELMAN

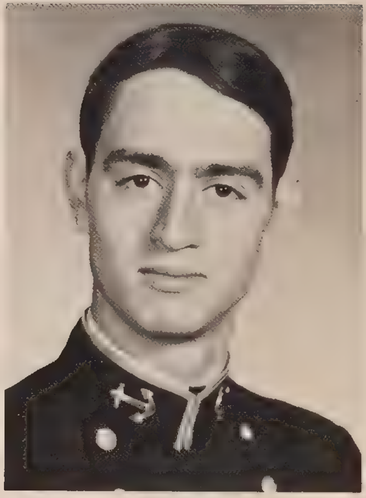
Agnes came to Navy from an "ideal" chicken farm in central New York with a year long stop at Cortland State. There he played sports and had little time for his demanding P.E. major. Here he found Chemistry (since there's no P.E.). Santa Claus Joe, Rocket and Sammy Davis, Jr. M. did their best, but they couldn't keep him from getting stars every semester. After 2 years as a lax jock he turned to intramurals, culminating in a career as John Wooden, Jr. Aggie always had time for fun, parties, women, and a little brew ("Sir, I was just holding it"). NUC Power — S T F B.

BARRY LUCIEN FOSBERG

"Fos" rolled in as two-hundred pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal from Ben Franklin High in New Orleans, Louisiana. Most famous for his Jewish marching chants during Plebe summer, he was the only one to ever get chopped liver care packages. The thought that one certain Southern Belle, Miss Betty Boop, was waiting, launched him into ac year. Earning uncountable numbers of N stars as one of Heinz's boys; that 2.0 (I mean 4.0) continually eluded him. He always took heart in the fact that there was one firstie there to say, "Fosberg, get your trou altered!" Never one to be accused of smiling before 11 a.m., Fos was happiest in the theatres of D.C., lost in his large personal library or in a fine local restaurant. Doing a fine job on the Plebe detail first set, he breezed through first class year in a little red Fiat. Surface Line looks mighty fine (even if it is an oiler). As long as he keeps his specs on, a successful career in the Navy is all his.







JAMES SAMUEL HANNA

Jim's love for the sea is without comparison. If he wasn't on summer cruise or sailing on the Severn, you could be sure to find him walking by the sea wall wishing he were. When he could turn his mind from the sea, "Hatchet Hanna" made a name for himself on the Soccer and football fields. Two women also managed to turn his head, but they mistakenly thought they could find better elsewhere. This prompted Jim to the motto "You can love them, but don't trust them." We know it won't be long until he will have command of a destroyer, and maybe even his own "Cal 25."

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."
Psalm 107:23, 24

RICHARD T. HOKE

"Hokey," the name he won Plebe summer, traveled southward, from his peaceful hometown of Mount Holly, New Jersey, to continue his studies and military life having been an Air Force Brat most of his life. He will long be remembered for: his extra long hair, that managed to fool many officers; his hand stand trips to the wardroom, "His Office," during study hour; and most of all his carefree view of life with wine, cheese and a sporty green Triumph.

ANDREW R. JESSON

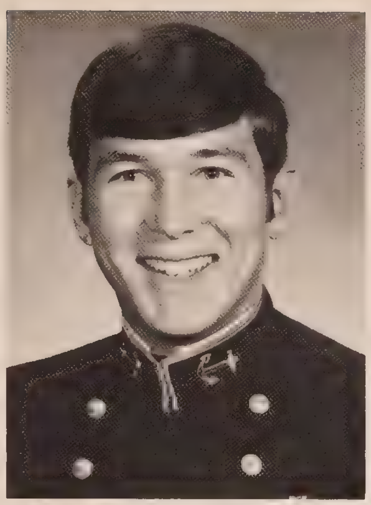
'Drew' was well known in the company for his natural athletic abilities. Andy always put out, which was quite obvious by the way he always limped off the field. Coming from up state New York, Drew entered the Academy with a girl on his mind and the Lord in his heart, and held on boldly to each throughout the four years. His high voice was a great asset to the Glee Club and a source of marvel for the company, and the doctor who gave Andy his physical. A very organized person, Andy wisely divided his time between writing to Wende, singing in the Glee Club, and scratching wierd figures on paper for his Chinese major

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you."
Matt. 6:33

"The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they who seek the Lord shall not lack anything."
Psalm 34:10

GLENN A. LANZER

"Butch" brought his red-neck from Vasolin, Ohio, and has managed to step on it ever since. The women around Crabtown never knew what they were missing; at least that's what he said. Abundantly blessed with discretion and tact, "Butch" also quit smoking and drinking officially at least 6,234 times in four years. Yet Glenn will soon find himself flying the friendly skies, and his warmth and honesty will be welcomed any place he flies. Whether in a plane or not. And he'll find that certain girl up there somewhere. Until then, we all just hope they realize what they are missing!

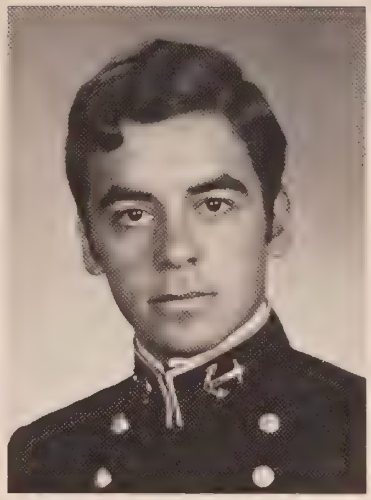


MICHAEL JOSEPH MANFREDI

Coming from Miami, Florida, Mike never had any trouble adjusting to the Academy or academics. His zeal for the Dolphins was exceeded only by his dedication to live a victorious life in Jesus Christ.

"For I am not ashamed of this Good News about Christ. It is God's powerful method of bringing all who believe it to heaven."

Romans 1:16



MICHAEL ROBERT MANLEY

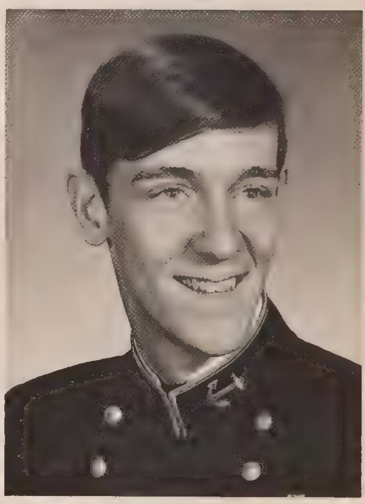
Mike entered the Naval Academy by way of Santiago, Chile. A veteran of the Chilean Naval Academy, plebe summer only moderately challenged his seabag of naval knowledge, and he quickly began mastering such USNA jargon as "carry-on", "rack", and "football." After establishing that the men with the striped shirts were referees and not prisoners of the revolution, Mike quickly became a member of the 3/c, 2/c, and 1/c wardroom system. Being one of the few genuine soccer players in the company. Mike could most often be heard yelling "I Cross eet!" when not chipping in goals. A fine student, Latin lover, and good friend, Mike will no doubt serve Chile with the same degree of professionalism and character he displayed while aboard USNA.

KERWIN MILLER

Hailing from the nation's capital, Washington, D.C., Kerwin made it a point, during his 4 years at the University of Navy to always find humor in every situation. Killer, as he became known, was so nicknamed, not because he was such a great boxer, ex-convict, or, as he thought, a ladies' man, but, because his first name was so awkward and Miller rhymed with Killer. Killer, using his nickname as a reputation was always trying to strike terror in many of his classmates, who many times could be found chasing him through the halls. He applied much of his energies to the sport of boxing. After boxing his first year at USNA, he turned to managing, officiating and coaching, mainly because he was afraid of getting his "mug" **further** messed up in the ring. Swimming was another of his athletic abilities and he could be found many an afternoon surveying the bottom of the instruction pool for air pockets. Killer's favorite word was "liberty," and he could be found every possible opportunity, either ankling out into town or leaning against a lamp-post on West Street, with hands in pocket, toothpick in mouth, whistling the tune, "Shaft." Killer leaves us with his motto for success at USNA, "Minimum effort, Maximum Grade."

RICHARD C. RUSH

"Crit" as he came to be called faired from the quiet southern town of Petersburg, Virginia. Academics was not his forté but what he lacked in this area, he more than made up for by his athletic ability. Crit will be remembered for his Budweiser Beer and his green Mustang parked behind Halsey Field House. The memory of his mighty escapades to Mary Washington College during second class year to see his spice of life and the next morning running to his rack one hour before reveille in order to get some rest before his six "N" day will linger in the minds of all who witnessed the events.



PAUL RAY SIEDSMA

Affectionately known to his friends and foes alike as Beefo, the Ma arrived at USNA from Woodstock, Ill., knowing full well what he was getting into (and he still came!?). After pursuing Batt football and company fieldball for one season, he decided these were much too vigorous sports to subject his frail body to and opted for the much more sensible position as Varsity Lacrosse Manager. Never far behind the Sup's list, he was always striving for that perfect union: the best grade with the minimum effort. After losing "Heifer" and his innocence Second Class year, PR found "Fanny" and settled down to getting himself together. With his fine background in Chemistry and his intense desire to join the Submarine Service, not to mention his obvious leadership qualities, Paul should make an excellent addition to the fleet, no matter what Admiral Rickover thinks.

STEVAN SILVAST

Silvie came to boat school fresh out of John Marshall High School in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Being senior class president and all around boy wonder, it took the rigors of Mother "B" and plebe year to snap him back into reality. Academics never really proved any trouble to Steve when he decided to work, but many times the rack called and he had to man his post. Steve became famous with the plebes as the hardest person to wake up in the entire company or world for that matter. Plebe year was spent trying to get rid of his high school sweethearts, which was no easy task with one determined young miss. Third class year was rather uneventful all the way around, but second class year was rather different. The girl of his dreams came into his life and things have never been the same. After Debbie, his next big love is Navy Air and the F-14 Tomcat. One of the most friendliest and likable guys in the whole Brigade, Steve should add a great deal to the fleet upon graduation.

DAVID DUTASTA THOMPSON

Dutasta was born in St. Augustine, Florida, and was found three days later on a secluded beach tipping Budweiser talls and petting alligators. Not much is known about the early years of his life — no one has the courage to tell the story. All that is known is what I have observed during the past three years. The man has tremendous sympathy for animals, and, as a result, has roomed with a Dog during his stay in Annapolis.

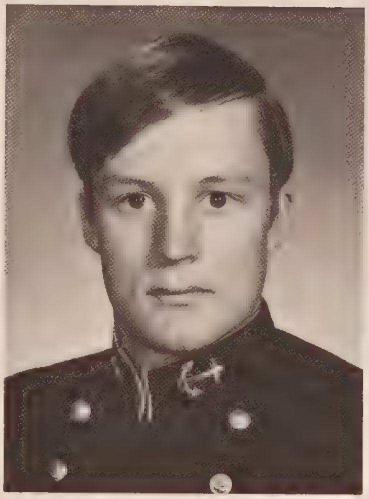
David is majoring in Bioscience (Pre-Med) in hopes of becoming a Medicine-Man and following in the footsteps of his forefather Tecumseh. Although his major takes a good amount of his time, he has managed the time to row bow in the #1 Plebe shell his Freshman year, and since then excel in a number of Battalion and Company sports. However, the majority of the time he could be found training his Dog in dark halls, sidewalks or wardrooms in the art of respectable scare

His love for parties and wild bucking and jerking Mexicans accounts for his frequent absences on weekends and also for his always managing to be one paycheck behind his classmates.

His loves are Budweiser, Michelob, Busch and Miller Eights, not necessarily in that order

GEORGE DONALD STEEL

Coming out of the All-American City of 1820, Don had all the ambitions of each of his compatriots. Parties every night, dating 600 girls, and expectations of new found friends were the genius' from Indy idealistic goals. Somewhere, someone neglected to tell him shower parties were of no credit. 'Bird' could swear that he has dated lots of girls, unfortunately the 600 had a head on crash at 67. Our bachelor till 30 is now a sucker at 22 (right Al?). Always "Mister Predictable," it's been amazing how a 2.0 can be a 3.8. Don's been a leader all the way, all of us now know where to find him; wardroom, coke machines, and bathrooms. This future NFO ought to be quite a leader up in the skies. If he can't find the enemy, he'll just happily play with his chickens all day long



PHILIP AUSTIN TOMKINS

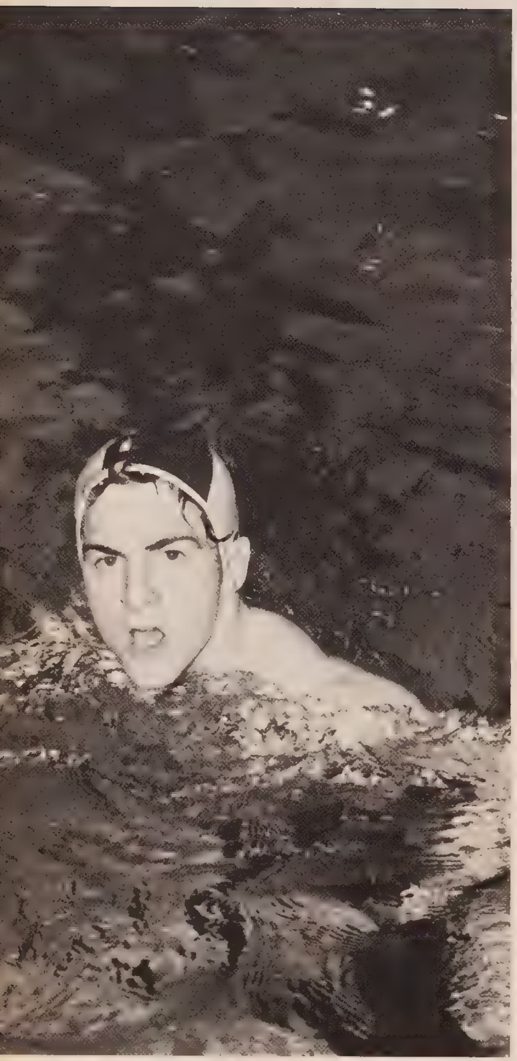
Phil grooved into the Navy scene from Sunny California with shoulder length locks, and has earned his "Long Hair" nickname ever since Phun Phil never did quite dig the scene at Crabsville, but his passionate affair with A-4's and Navy Air will continue forever. When he is CNO, we must remember his cheerleading days, his amazing ability to consume one beer without becoming ill, and his amazing down to earth friendliness. May he have following winds in his pursuit of Mrs. Right, wherever she is. God knows he's looking! In the meantime he always can make anything and any place a good time.

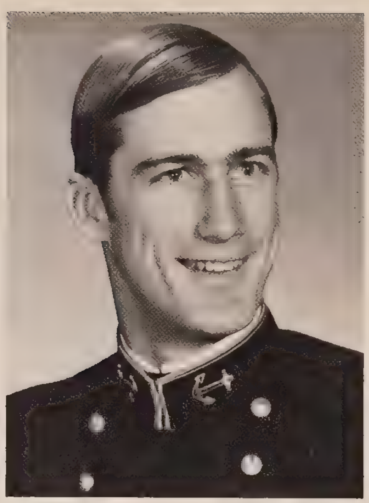
EDWARD STEFANIK

Eddie Stefs brought his fleet-footed track feet and VW down from Union, New Jersey with sights always set on Navy Air. Being the only veteran of two-months car restriction, his classmates always looked down to Ed for the father image. Occasionally emerging from his cubbyhole to the wardroom, his running commentary on any TV show delighted the crowd. Any villain quickly fell under the attack of Big Ed and Dough-Boy, regardless of their size or rank. But Ed has it together and any wardroom or sack in the world will welcome him. Navy Track's loss is Navy Air's gain.

BRIAN JOHN WEGNER

Wegs set sail for USNA from Michicot, Wisconsin with a suitcase in one hand and a "pack is Back" button in the other. A dedicated student of academics, Wigs could usually be found plugging and chugging at his desk or cursing a computer unless Kareem was being unjustly fouled or Green Bay was being cheated by the refs. One could always look to Wegs for his bright smile, cheerful disposition, and an unending variety of basketball "slop" shots! Always one to get to the bottom of things, Wegs will go the Nuclear Power route upon graduation. It is Brian's sharp mind, raw humor, and dedication to the service that will no doubt serve to make him a fine naval officer



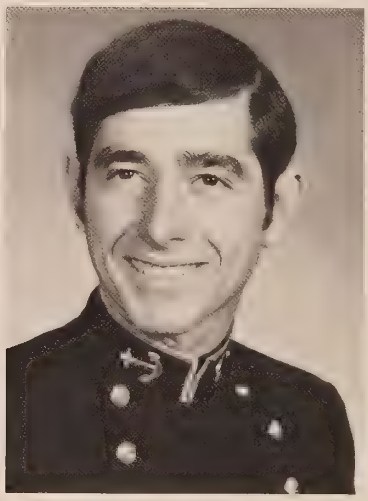


NORMAN L. WHITE

Stormin Norman, leader of the commute to Navy club, says he can't believe he survived till "75." After the shock of plebe year and the loneliness of the dark ages, Stormin pulled his head out and decided to change his life style. He became a hot dog on the Navy Hockey Club and in the off hours set up a small villa in Glen Burnie, complete with companion, (of course everything has its price, right Norm?). Drifty suffered a major setback after the detail and his set as Co Commander started but just in time his good fairy (Roxanne) came and administered a good swift kick where it counted. Now Norm is counting the days till he and his little woman ride off into the sunset in a C-9B

KENNETH WILLETT

Ken flew in from sunny San Jose four years ago and has been waiting to fly back out ever since — NFO-style. During his stay here Ken majored in sports and the television set with a minor in academics. Never one to let them break up the weekend, though. Ken called Germany his second home, and having spent several years there, he had no problems in breezing through his Area Language Studies major. Did just fine with their national beverage also. Ken's good nature and determination to follow through at whatever he does have proven to be great assets to him while at the Academy and certainly should help him in whatever his future holds in store



MICHAEL HARRISON WOOSTER

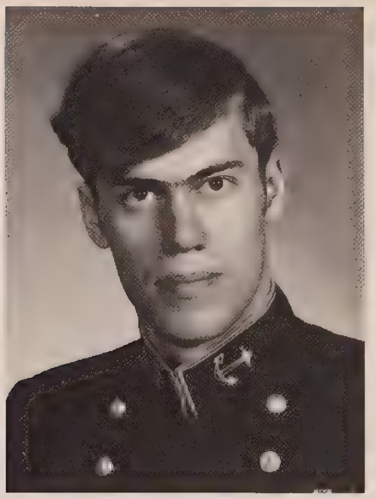
"Woo" wandered in from sunny Southern California and quickly impressed the firsties with his ability to stick his foot in his mouth. As he drifted through youngster and second class years he managed to plow through girls, grades and grease without much problem. A short stay on the Eastern Shore first class summer finally tied him down to his last Q.A.D. and a farm. Mike has provoked a lot of laughs and a lot of thoughts during his stay here, but he knows that he only made it through by the strength of God "Thou wilt show me the path of life. In Thy presence is fullness of joy."

Psalm 16:11

"Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say Rejoice.''

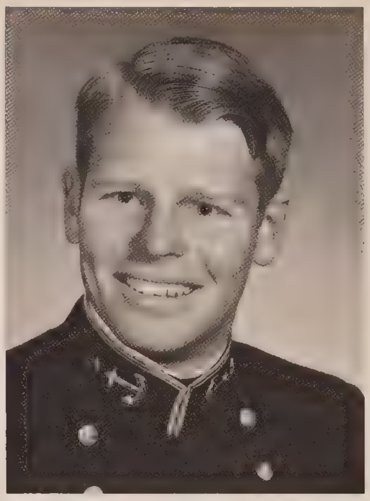
Phil. 4:4

SUPER
16



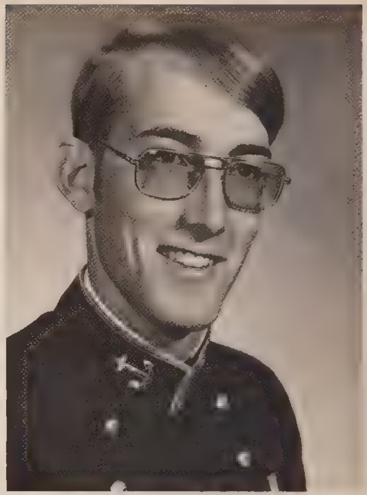
JOSEPH A. ALEXANDER

East Greenwich, Rhode Island in particular and New England in general have always been Joe's home, and after one quarter of a planned twenty year career it should become his actual residence. Besides a commission and a dashpot degree in Systems Engineering, Joe should also come out of the Naval Academy with a new wife, Carol, a survivor of four long years. The immediate future should find Joe Fossil Fueling it on some cork in the Atlantic. The Atlantic will never be the same.



HENRY SCOTT BALDWIN

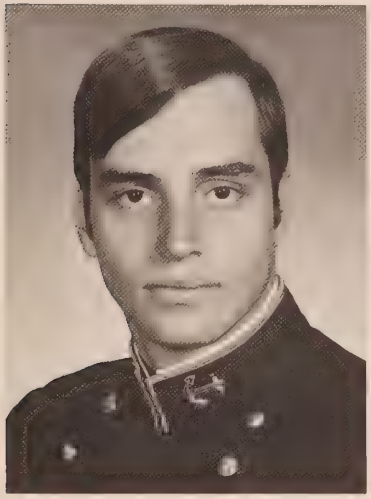
Scotty, a native of Porterville, California, has enjoyed the years spent at USNA. He counts it a privilege to have been here, and has appreciated and met victoriously the challenges and opportunities presented. He attributes his joy of life, successes and abilities to the growing personal relationship he has with Jesus Christ. Scott has decided to pursue a career in Nuclear Power and there also invest his life in growing closer and closer to the living Lord, and in helping others to meet Him and live their lives to the fullest, through Him. Nuc. Power, you have a good man



BRUCE E. BEUCHEL

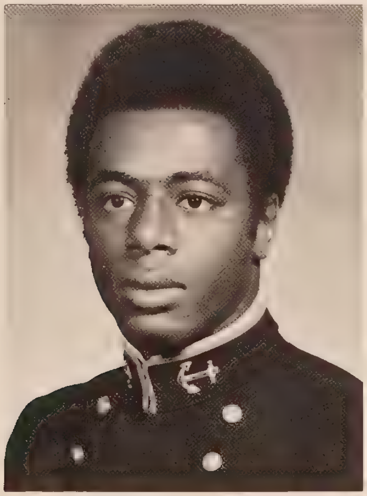
"Boomer." Spurning the colleens of his native Wisconsin, "Boomer" brought USNA one of its brighter lights. His reserve belied his excellence both in varsity fencing and in academics, where it must be admitted that he preferred engineering to the humanities. One of the "Bobrey twins," he could always be relied upon to defend the customs and traditions of the service.

Bruce has anticipated his service selection by annual close shaves with the "sub" squad, but he wears his stars half the year, anyway. Self-reliant and more easy going than he likes to think, Boom is a sure bet to go far, whether above sea-level or below the wave.



ROGER J. CONNELL

Roger comes to us from Cincinnati, Ohio, a man of few words but many actions. Rog, as in Grog, was our spiritual leader on the Athletic fields always endeavoring to be number one, (i.e. "No points for second place"). He has great expectations which he will make come true. Rog is a doer. Rog's greatest desire is to someday carry a sword, being a true swash bucklet at heart. After struggling with four (4) service selections he has finally given marriage the most serious thought. Roger's enthusiasm and positive attitude will carry him through his career (20 years no less) and may someday bring him that Jensen Healy.

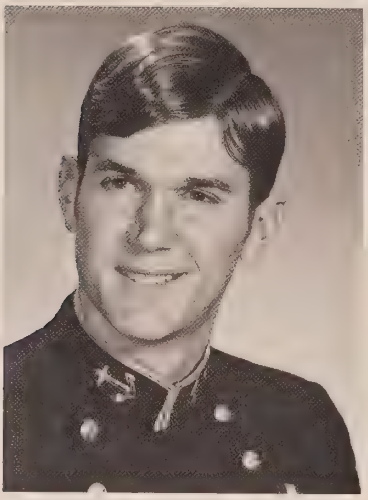


CLEVELAND E. COOPER

After living for three years with a man I've never seen, I've determined Coops must split his time between football and missing taps inspection, long distance calls to a certain lady in Rochester, New York. Definitely maintaining a low profile in the company, his token appearances at formation continue to stupify MPO's Youngster year rocketed Cleveland Eddie Cooper into National Fame and a hat two sizes larger. Since then "Super" has been fully occupied assaulting thermo (twice) and perfecting his weekend vanishing act. Coops has forsaken the deep blue for Marine green and is destined to become "C. E. Cooper the Super Dooper Trooper."

LESLIE IRVING EDGAR

Les hails from the locust land of Utah. Innocent as he was when he first reported, he soon found that fast cars and faster women were more his way of life. Breezing through one of the toughest majors at the academy, Les managed to maintain a 3.5 in Ana. Man. Les is not known for working within the system but after three class A's he soon found it was easier to live closer with the regs. Les' good friends, Tracy and the gang, have not seen him since the middle of Freshman year. He interprets the regs to read four inches on top as well as on the sides. Rumor has it that the IRS is investigating the four hundred dollars Les made from first chair, fifth wing and didn't claim. That money was used to keep his two machines full of gas and in top working order during second and third class year. Instead of wasting a lot of time and money on girls that were not his type, Les made it a prerequisite for all girls to spend the first or second date camping with him in the Shenandoah Valley. Les is an easy going guy but sometimes the girls say he's too easy. He has many friends at the academy which he has gained through his cheerful outlook on life and he is sure to gain many more when he hits the real world.

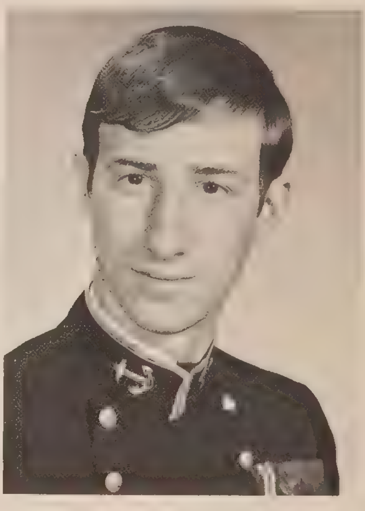


ROBERT H. GANZE

Ganzer came to Navy from sunny San Diego, bringing a promising career as a swimmer with him. He followed it faithfully three years, winning an N* as a youngster. Although truly devoted to the sport, a cute blonde turned out to be more attractive than Coach Lawrence and cold water, and 5 out of 6 weekends free spelled the end. In addition to swimming, racking and TV viewing occupied a lot of Rob's time. In fact, some feel his wardroom was better than the first class's. Rob naturally got his car early Second Class year, a beautiful maroon '74 Vette. Although it was his pride and joy, he realized it was not good enough and throwing caution to the wind, he moved up to a '61 Corvair, which he hopes will last him long enough to get back to San Diego and Surface Line.

THOMAS X. HAMMES

Tom, or T. X., as he's affectionately known by his friends, came to us from that delightful town of St. Maries, Idaho. Accustomed to seeing no more water than could be found in the nearest puddle, it's easy to see why T. X. refused the Sea and chose the Grunt Corps for his profession. To find him, all one had to do was search between the sheets on his rack. If not there, then Chesty could be found with the star of those dreams (not his roomie) the future Mrs. T. X. Hemmes. With 110% of his time spent on these two luxuries, one wonders how did he ever graduate? If he could bottle the secret, he'd make millions — of friends.



RICKEY DALE HARWELL

"Dirtwell." Remember all those photos you "oooed" and "aaahhed" about through three years of **Luck Bag?** Those and many others were the work of this young Texan from Irving. Photography is not his only art form: an accomplished guitarist, he often serenades (?) his classmates and friends. Russian was his major, but his real love is poetry and literature, and girls . . and flying. Soon we expect to see him soaring high above the deep blue waters of Pensacola and from there? We can only say his charm, friendliness and winning ways are sure to help make it a success wherever it is that Uncle Sam will send him.

ROBERT HUTCHINS

Sugar Bear planted himself in the USNA yard after pulling roots from Greenville, Texas. He came to Navy about as pure and innocent as the All-American Boy can be, but the harsh military environment soon made him what he is today. Always working diligently at the tedious studies of the dynamic bull major, Hutch maintained his extra and long weekends. His A's in attitude and conduct were balked by his cunning, intelligence, and luck, as he had to be one of the most non-reg high stripers this place has seen in a long time. If he makes it through this last year without going NPQ, may his days at "Right Full Rudder" be many.

CHARLES ALBERT HILL

Chill comes to us from Brewer, Maine. After two years at the University of Maine, their easy going character decided that Navy life was for him. Dividing his time between the rack, juggling, and his trident project, Chill managed to keep a 3.8 average. With all these activities he managed to be one of the leading partiers. He could always be depended on to go camping or skiing at first mention and is a willing and able "Bear Watch" as Egor can testify. Chill's favorite saying is "Things have never been like they are today." After graduation Chill will be going to Pensacola with the boys to be an NFO.

JAMES H. JORDAN

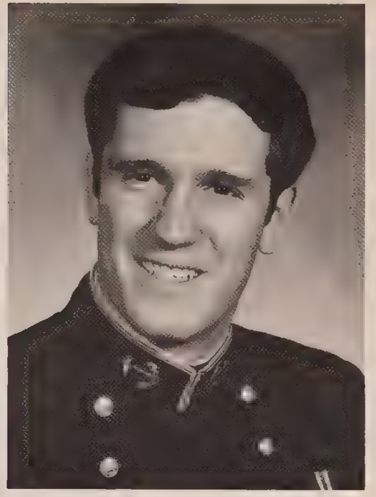
Jim hails from the falcon state of Colorado. Infamous for his shocking laughter that rang down the halls and into the eardrums of his first class, Jim found plebe year to have a few more wrinkles than the rest of us. With an infallible sense of direction to the pad, he was in close competition for the company spirit award. His tedious and relentless work as honor board advisor saw the last of many a good midshipman, yet he smiled on in his career to sleep through formation, extra duty, D.Q., etc., etc., etc. Until firsty year he had visions of fulfilling a life long ambition to fly, but smoke congested lungs and Annapolis pollen made him see Surface Line as mighty fine.

CRAIG A. HIMEL

Craig comes to us from the land of Sugar Cane and Alligators. This unsung Revolutionary quietly sits and dreams of the day that he can trade in his easy going ways for a "Fast Stick" and a "Cat Shot" being a Naval Aviator from the word go. Craig is the quarterback of our first rate drinking and holds a grade point average directly proportional to the number of nights he could remember his name. Craig could always be heard: "You must be confusin' me with somebody who cares!" and "We been wrong for so long, but we're right tonight!" Craig will be long remembered for his good nature and sparkling smile.

MARK FREDRICK KLAUSS

Klausser rolled into Historic Annapolis from "America's Dairyland," somewhere north of the Artic Circle, surprised to find that there were parts of the country that didn't have snow twelve months of the year and you don't have to sleep with two blankets in Maryland during the summer. He immediately proceeded to charm the hearts of the upper class he met on induction day with a candid response when asked what his name might be — "Klauss," he said, "Like in Santa, only not so jolly." Mark became so well acquainted with several of the upperclass during his Plebe year that they would throw parties for him and a few of his Plebe type buddies nightly before evening meal. The next year and a half was almost totally devoted to the systems engineering department until he realized that sanity took precedence over QPR. Most of Mark's weekends since the enlightenment have been spent on "Delta Ops." As a firstie, he always said that Friday afternoons were the happiest hours of his life. Navy Air is fortunate to get such a talented and hardworking man dedicated to high ideals and personal standards of achievement. Who could ever forget the time Klausser remarked about post Navy plans for himself, "I could always drive a beer truck." Adios M. F.



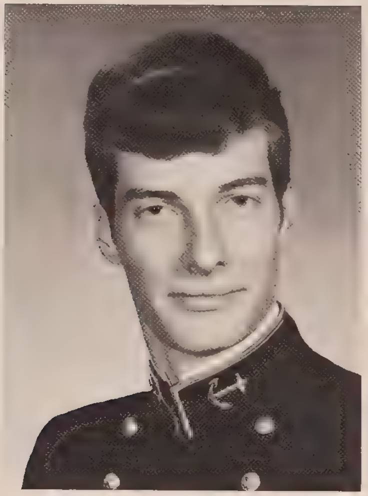
JAMES D. O'BRIEN

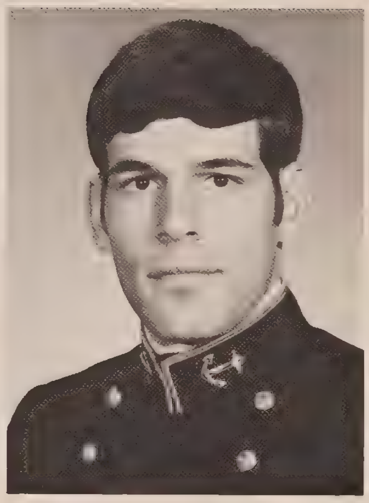
Jim O'Brien, a well to do Irishman from the cold North, got along well with everyone in the company. Commonly referred to as OB, he played out his option for 2½ years on the Varsity Football Squad before taking the controls for the Intramural Sports Program and the newly formed Computer Football League.

For Service Selection he was passed up for NFO of the Goodyear Blimp and wound up in sunny California parallel parking canoes.

OB's pride and joy were two things: Associating with his hometown's Professional Sports Teams — from the Queen City of Buffalo, New York (especially OJ and the Gang). Also he loved music, especially soul tunes, from the "Bump" to the mellow songs of the Stylistics.

Moved from 2nd team to 1st team on the company drinking team with his new drink Screwnogs and ranked 3rd in the company in logged TV horus (especially with "Split Second" and "Monday night Football".





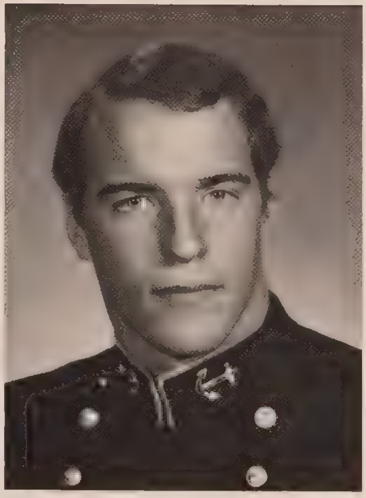
PAUL RICONSCENTE

After spending a year at Columbia Prep School, Paul's dream of becoming a glamorous, All-American USNA midshipman came true. The six-foot bundle of brawn, teeth and hair came here hoping to make his mark in Collegiate football and baseball, but settled for becoming one of the company's true "Hatchet Men" on the intramural fields; and usually settled to the bottom of the pool for the P.E. Department's swimming tests. Not letting secondary duties like books and homework get in his way, Paul was a staunch member of the Company's "Merry Men," and never missed a good party. Being one of the few to be deep selected for A.A., Rico was one of the player-coaches on the Varsity Drinking Team, preparing himself for a promising career in the fleet after graduation. Paul relied upon the Surface Line's motto — "Something Left" — after being turned down for Nuclear Power, being NPQ for Navy Air, and being too smart for the Corps. If Paul can get rid of his seasickness problems the Navy will see one of its first officers — for five years, at least.

MALCOLM D. PATTERSON

"Pats." Hailing from just down the road in Bethesda, Md., Pats was Navy Blue and Gold from the word go. Malcolm was well known in the company for his fund of useless information and his warehouse of books and papers. Whenever not conjugating the verb 'to be,' this systems engineer was always willing and able to help his classmates with their studies. (Though Pats didn't allow his superb intelligence to get sidetracked into the race for grades.) The Bobsey twin of infirm constitution, Pats didn't waste his time taking Physical Education when he could be in the race. With his great physique (or lack thereof), Malcolm never let his coordination (?) get in the way of his fencing.

A third generation mid, the question hasn't yet been answered whether or not Malcolm will break with a surface tradition and join "Boomer" beneath the sea.



MICHAEL PAUL STEPHENSON

Mike came breezing in from Minnesota with that easy-going attitude everyone likes to see in a Mid but never does; and he's stayed that way for four years. Plebe year found him trying for Varsity wrestling but a bad knee ended his chances. He did earn the nickname of "Iron Man" because firsties could beat on his chest without a flinch from him. If only those Grads of 72 knew that Iron Man spent 2 weeks in the hospital with a broken sternum after they left. Mike found the "Hideaway" as a freshman and was immediately promoted to the first team company drinkers. With 4 years at USNA, you could count his dry weekends on one hand. Iron Man has that incredible ability to beat the system that will take him far in his Naval Career

GARY ROBIN STRUL

Moshe came breezing into USNA with a Miami tan, LONG BUSHY HAIR, and a winning smile and managed to keep them all through his four years at the Academy. Gary could be seen in the afternoons either taking out his frustrations on a tennis ball or working with the Masqueraders He always had to study hard because he never managed to get the legendary "gouge" profs. Gary was always a great conversationalist and we listened and listened and listened! He was always a diligent worker at everything he did and this ability will carry him far in his future with the Navy.

RICHARD J. THOMAS

"beneath the stagnation of those who have closed their minds to the future, is the prevailing feeling that there simply are no alternatives, that our times have witnessed the exhaustion not only of utopias, but of any new departures as well. Feeling the press of umplesity upon the emptiness of life, people are fearful of the thought that at any moment things might thrust out of control. They fear change"

— SDS, PORT HUROU STATEMENT

This is Rich Thomas. He begs no judgements.

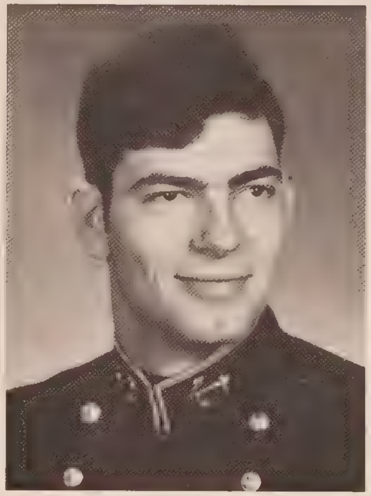
STEPHEN W. WALSH

Steve came from the wilds of Southern New Jersey with a mellow, quiet outlook on life. The trials and tribulations of life in Bancroft Hall prompted his evolution to a more radical frame of mind. His quick, probing mind led him to ask troublesome questions that the purveyors of the power structure could not answer

Walshman spent many hours playing basketball in spacious Smalley Pavillion which was a constant source of joy for him. Steve has always believed in relaxing in a mellow fashion and goods follow him wherever he goes. Steve's military aspirations are of short duration but his quality as a man is much more important.

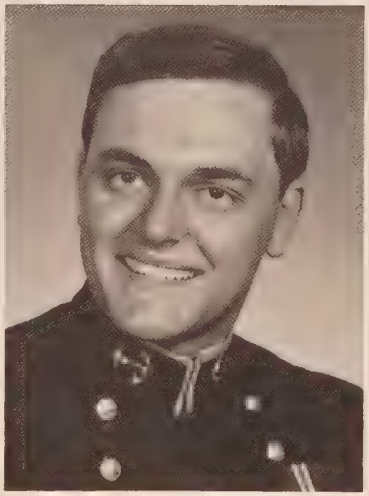
"A Talent is formed in solitude, but a character in the torrent of the world."

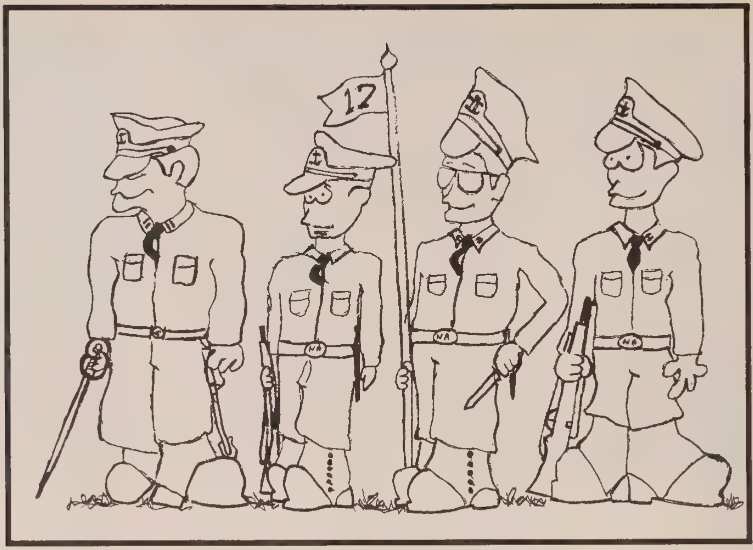
— Goethe



JAMES FREDERICK WHITE, III

Rich or Freddie or the "Maryland Connection" hails from Stevensville on the Eastern Shore wilderness. Appearing on 30 June 1971 at USNA as the, roly-poly boy from the Eastern Shore, he quickly lost thirty pounds and has been gaining them back since the end of plebe year. Rick's colorful nature and willingness to pursue fast sports cars, hopefully faster women and drink gave him the opportunity to use his "Maryland" connections to get himself and his classmates out of trouble Rick will also be remembered for connecting the boys to the "Hideaway" and the "Colonel" where many cars rode out the late summer and fall car purge. Rick's easy going ways enabled him to cram four years of college into the last four weeks of each semester. Rick had a flair for longer hair which caused him to develop lock-knees from admiring it so much in the mirror. His other flair is for Navy Air and he's looking forward to gold wings (and any other wings he can win along the way). Rick will do well flying and will be remembered as a doer by his companymates

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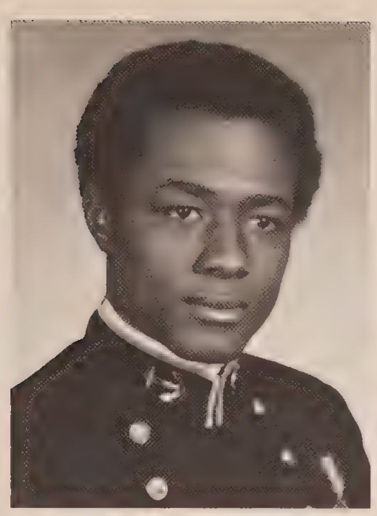
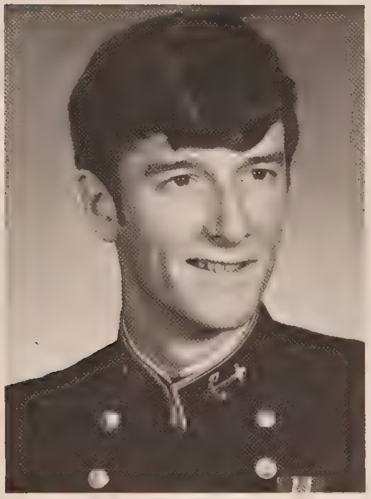


JOHN E. ARLINE

John Arline, the man who was most sought after at taps time, knew more about the "ins and outs" (literally) of the Academy than anyone Athletics and Pat were his loves. "Guseppe" was one who was always smiling, or you were wishing he was; and who might be the first Naval Academy Graduate to be a hit man in the Mafia A Brigade boxing champ, an All-American 150 lb. Linebacker, "Machine's" desire to excel is unmatched. He's headed for the Corps to continue his exploits

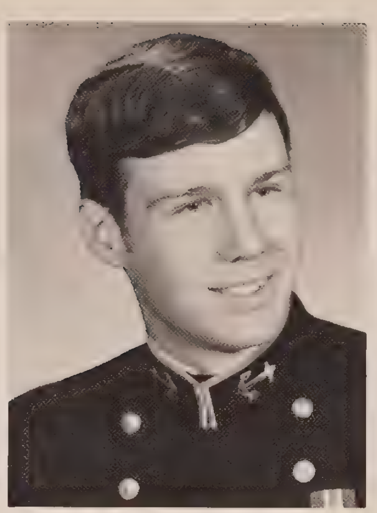


CHRISTOPHER LEE BECKER

Hailing from Nashville, Tennessee, Chris, a charter member of room 1103 and better known as "HO," quickly traded in his high school wrestling knee pads for boxing gloves and soon met with considerable success. His academic conquests were to be admired, for if anyone got through the Naval Academy on sheer desire, it was he. He is best remembered for his quick wit, competitiveness, short lived cycle adventures and excellence in betting on Super Bowls. A best friend of everyone, Chris plans on joining the immediate marriage program followed by a successful aviation career as 2nd Lt., USMC

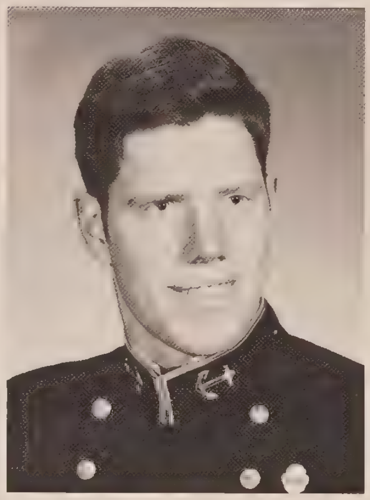
BRUCE ANTHONY BUCKIEWICZ

"Boog" came to the Naval Academy from South Amboy, New Jersey with aspirations of becoming a Navy baseball player while turning down several athletic scholarships to other colleges. Needless to say, he has since spent much time regretting this decision. Finally coming to the realization that he was stuck, Boog hung up his cleats in favor of his present activities of sleeping, chewing tobacco, and partying on weekends. Perhaps one can get an idea of why he is sometimes referred to as "Weird Boog" when one thinks of a Polish Chinese major sitting around chewing tobacco and listening to blue grass music. All of us will have fond memories of all the parties and tailgating with "Pot" after all the football games. No one can quite figure out Boog's selection of Marine Corps but know that he will be successful in all of his future endeavors



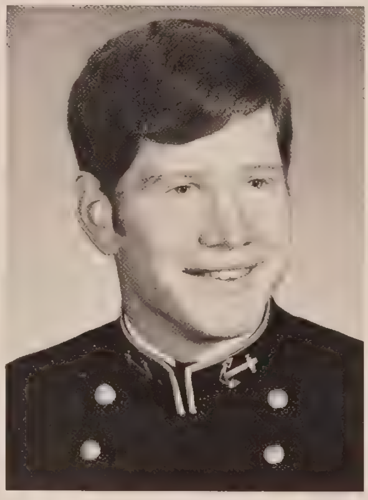
STEPHEN J. CASSIN

From the Land of Lincoln he came with ideas and ambitions to move mountains; unfortunately he picked on USNA, which proved most impassive to any improvement. Stephen's academics have taken the largest part of his years and which won him the title of "Resident Company Scholar." His love of football is only surpassed by his love of the Emerald of the sea. Stephen is one of the few hard core bachelors we have left in the company, which can only be explained by his perfect record of missing every tea fight Plebe year. And the metamorphosis which seems to entrap us all during these brief years at school has been ineffective with Stephen. He will always be the same good 'ol Irish from Chicago.



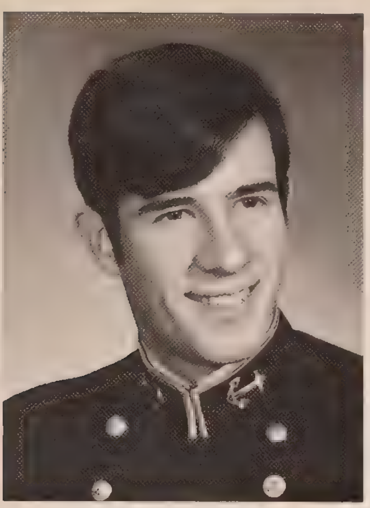
THOMAS C. DILLON

Tom, more commonly known as "Dils" hails most recently from Great Falls — Virginia that is. Dils always found his way to adding a bit of variety and excitement to Academy life. Company asphixiation from Saturday morning plastic experiments, nightly jaunts skindiving in the reflection pool, and water balloon target practice on the tennis courts range as some of his tamer escapades. Renowned for his running achievements, among which number numerals in cross country and track and two close calls with former girlfriends, we were all amazed to find him caught by a tiny Floridan beauty. Looking forward to graduation and his new roommate, Tom's friendly manner and ability to find the humor in every situation are sure to make him a success in all his endeavors.



CHRISTOPHER PRATT FOLEY

Chris was never more than an out-stretched thumb away from home in Chevy Chase, which over the years came to be known as a friendly refuge for many of us. He made friends quickly as his red hair became a trademark almost as distinct as his weekend reddened nose. "FOLES" never had any trouble finding a party, no matter where it was, but when it came to navigating to a barber shop his orange ducktail was always off course. He was never quite at home unless there was a Schlitz nearby but he adapted well to the dry weekends which often found him studying with equally staggering diligence. His hard work and polite manner have, and will continue to, serve him well in whatever he decides to do.

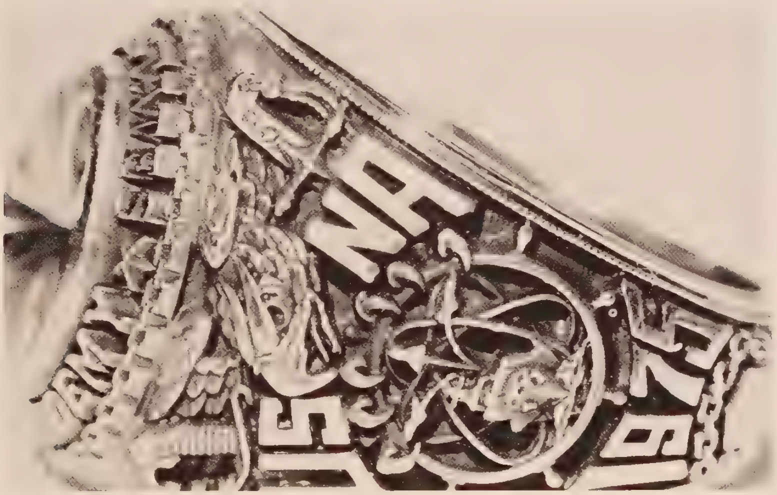


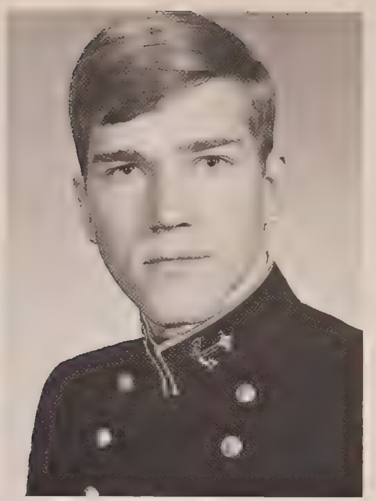
NEAL F. GUERNSEY

Neal, better known as UBIK '75, gave up the good life as a ROTC college student at Michigan and brought his "high" spirits and talents to Navy. He demonstrated an early aptitude for Naval Aviation by pruning trees and scattering spectators with a huge boxkite and buzzing low over sailboats with an airplane. Whenever he was not involved with aeronautical activities, he could be found railroading requests through the administration, marching his pep band through the Mess Hall, or hosting Christmas parties in September. The Fleet will never be the same after UBIK arrives.

MICHAEL JINNETT

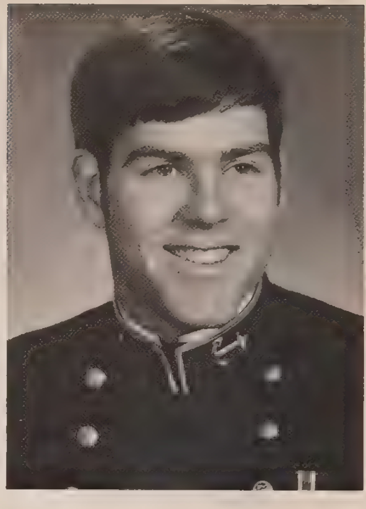
Mike, "M. J." Jinnett signed up for the 4 year USNA program out of Detroit, Michigan. Carrying along his athletic accomplishments of high school, Mike stayed with football and track with his best success coming on the cinders around Thompson field, which surely kept him in shape for all the Melville Miles he would run. Most of the 3/c and 2/c year was spent wrestling with his Mechanical Engineering major while trying to outwit the "Greats of Griffin" Hall. A good friend of all and lover of any kind of fun, Mike did manage to find time to enjoy his 1st and 2nd loves; looking for "the right one," and cruising in that beautiful yellow machine. After graduation, Mike will don Marine Green and be off to what all his friends know will be a successful and enjoyable career.

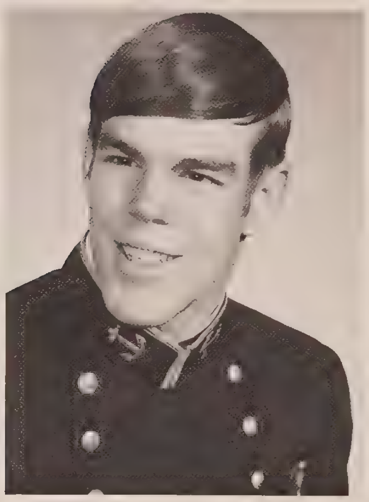




PATRICT C. MANGAN

From the bustling town of Dayton, Ohio, Pat came to USNA to be a slash, for he has spent the last 4 years studying, studying, and studying. It has paid off well, for in his Mechanical Engineering major he is oh so close to that respected 3.00 QPR mark, and has become one of the 17th company's best "professors of gouge." He is a great competitor in company sports, excelling in light weight football and his favorite sport, basketball. He will be best remembered for those stylish penny loafers and his inability, despite all efforts, to gain just one pound. His quiet but good nature has helped make him one of the most respected of us all and the one probably most likely to succeed. A tremendous friend, Pat will be a great credit to the standards the Naval Service, in particular the Nuclear Power Program, upholds.



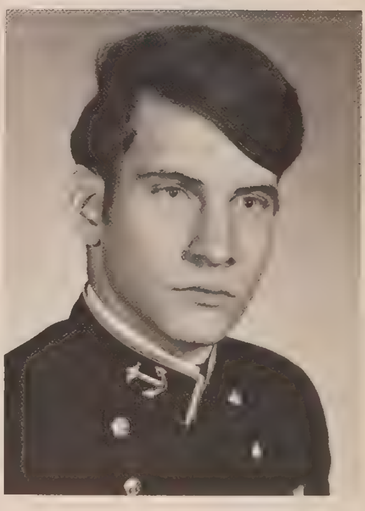


JAMES McCONNELL

With his golf clubs in hand, Mac set out to find a course offering as much challenge as he found at his home in Houston, Pa. Curiously enough he came to the Academy where his clubs took an immediate subordinate role while other activities came to the forefront. A 118 lb. giant, Mac quickly made his mark on the wrestling mat. Known to surge to as much as 142 lbs., he was obviously not limited in his interests. A connoisseur of good beer and fine women, he quickly availed himself of the party scene. A winner at all his endeavors, he approached academics with the same attitude. After acquiring substantial "gravy" during plebe year, Mac was able to sit on his laurels and direct more effort to wrestling. Continual practice, as experienced by his female cohorts, developed him into a distinguished wrestler. Unfortunately, after receiving two N*s, Mac fell victim to a back injury which sidelined him during 1/c year. Not one to be discouraged though, he quickly rebounded and can be found every Friday at Happy Hour. His quick wit and cheerful optimism find him at the center of any gathering. Such characteristics will lead him to inevitable success in the future.

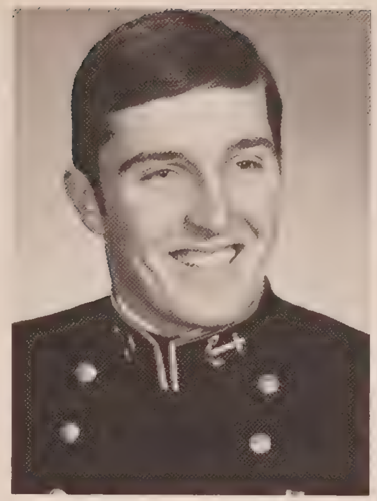
JOHN F. MOODY

After impressing the upper class with his vast knowledge of sports trivia as a plebe, John skated on to youngster year, where his aggressive prowess at hops earned him the nickname of Maddog. The end of the year found him losing his heart and head to his OAO in one of the fastest romances around. After a refreshing dip in the river the night before Army, John continued on through 2/c year with the wife to be and five stripes to add to his wardrobe. Now on the home stretch, Maddog looks forward to wedding bells and Nuclear Submarines.



CHRISTOPHER ALBERT MORTONSON

Once upon a time, in that long, hot summer of '71, there came to these hallowed halls a young Wisconsin lad, known to many as Pooh. Always a lover of wine, women, song . . . and Thermo, and a firm believer in the philosophy of "Let the good times roll . . .," Mort came to be famous for his June Week exploits. When not cruisin' in his TR, with a tall cool one close by, Whitefish Bay's native son could always be found at his books, making colossal attempts to survive the rigors of a Systems Engineering major — a task which obviously took its toll, for his hair began to fall out . . . In the future we can rest with the assurance that the friendly skies are safe, for Navy Air is about to be blessed by one of Milwaukee's finest.



RICHARD ARNOLD RYBOLT

The 'Milford Eagle' sailed on the wings of a "BIRD" to the Severn Home for Wayward Boys four years past. Weathering numerous romances and facing the demanding rigors of Analytical Management, Rick skillfully sidestepped Calculus, Econ and Probs and Stats. He is renowned for his ability to sing the words to every song on the radio, either past or present. This Buckeye, never letting the routine shatter his outlook or calm easy going nature, smiled once every semester. Continually working to improve his academics and waistline, Dick's physique was highlighted by his powerful chest. Always on the go either on foot or in his TR 6, Dick anxiously awaits the future upon the threshold of a dream, in Marine Aviation.

BRIAN R. MURPHY

"Murph," the sailing captain of seventeenth company came to this famed institution from the depths of obscurity which he calls Caruthersville, Mo. Murph developed the reputation of being the most responsible mid in the company. Whenever something dubious and wild was going on in the company, he was usually responsible. By combining his natural mischievousness with his wires major, Murph managed to cause confusion. When the wardroom tv goes on the blink or FM radios change stations by themselves, Murph was usually around the corner. Despite his mischief, stubbornness and southern background, Murph will probably be one of the best officers the Navy has seen.

WILLIAM J. SICHKO

Willie — USMC bound is sure to be a success. He can BS better than anyone we know . . . He has done his best to limit his weekly study hours to under five. The "pad monster" always seems to defeat Bill. His interest in life is Sherrie, Sherrie and Sherrie not necessarily in that order. India Company plebes will never forget his leadership first set.

MARK A. PEIFER

Mark, the son of a West Point graduate, came to Annapolis to pursue a military career in the footsteps of his father. He excelled in almost any endeavor he chose, although there were a few exceptions, mostly feminine. Better known as Bred, he was famous for muffing the big chance.

Mark spent as much time as possible working on his management major. Sometimes he even missed the half time show of the Monday night football game in order to study for a test the next day. Football was always one of his favorite pastimes whether it be as a perennial light-weight intramural player or a statistician for the varsity games. Mark's winning attitude and natural leadership are sure to make his future bright whatever it may be.

HUGH DANIEL SNEAD

Danny drifted into the Academy from Newport News, Va., and has continued drifting ever since. After the usual hard time of plebe year, Danny drifted into youngster year picking up his grades and "his girl," both without very much effort and not necessarily in that order. Danny never did put much effort into his History major, instead saved his energy during the week for the good times on the weekends. Not reaching academic honors never did really bother Danny though, for as he once said, "If the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum." Not sure of his service selection due to his bad knee, Danny is still hoping that a billet in civilian line will pop up. Danny's easy going nature, his carefree attitude and his ability to party at the drop of a hat should ensure success at his one major ambition — to graduate from here.

THOMAS M. WAECHTER

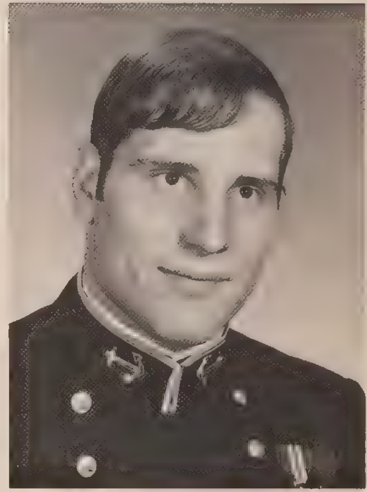
Who can ever forget "The Head" with all those curly locks. As he proceeded to make his mark at USNA, really coming into his own Youngster Year, he discovered the rack — where he can still be found during any free time A Florida boy, Tom had problems adjusting to the Northern climate, until he found companionship in the fall of 2/c year. Now Tom concentrates on graduation and tying the big knot, after which he will show Nuclear Surface what a fine officer and gentleman he is.

KENNETH BRYANT SYKES

Ken came to us here at Canoe-U as the tides do from that old Navy town of Portsmouth, Va Although Ken has found the going rocky several times, his hard working and highly personable nature have carried him over even the sharpest obstacles. Ken has been very active in company sports over the years playing fast-breaking basketball, masked man fieldball, a stretching fast pitch first baseman, an artful tube watcher, and a masterful racker. Looking for a tour aboard a tin-can shortly after graduation, Ken is hoping to eventually make his mark as a Naval Aviator.

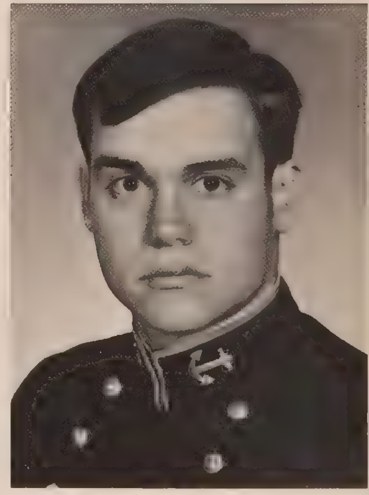
DAYTON F. WARFLE

On a cold, gray, windy afternoon in the Fall of '73, in the Notre Dame-Navy football game, Lindsey Nelson was credited with these famous words that were heard throughout the nation: "Tackle made by . . . Dayton Warfle from Dividing Creek? Must be a mistake in the program" and thus "Warfs" was made famous the world over. He was a man of intense desire who couldn't have come closer to a 2.0 if he tried. His romantic life was nothing you could write about, but of course neither was the Duke's. His goal, after graduation, is to be one of the best and one of the finest, and without a doubt, Warfs will be a success no matter what he does.



TIMOTHY R. WARREN

Tim Warren came to USNA from Newark, Delaware, with a short stop at NAPS. After struggling through a hectic year with "Clovis and Petie," Tim could finally begin to use the leadership techniques he had waited for on the "New Members" of 31. Never in too much trouble academically, he worked his way toward his goal of becoming a Naval Architect, while many others were sliding back to General Engineering Although he never seemed to be in the limelight of the company, since he was in the D&B, Tim probably had more drive to become an Officer than many of the "Thirsty Third." Now, with graduation and Diane in the near future, he is still working to become the officer he has been waiting for. Either Surface or Nuc-Surface Line will get a real hard charger come June 4, 1975



18

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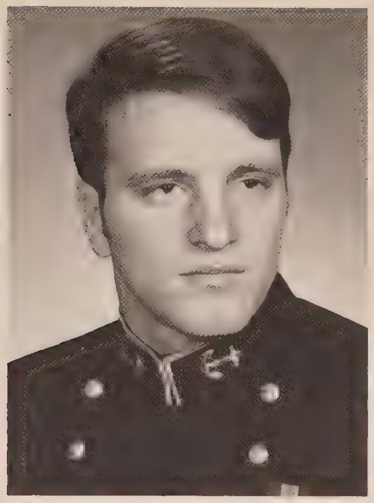
DIRK RAYMOND AHLE

Dere hails from the Corps and what a fine person he has been to those of us who know him. Claiming Hazelwood, Mo. as home, Ale came to us ready to set the world on fire, after having had a magnificent tour at NAPS. Sarge's antics at Navy have become legends and the countless tales of wine, women, and woe will be Happy Hour talk for years to come. Always a party-maker, the Paratooter spent his weekends jumping out of perfectly good airplanes and jumping into his car(s) with his O.A.O. Planning on returning to USMC after graduation, Dere's other plans include Air and getting hitched — and they said neither could be done!

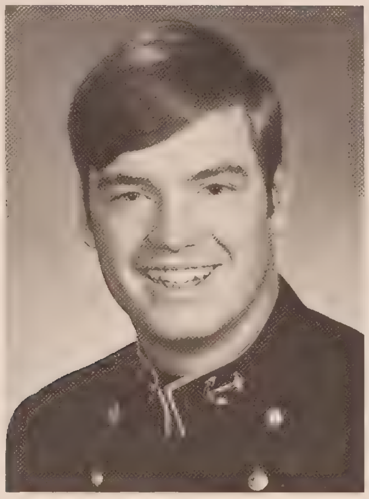
RANDALL J. AVERS

Randy arrived in Crabtown with his collection of Playmate sweethearts, from Moline, Ohio, graduating from one obscurity to another. Doughboy was immediately drawn to athletics with most of his workouts originating in the rack. If he wasn't drifting in the hall during study hour looking for gouge, he was barbering for the company or looking for chow cafter 150's. Randy's moods were as varied as his hairdos, and as unorthodox as his drinking habits and taste in music. Most of his liberty time was spent cruising on his Honda or '69 GTO deciding where he should go. Randy will be remembered as a sincere fun lover at heart.



FRANK J. BERTALAN

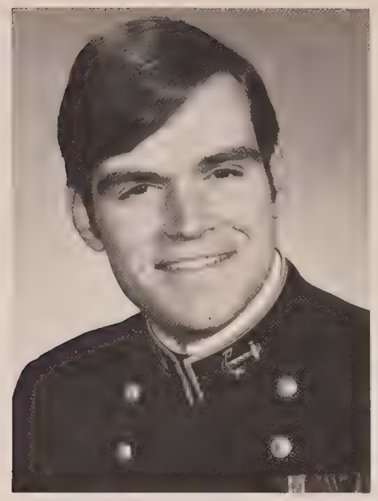
Never one to say "I'll pass," Joe, together with his S.F.O. could be found any weekend lost on G.B.R. searching for the true meaning of anything.



JAMES M. BOBENAGE

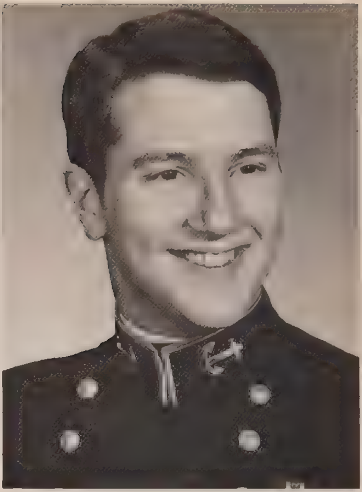
He is five foot nine, weighs 185, kind of narrow in the mind, and talks much jive, but all in all he's a pretty good guy, Big Jim.

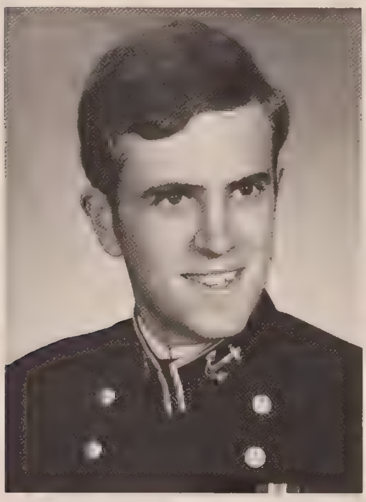
Jim, known to everyone as Bo, came to Annapolis from the mines of Pennsylvania to accept a nine year no-cut contract with Navy. During study hour Bo and his golden arches have been known to frequently break loose from his mooring and slowly drift toward the wardroom coffee machine. He is presently awaiting the ok for postgrad work, on the moon.



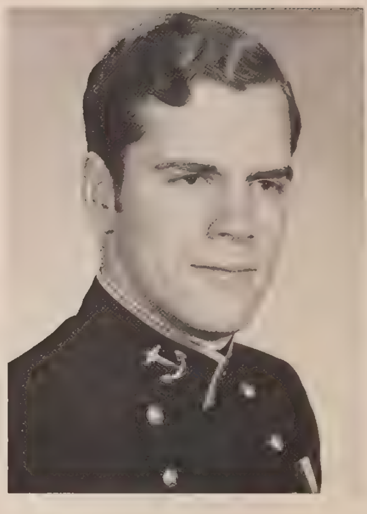
MICHAEL L. BROWN

If you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all. Be cool, Joe . . . the SFO.



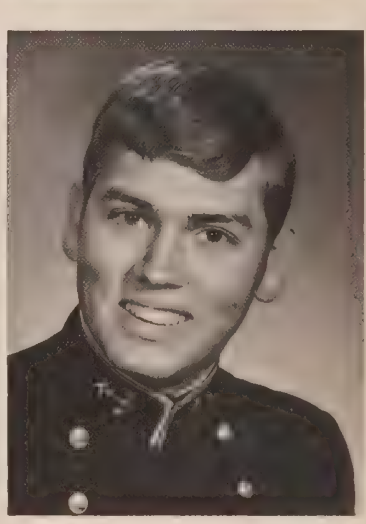


GERALD A. BURGER



JAMES A. CROWLEY

Crow came to Canoe "U" from Syracuse, New York. A young fair haired lad with a twinkle in his eye, an obscene laugh, and visions of atoms, Hymann, and Twenty Thousand Leagues under the sea. Working hard to maintain and excel, Crow maxed out as an academian and Psuedo Soccer King on the Stellar Company Level, to slide into first class year with a well-worn path to Arlington, complete with long weekends. Crow shone Youngster Year as the company Cools and Good Taste Rep at a rousing after Notre Dame bash in Philly as he dazzled the young ladies with his Suma wrestling techniques. Jim is drawn to the challenges of Nuc Power and the life of a sewer pipe sailor if he ever gets to grow a beard, he'll make a fine Captain Nemo. The submarine service will gain immensely from Jim's presence as he does to prove that submariners do it deeper.



DANIEL JOSEF ELINS

Danny, better known as "Rudy," descended upon the Academy from Martinsburg, West Virginia. He came armed with his slide rule, "in and out" boxes and his omnipresent filing system. In company, Rudy gives the "Promulgator" a run for his money when it comes to "passing the word" on an event or activity.

Noted for his love of "pushing papers," Rudy could always be counted upon to have any and all forms, special instructions and the latest changes to the beloved USNAR. He was the local Batt Supply and Admin. rolled into one — If Rudy doesn't have it — you don't need it! Danny should have a long and note-worthy career in "Hymie's Navy," so long as he stays clear of the Navigation Dept. (Remember Portland?) The prediction is that "the Rude" will have the entire submarine force "organized" in less than one week after becoming a participating member. Take 'er down Ens. Rudy!!!

LAWRENCE G. KLOTH

Coming to us as an outstanding individual from the risque hills of New Hampshire, Larry is noted for his true wit and amazing energy. Known to his friends as the Slothe, Larry continually amazed us with his romantic tact and academic perseverance.

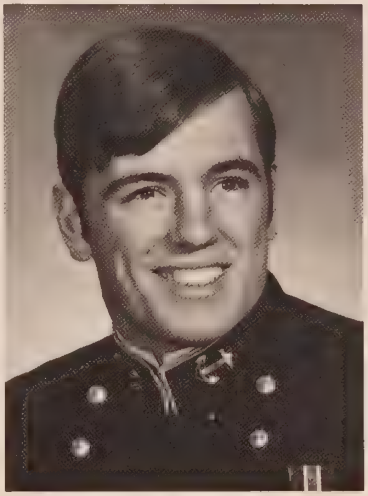
During his four years at the Academy, Larry was famous with young lovelies in the area for his "painful knee" and his always unexpected watch standing. He finally found his true love as a first classman, overlooking the well built merchandise at the local Chevrolet dealership. Known to the company freshmen as "the Shaft Monster," Larry became the first "Polar Bear Commander" during his second class year. Countless teaming freshmen were heard to cheer as he broke the ice in Santee Basin.

Larry has always excelled while at USNA. His boasts have gone from "never drinking in the shower with a broken leg" to "study at Pensacola, what's study." Anyway, we wish Larry many happy dreams and always another chorus of "My Sweet Lord."

WILLIAM M. HICKS

With a sparkling career behind him in Danville, California, Bill came to USNA ready to take the world on in the field of mechanical engineering. His major interests in soccer and girls made him an outstanding candidate for the ever prominent USNA "Jocks and Dear John Club." After surviving a tough freshman year as "the man in charge of window closing," he earned the nickname of the Promulgator. With a schedule for everything, Bill worked hard at writing romantic letters, car shopping and on occasion — academics.

Although his permanent residence changed from California to New Jersey while at USNA, Bill's heart and soul remained in the West. The names of the Oakland Raiders and Oakland Athletics were never taken in vain in his presence. At the end of Youngster year, Bill fell in love for the first time — with a Corvette. After several thwarted attempts at romance Bill will finally win his true love this year. Bill has always been one of the most optimistic and fantastic people in the Brigade. His true test of optimism will occur when he goes to work for the original "old man of the sea," Admiral Rickover.



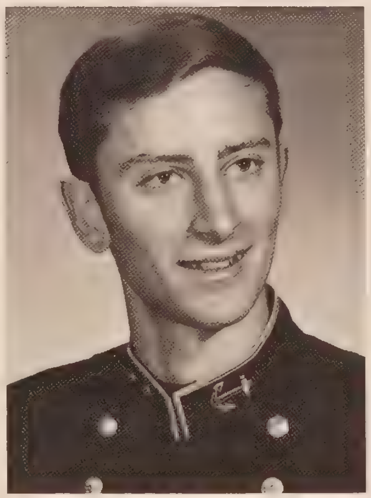
DANIEL T. LAM

. . . But Oz never did give nothing to the fat man, that he didn't already have

DONALD WILLIAM JENSEN

Originally from Grand Island, Nebraska, Don moved to Iowa the end of his Plebe Year. Don's "carefree" attitude towards certain "establishment ideas" enabled him to actively pursue his interests in the liberal arts and the medical field. Being an ardent athlete, Don successfully evaded six intramural seasons through such devious means as Masquerader's productions, broken ankles, and assisting with the "Aquarock squad."

His claims to fame are presidency of the Protestant Chapel Choir, and having maintained the best record in the Brigade during his four year tour as company honor representative. His policy was "Nothing seen — Nothing heard — No action taken!" Noted for his "stellar" study habits, Don has managed to remain in good standing in the "Bicosci" program. Don's romantic flare was somewhat stifled due to him having a O.A.O. in Nebraska. Wedding bells are definitely in his immediate future.



WILLIAM OLIVER MEYERS

With the exit of Farrell, Milo Mindbender was born. Milo holds the following records:

1. Least hours on total number of term papers.
2. Most hours as S.I.R. or on the X-Squad
3. Most miles on any second class car
4. Least miles on any first class car
5. Most hours in T.V. wardroom or movie theaters.
6. Most tragic love affairs with the Youngest girls.
7. Most hilarious performances and demerits for the least amount of beer.
8. From 1 in 840 to 745 in 825.
9. Most roommates having departed USNA.
10. Most hours in the rack.

For the future we picture Milo married to Ruth with a T.V. in every room of his apartment. An outstanding performance in Navy Air flying helicopters to drive-in theaters.

JOSEPH J. PAULIS

Harpo Faultless hails from a quiet little berg in California, San Diego. A world traveler at heart, J. J. can always manage to find a HO-JO's at which to rest his weary bones.

Our future F-4 driver has had some problem hanging onto roommates over his tenure at Navy, hopefully this problem will not carry over into the cockpit.

Whenever J. J. is not pursuing academic endeavors, he may be found studying horizontal inertia, hasseling BEZO, beach balling or with his future Navy bride.

The one phrase which will endear us all to Harpo is: "I'm not kidding around anymore, D______ it!"

DARRELL RUSSELL

Company pharmacist and 4-yr president of the aqua-rock club were among his many achievements at USNA. However, Moe Brown's greatest achievement was avoiding debtor's prison and having everything he owned repossessed.

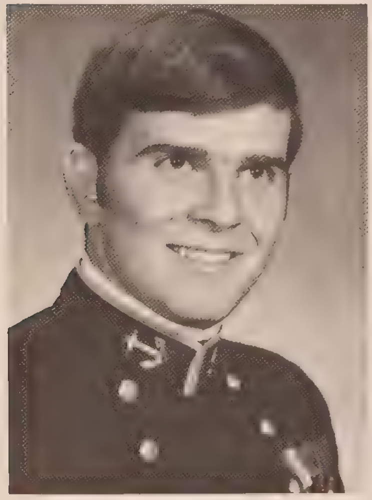
A history major and serious student, he has been known to relax from the pressures of academic life by covering his body with shaving cream and running from room to room.

JOHN DICKSON STUFFLEBEEM

John came to the Academy from a Navy family and plans to start one himself on or about 7 June '75. He had a good load of the military prior to his entrance into the hallowed halls of Navy. His formative high school years were spent at Randolph-Macon Academy where he amassed no less than eleven letters in football, basketball, track, rack, and girls. Stuff then went into the Navy as a Whitehat and at NAPS distinguished himself as Military Man of the Year (MMOY?). Academics not barring his way, Boomer established an impressive record as Navy's Punter and lettered three years. John aspires to be a Naval Aviator and Navy Air indeed has something to look forward to — as soon as he can beat the Surface Line Rap.

CLEMENT D. URBAN

"Urbs" arrived here at Mother B from the sunny beaches of California and proceeded to dazzle everyone with his Tarzan like body and Mark Spitz swimming ability. "Aqua-rock" spent many a fine afternoon soaking up some Natatorium water. Plebe year was really a bag for Urbs with such fine roommates and with guidance from his upperclass buddies like T.O. from a relatively obscure start, "Volkswagen" proceeded to enjoy the finer points of Youngster year with parties (how did he get those strange lumps on his head after Notre Dame) and with more feats of strength. It was 3/c year that he finally learned the secret of academic success — many a night he could be found roaming the halls in search of the best gouge. As he said, "You can't hate gouge." Company comedian, academic advisor and resident music expert, "muscles" was always up for a good time (or a pizza — whichever came first). If need be he would go AWOL to see Led Zeppelin. Graduation will find him headed for the Nuclear Navy and if ever there is a rock and roll heaven, he is sure to be there.



WILLIAM GORDON WEYAND

Coming to the Boat School from Loveland, Ohio, Bill (affectionately known as Stump) has been fighting a never ending battle against Navy. Bill's work with the Dumb and Bungle Corps was always praised by the USNA hierarchy. One of the much loved officers smilingly said, "Good job with the D&B this summer; that will be 75 + 2." Were it not for the "42," Stump's attendance record at parties would have been perfectly intact.

Stump's classmates confronted him with a close shave on his 21st birthday. Stump has also had some close shaves with romance, but has managed to remain as unencumbered as ever. Stump plans to take his firebird down to the bird school in Pensacola and hopes to end up on a birdfarm.

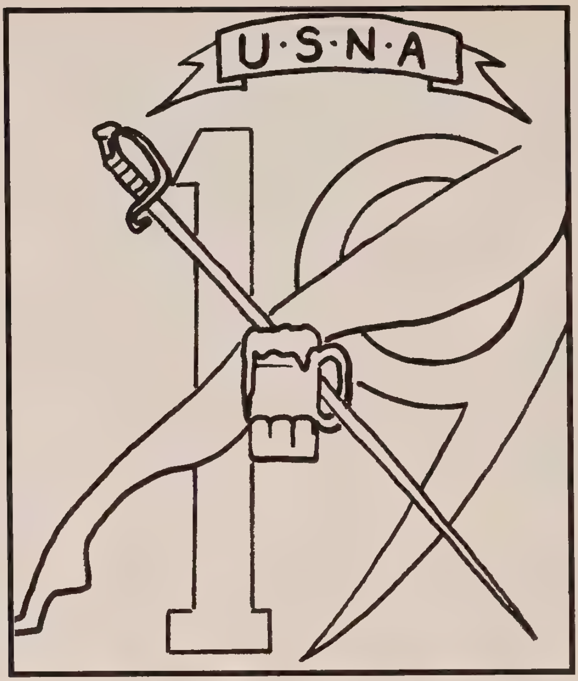
ROBERT V. YOUNG

From the scalding hot beaches of sunny Florida, Bob came to USNA with his sights set on being a Navy Track jock. Nothing was to stop him. Neither his first semester QPR nor a bout with MONO was to keep this man from his N*. But really Bob, what is a coach for?

Throughout Youngster year, "Spring" developed a reputation in many fields. Not only were his hours logged in the "rack" and occasional "cramps" impressive, but his taste in women — outstanding. (?)

As second class year moved upon us, Bob's views on life changed. He decided to skirt the big time in sports and settle down to being a simple "company man." His participation in company sports, company parties, company cars and women will never be forgotten.

With Bob's love for the Beach Boys, Firebirds, water skiing, and the sun, he will soon find himself back in Florida as he plans to get this set of wings for Navy.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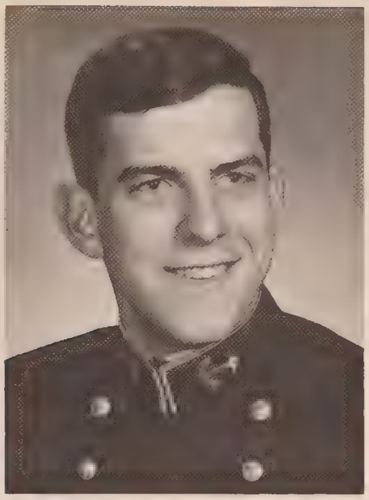
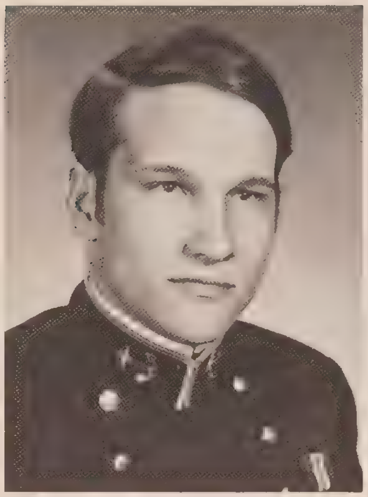


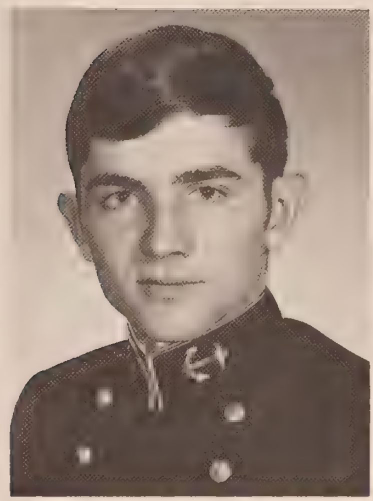
DOUGLAS KEVIN AULT

He came to us from Ohio as Doug and left us as an officer named DK. In the beginning it was evident that DK was not just another Midshipman. From the time that "Heads" had DK into his room for extra instruction on push-ups until Pat happened along, DK's stay at USNA had its ups and downs. For the first year and a half DK's love affairs were like a ten yard dash, they were over before he really got started. After Pat came to his rescue, like a "sister" should, the only thing that was left in doubt was his service selection. It seemed as though most people did not want him and the one that did; he "just couldn't get up for." Our class will graduate at least one officer and for all the bad things he has said about engineers he is to become a professional engineer with the CEC



MARK FRANCIS DARROW

Hailing from a Holiday Inn straddling the 7 mile limit, the proud son of Mother Bee and the company's duty family, Captain Drago has been fighting tooth and nail for that small spotlight on the stage of life for his entire naval career Majoring in gouge, youngster year found him on many an all-night marathon studying Materials and the tube. A varsity steerage jock, O-club stalwart, and balding eagle, Marky is most famous for 58 straight letterless days, cross jokes, and wah wahs. The company's perversion representative and M*A*S*H* regular was never known to turn down playing in the hall, parties, juggling, ride requests or the wardroom. That is, until 5 interviews, 3 visits with the Admiral and surrender of his first-born son yielded Mark his OE dream. So John Wayne will be seen pushing his Javelin to Nuc School after achieving separation from USNA in June '75.



GARY D. BENNETT

WILLIAM WORDEN CLEARY

W. W. came to the prison from the California settlement of Pasadena. With him came all of his conceited stories about how great California was. He was a football player, lover, and midshipman in that order. W. W. had many skills, one of which was not getting caught. Others included varsity track, social tack, using phones illegally, sketching, speeding, sleeping, and avoiding the N.I.S.

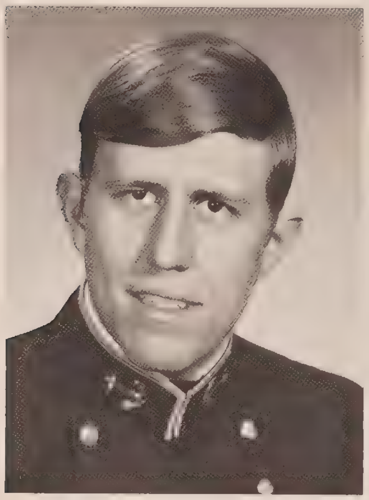
W. W. was known for his working hard and playing hard. He showed his leadership ability many times and was a firm believer in never giving a sucker an even break

W. W. had many loves while at the prison but his first love is Navy Air and the Navy will be receiving a fine pilot come June '75

STAN RUBIN
ORCHES

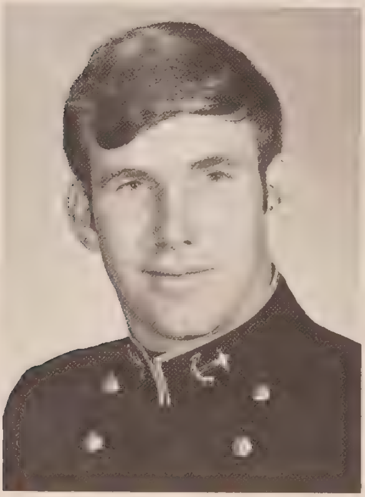
ROBERT MacNEILL EICHELBERGER

After swimming through his first year and amazing his classmates with his ability to skate while looking as if he was working, Bob spotted the Chapel Dome 13 hours later than the majority of his classmates and immediately began the great escape on his way to avoiding over 500 demerits in his Youngster year. For this and various other escapades he earned the nickname "Houdini" which he felt was better than the plebe nickname "ICOR" lovingly bestowed upon him Parents Weekend by his mother. Probably not one of the company's biggest social giants, Bob astounded everyone with his widespread romances ranging from Kansas to Virginia. Confirming everyone's doubts as to his sanity, he volunteered to spend 10 weeks submerged his first class summer and loved it so much that he decided to make it at least a 5 year career. While at Navy, Bob starred in many ways including swimming and flour bombing. As one very wise person once put it, "Bob, I guess you do have a problem!"



JAMES WALLACE EMERY

Big Jimmy left Dallas one day when he decided that being a Naval officer might be more fun than being a Texas Ranger. His friendliness is exceeded only by the size of his ears and his ability to find good-looking girls. His claims to fame are his unique ability to wham-o a peanut butter jar, and to single-handedly wipe out a soccer team (his own, unfortunately). Most of his academic battles were with the wires department, and much of his spare time was spent trying to coax more volume from his stereo. He never could understand why his roommate and an occasional BOOW wanted it turned down. Navy Air will gain a long, tall Texan heading for the "rodeo in the sky" after graduation, if Jimbo can manage to squeeze into a cockpit.



CHARLES ENGLISH

Hell, no! He ain't fergettin. A true patriot, Phil left Bear Bryant begging on his knees in order to defend his country in the US Navy. It became questionable 1/c year, as that Southern gentleman almost saw as much of the Crimson Tide as he did of the Big Blue. If he wasn't flying down to Dixie on weekends, he could be found challenging any hairpin curves in the Annapolis area and going faster than the Blue Angels. Phil did have a nice car with some nice options; parachute, lily-white exterior, heavy-duty floorboard, and a cruiser control. One thing is sure about Big Magic, by the time he's 25, he'll have his first million in the bank. If he has any trouble, Mom should be able to chip in a little. After graduation, Phil aspires to have command of the first F-14 Squadron in the Confederate Air Force.

KEVIN PAUL HART

Little Buddy came to boat school from San Juan. Kevin's devotion to the Academy and the Service have been unparalleled. Always a hard worker, his locker will rival that of any plebe. A man who really got his money's worth out of three stripers Lib's, Kevin holds the record for least number of nights spent in the hall. As an expert with the bayonet, he has driven this point home on numerous occasions.

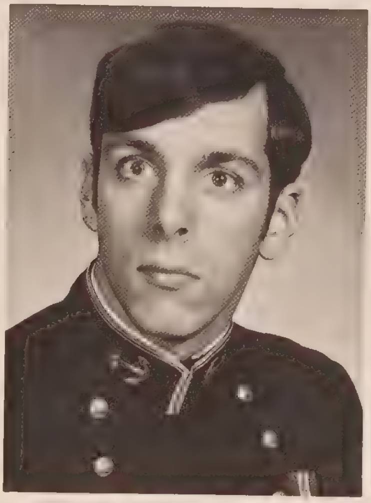
Whether he's a ground pounder or a back seat driver, he'll be a fine representative of the U.S. Navy.

MARK KLETT

Weighing in at a lofty 180 pounds plebe year, Mark soon lost his baby fat that summer only to find it again for good old 1/c year. In between, you could find Mark cheerleading, playing lax, in the rack, in the rack, in the rack, or in any wing of Mother B. on a "Gouge Safari." Second class year found the Squat studying more than 10 hours a week, so he quickly picked up another major so he wouldn't have to study so hard. Lest anyone get the wrong impression, it must be pointed out that Mark is saving himself for the fleet. Until his major stock interests climb to the point where he can retire to the life of leisure of a true blueblood, Mark hopes to be performing in the Navy as a seal.

STEPHEN MICHAEL HUGHES

Alabama lost numerous exciting times but saved many a young lady's heart when Mike came to USNA. Mike did not find luck; luck followed Mike around like a puppy. One of his more amazing feats was when he went before the Academic board 'unsat' and emerged on the Merit List, all while dating the Dean's daughter. The other tales of conquest are too amazing to recount. Medically, Mike was always a surprise. He was entertaining his friends either with viral hemophilia or hyperventilation much to the chagrin of the Medical Department. One day Mike will fail to escape the grasp of the opposite sex and will become a husband. In the meantime, Mike will be flying back seat only to a very fast Navy pilot.



MICHAEL WILLIAM LORD

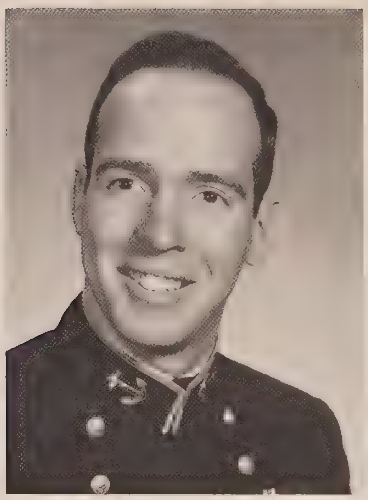
Mike came to Crabtown from what some people call turkey town, North Adams, Mass. During his plebe year Mike was given the nickname Lucky of which he proved to be deserving during his four year stay at Mother B. This uncommon luck, gave him an unbeaten track record in good squad leaders, intramurals, and duty sections, to mention a few. Lucky has the distinction of being the only midshipman to choose his major in his first class year. During second class summer, with Georgetown tugging at his coattails offering a scholarship and freedom, Mike decided to endure the four years at USNA and delay his law career. Although Mike has uncommon luck his academic success was the result of many diligent hours with the books. He is a hard working, concerned, and extremely liberal individual who has a lot to offer the Naval Service. Graduation will show Lucky a June Week wedding and a career as a Naval Flight Officer

SCOTT CRAWFORD KEE

If the days of sail could somehow miraculously return, Scott would be doing his best to usher them in. A romantic at heart, he would have fit in well with Lord Nelson . . . the only trouble being that he probably would have yearned for the days of Columbus. As all "Old Salts" seem to be, Scott is blessed with an abundant practical knowledge and an ability to do almost anything. His good sense and maturity have impressed many people and will stand him in good stead with his future superiors. "Blessed" with a quick and not too subtle wit, Scott has an answer to any person, place, or thing, any time, anywhere. A traveller and adventurer at heart, Scott had no trouble finding things to do on weekends, especially with his motorcycle and the '62. Musically inclined, Scott made many contributions to the D & B during his four years, but he had to pay the consequences of this association when the TMR came along. As far as service selection is concerned, there has never been any doubt in Scott's mind — "Service Line is mighty fine."

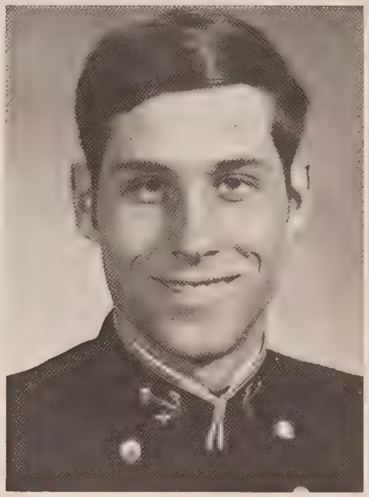
RICHARD LUKE

Big Rich, coming to the brigade from that All-American city of Philadelphia, has lost only once during his stay at the Boat School, and that was a 4 year heavyweight bout with the rack. When not in battle, "Cool Mid Luke" could be found if you knew where the popcorn was; or slinking around corners heading for the steerage, for whoever heard of a 140 pound coxswain. Big Rich's true success lies in the fact that he always lived up to his motto of, "Never do today what can be done tomorrow." Rich has decided to join those IFNAGS under the sea, someplace where that loan can be paid off. "You're there."



ROGER LYNN McFARLAND

Mac came to the Home for Unrequited Lovers from New Mexico, Hawaii, and Maryland. While pulling himself together and attempting to make either Heads or tales out of plebe year and the diving team, this number one Star Trek continually found himself either dropped by, or reconciled to one of the many females he had collected over the years. To Roger's dismay, only his squad leaders took constant interest in him. He made a smooth transition from plebe to youngster year as it was no problem for him to turn from a screen to a scream. His roommate was never really impressed with any of the girls Reverend Rog brought home until a wet fish of youngster year turned into a real whopper. Flour bombings, watch changes, and THE Corps were the only things which ever stood between this color blind Civil Engineer and graduation. Although his roommate is the best man, Kathy ranks this smiling green head in the red Datsun number 1.

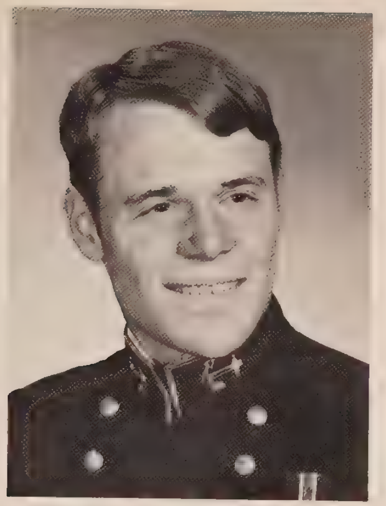


STEPHEN NEWBERRY

Newbs headed out from Frisco four years ago to play B-ball at the UCLA of the east. He soon realized that he could shoot more playing company B-ball and see more of his high school flame. Settling down into academics, Steve found out that he had enough brains and gouge to get through the Ocean Engineering curriculum with minimal effort and good grades. And if there was ever a test or class that he wasn't up for, Nebs could feign a rare disease with the best of them. It is true that he used the initials SIR more than SGN? Graduation will find Steve going "low and slow" in Pensacola, accompanied by TFMN.

KEITH OLDEMEYER

Four years ago, if someone was to ask Oat what the Naval Academy was, he probably couldn't have answered it. After limping through plebe year and building up some much needed gravy for the next three years of battle with the M.E. Department, he soon found out on youngster cruise that the Navy meant ships at which time he began looking to the sky. Two years swallowed up in the cave in the shaft got him through the tough years with a minimum of hassle, a lot of hair, a lot of music, and a not too shabby car. Looking towards the future we can see Oat (we still can't figure that name out!) taking life easy. Cruising in his "sled," or his F-14. "There you go."



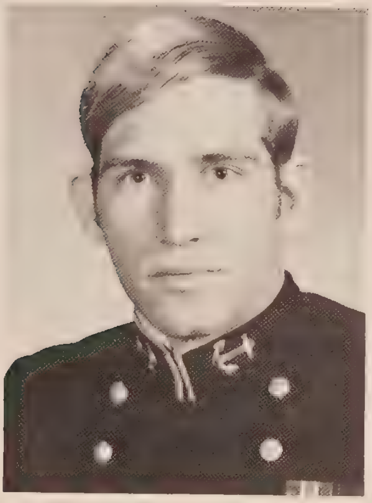
GARY POWERS

After digging himself out of the snow of Vermont, Gary decided to head south for Annapolis and warmer weather. Little did he know just how warm it could get; he found out though as Plebe year got underway. Always concerned with increasing his pro knowledge, Gary spent a good portion of his first year giving "Tank Reports" while the upper class chowed down on their favorite vegetable, asparagus.

Gary has always done very well in the book department, ranking high in the class his entire time here. This didn't stop Gary from engaging in other activities as well. He will always be remembered for his electric laundry bag and the demolition of a coffee pot.

An aero major of acclaim, Gary changed course at the last minute and chose to fly under the sea. While Gary has always shown a great deal of leadership, there is still some question as to how he got his fifth stripe first class year.

Better known as the Hack, Gary will make a fine submariner and an omnipotent eight-ball.



DAVID CLARK RAY

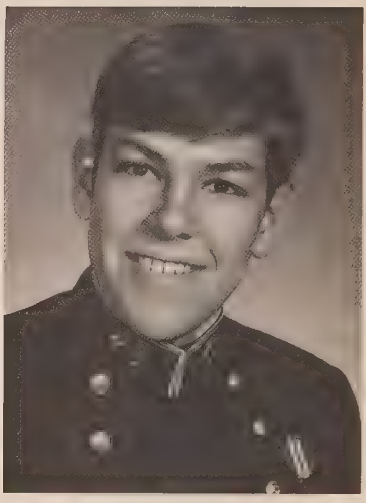
Coming directly to USNA from high school in Memphis, Tenn., where he had an excellent record in academics and track, D. C. wasted no time in proving that college life is a different story. D. C. took the rigors of Academy life in stride, and was the recipient of many outstanding deals during his four years, including duty over Thanksgiving, which permitted him to spend two consecutive Turkey Days at cozy Mother B., and his fifth choice on first class cruise. Fredricksburg, Va., was the scene of most of D. C.'s activity after Plebe year, when a blind date became the center of his attention. Never one to let academics interfere with a good time, D. C. still managed to stay one step ahead of the AC Board throughout his four years. With his quick wit and personality, D. C. should prove to be a welcome addition to the Naval Service.

HENRY JOHN ROHLING

Hank came to the Un-college from the frozen northland of Minnesota. His first winter at Navy he had such a capacity for fresh air that his roommates almost froze to death on those cold Maryland nights. Hank got right down to business Plebe year and earned some of the highest grades in the company — it was a good thing because he needed the "gravy" for the Youngster Year Slide. Not easily discouraged, Hank kept his nose in the books most of second class year — mainly cheap western novels. Hank's main pastime was running, and he never needed an excuse. However, he turned in one of his best times when a Baltimore lass got stars in her eyes. Hank always knew how to be serious and work within the system without taking it or himself too seriously. The Fleet stands to gain a fine officer and a valuable asset when Hank walks through Bilger's Gate for the last time

MARK ANTHONY SATORIUS

"Sodbustin' Sat" came to the un-college from an obscure farm town called Petersburg, Ill., hoping to major in animal husbandry. Realizing his need for recognition, Mark dived head first into the boxing program, and soon became known as "What's-his-name." The Int'l Harvester Rep soon got on a first name basis with dental, and after 2½ years of major dental surgery increased his overbite ½ inch. Mark's fondest dream in life was to be reincarnated as a sponge, and soon realized that dream at the Severna Park Holiday Inn. After 4 years of devoted service from his sponsors, who maintained his summer villa on the Severn, he rewarded them with his senior picture (autographed of course). Mark's favorite was, "If you have, I want it." Never lacking in spirit, Mark could be found picking the December soybean crop during June Week, or arguing with his roommate, the Grand Dragon. Never one to be outdone, Mark hopes to be blowing ballast with the Nukes after graduation.



THEODORE LOUIS SPILLMAN III

Teddy with his bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and well built body came to that great, great institution called Navy from a nice home in Fayetteville, N.C. Always one to take his vitamins and stay out of trouble, Teddy had no problem being a good boy. He made the Dean's List numerous times and never had any problems memorizing the reg book or other QPR's of the other first class in the company. Physically well-fed-Ted had no real problems. After working many hours with mirrors and weights Teddy improved his physical condition considerably. In fact Charles Atlas was so impressed that he began sending him all sorts of literature, but Teddy in all his modesty, politely turned him down saying it was just not for him. Teddy with his pretty hair, cute looks, and well rounded brain-body combination should excel and go far in Navy Air just like he has done all his life.

Love,
Mom and Dad

JOSEPH SWEENEY

Patches, or Minnesota Fats II rolled into Canoe U from the hills of Yorktown Heights, NY. While at Navy Joe somehow managed to get everything done without really doing anything. Lashing on his skates at the end of plebe year, he thought he'd sail through life at Navy without a Form 2. But, Firstie Cruise and that scraggly stache turned that dream into ashes as he welcomed the sun up every morning for next 2 weeks. Assoc. member of the Company Rack Team, Joe never let the other side of midnight catch him out of the pad. Weekends were great as his wife-to-be was always in the parking lot with his little red Fat. I mean Fiat. Him and Claud managed to raid every store in a 50 mile radius of the Dome. Oh well, graduation will see Joe off to P-cola in search of his NFO wings. From there it's the P-3 and the beautiful sight of steak and eggs. Yep, land-based, fat and happy, Joe's got it made.

MICHAEL GRANT WATSON

Known to all as Pops, Mike came to us from Sacramento after trying out college and a two year mission in France. As lover of the arts he is continually building up his personal book collection that will soon rival the library of Congress. Mike has gained the respect of all through his cool and calm demeanor. Not one to waste words he always knows what he's talking about. As the ladies' man, Mike has done his best to make life enjoyable for several of them, although none have been able to make him turn in his walking papers yet. A true professional in every sense of the word and a great guy to boot, Mike will surely find a good life in the Naval profession.

RANDAL CLAY SWEENEY

Randal Clay comes to Mother B from just about every state in the nation (and a few foreign countries). Weighing in at a mobile, hostile and agile 118 lbs., Randy immediately went on his bulk-up program, which consisted of 23.5 hrs. of rack per day. Never one to let his social life interfere, Randy continued in the Big Sleep while his plebe year gravy kept his head above water. Firm of spirit, Dumbo fought off the evils of those gas eaters and finally ended up with a 'vette. Randy was never one to let the moods of others or the rapid pace get him down. After being pushed off the 4th deck as a joke, Randy was quoted as saying "Geez Louise you guys." Looking to the future R. C. hopes to "Fly the Friendly Skies."

DANIEL ALLAN WHEELER

Wheels joined the class of '75 from the metropolis of Worcester, New York. After a very typical plebe year, he chose the overly demanding oceanography major and soon was doing problems from every course except his own. Climbing ever higher on the social ladder, Poindexter could be found in one of his favorite haunts every weekend: Mitcher or Nimitz. Never one to turn down a job he was elected watch coordinator and Honor Rep, which shortened his leave and study more than once. A step above and apart from his classmates, Dan knew that life was greener through the bottom of a Boone's Farm Bottle. With his classmates wondering if he was deaf and color blind, he continued to buy Chuck Mangione records and the "mean, green washing machine." After graduation Wheels hopes to join the Surface Line jocks on a Knox Class target.

JOHN DEAN THEEUWEN, JR.

A native of Michigan and a Navy junior, John came to the Academy with a great deal of desire and had little trouble adjusting to the system. He quickly found that he had his own ideas about service selection though and decided on Marine Corps during plebe year. An adventurer with natural athletic ability John inadvertently became involved with Cheerleading, taught himself gymnastics, and was selected captain of the Cheerleaders. Not known to put things bluntly when speaking of combat ("I'm really looking forward to a Gook war — something I can sink my teeth into"), John is the originator of the now famous "urugh" that can frequently be heard coming from his room. He brings into the Corps a good sense of humor, "spit and shine" appearance, and a desire to see even the most disliked things through, like academics.

STEVEN ROBERT WHEELER

Steve, the product of an Air Force family, came to Navy U. from the wilds of West Texas. Perhaps the climate in that area was responsible for his dry wit. Steve's ability to see humor in almost everything was not always understood by others, but it served him well during the difficult days at USNA. A charter member of the "Physical Reprobate Squad" he battled the PE department, but with the aid of remedial push-up sessions in his squad leader's room he quickly defeated the forces of evil led by Heinz Lenz. Youngster Year saw Steve "hit the mixer trail" as a sophisticated upper classman. It proved to be a long trail and Steve was still looking for the trail's end First Class Year! That same perseverance along with quick thinking will serve him sell as Steve joins the ranks of Navy Air.

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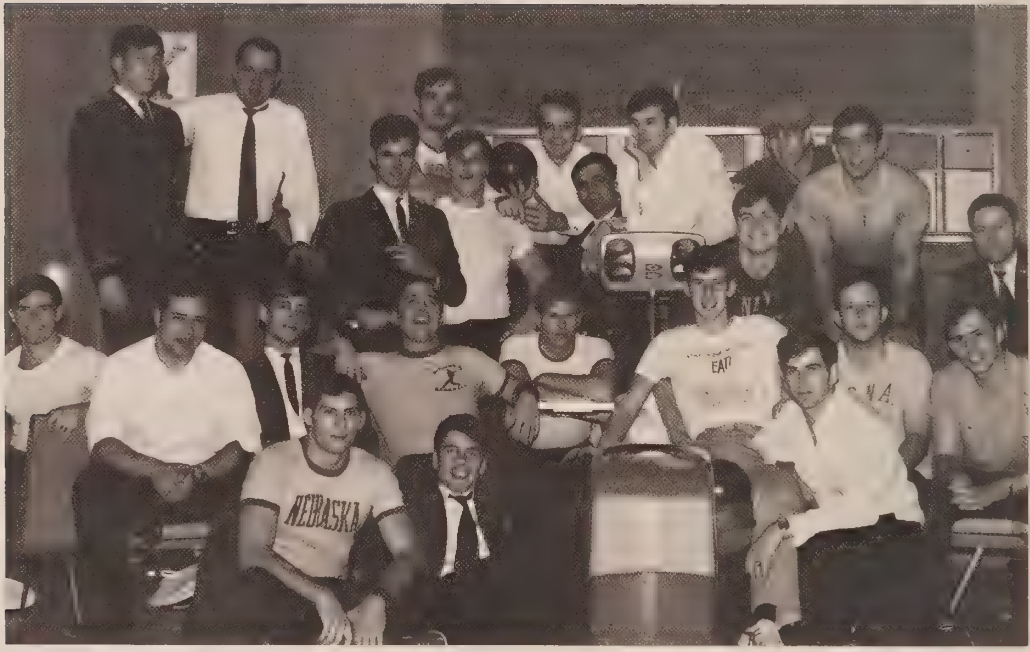


ANTHONY BARBIERI

A true son of Italy, Tony came to the shores of the Severn from San Pedro, California. "The Wop" a high school gridiron standout, soon established himself as a demon of the intramural fields but through efficient budgeting of his time still managed to earn his N* in varsity rack. No girl could keep Tony long before he answered the call of the wild. However, one unique relationship earned him the title of Mister Proficiency. A frustrated thespian, he could often be found roaming the halls as a mafioso or just drifting in white sheets and carrying a flower; ever big on where his little bit of gravy would go the furthest. A surface liner all the way, Tony's easy going personality and inner seriousness and dedication will make him a welcome member of any wardroom

JOHN WILLIAM CARMAN

John came to Annapolis from Lincoln, Nebraska with his heart set on playing major college football and flying Navy jets; but now was not the time and this was not the place. Knee injuries frustrated both hopes and forced him to pursue other interests. Never one to buy the whole academy system, John was quick to realize what was not essential, and always operated with his own list of priorities. When Carms couldn't be found writing a letter in his room he was either in the weight room or over at the hospital checking out a new nurse or physical therapist. After spending so much time with his correspondence and **Lucky Bag** activities he seems to be headed for a bright career as a Public Affairs Officer

WILLIAM HOWARD DIXON, JR.

Dix came rolling out of the North Carolina hills with an unbounded love for life and two wheels. Earning the nickname "Hogman" while on T-tables plebe year, he calmed down youngster year when he got engaged to Anne.

He almost quit plebe year, but when he got "Ole Blue," and had the opportunity to go out and get the wind in his face once in a while, he decided that USNA might not be so bad after all The Ac Board plebe year convinced him to be an English major, though after hearing him talk, one might wonder if he's mastered it yet

Another of his accomplishments is the introduction to the pleasures of Red Man to nearly every first class in the company. The only Marine in the company, Dix plans on flying Huey Cobras, eventually

BRIAN EDWARD FLANNERY

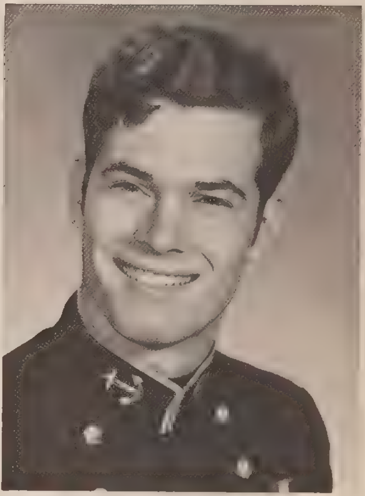
Brian arose from an obscure potato patch near Philadelphia to seek fame and glory on the banks of the Severn. He quickly demonstrated to all that he had a good head on his shoulders — the brain never produced outstanding grades, but the skull proved to be a lethal weapon in any impromptu battle. His professional knowledge was firmly established by being elected the "Most Outstanding Plebe on Youngster Cruise," much to the envy of all. A man of high character, he was not above snaking his roommate in his continuing search for happiness ever after. Navy Air drew him from his earthly bounds, and the fighting Irish will do his future battles in the sky.

MARSHALL BRUCE DUNCAN

In the years "Speed" has resided in Annapolis, we've learned the only thing to expect from him is the unexpected. Fearless in the face of danger, kind to animals and children, Bruce has become the kind of man you would definitely buy a used car from. Aside from professing his sage philosophy on females, and impersonating a famous French aristocrat, he managed to find time to maintain an outstanding academic average and serve his fellow man, willingly of course as company commander. After graduation, Bruce will apply his varied talents in safeguarding our freedom beneath the waves. Sleep soundly America.

JERRY LEE GRAHAM

Jerry heralded from Highland High School in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Being an Air Force brat, Mo was almost sidetracked to that school in Colorado Springs, but somehow ended up in Crabtown. Jerry undertook the field of Physics at the boat school and studied just enough to earn himself long weekends and a cum high enough to get himself into school again, when he decides to go. Mo decided to take the basic five-and-out steamer duty, and in doing so found a way to stay on dry land for at least the first year of his only sea-tour. On a hectic P-rack Wednesday in the spring of second-class year, Jerry's roommate of four years inadvertently introduced him to the girl of his dreams, resulting in a June Week wedding. With Jerry's intelligence, ability, and amiability, he is sure to be a success in whatever field he may endeavor.



ERIC GUERRAZZI

Eric Guerrazzi came to us from Torrington, Conn., (the ball bearing capital of the world) via Bainbridge, Md. Not content with being a 98 lb. weakling, Eric made a major change in his life and began pushing steel. Being the dedicated self-disciplined individual that he is, Guerrazz spent many an hour in the catacombs of the field house pursuing his goal of becoming the Navy's Charles Atlas.

Being a physics major who studied electromagnetic wave theory for hours in the wardroom, Eric had no trouble with the time consuming job of company commander. With such an amiable easy going disposition that Eric possesses it's not surprising that he chose to go low and slow at service selection. We are forever grateful to Guerrazz for taking us under his wing just like any good mother would do.

TIMOTHY HARDEN

Tim descended on the Academy from San Luis Obispo, and quickly established himself as a stand out football player. In his spare time, he can almost always be found walking in a daze, wondering why his hair is rusting, staring at certain hometown pictures or studying. With these attributes, it is little wonder why our infamous football co-captain is sometimes found catching "Z's" under the bench during a tight game. Tim will leave all the guys with many fond memories; everything from our first Army/Navy party to his nightly poetry recitation; but there is still, however, an ion of hope left for him; time will tell (for instance around June 1975 — no, not graduation, either). With Tim's sense of humor, easy going personality, and, above all, his professionalism (not to mention his red hair), he will be a true asset to any command and welcome in any wardroom. His positive attitude and natural leadership ability will hold him in good stead in the fleet, and any other endeavor.

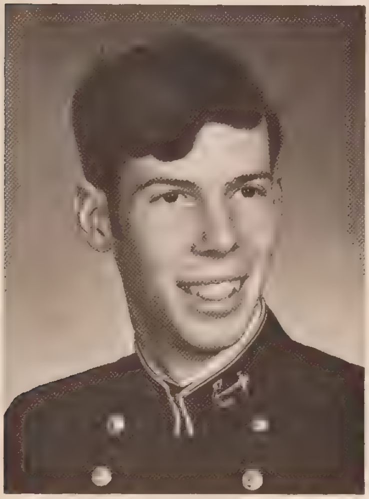
ROBERT HAYWARD

Houph-waite Wordie, the famous squirrel trainer, first came to our attention through his program of sound financial management. Take a regular midshipman's pay and add the Caribou bonus check — you then have enough to get through a month.

Outside the classroom was where his mind went to work. He will be remembered as the founder of the short-lived "Over-the-hill-gang" and as the promoter of the "Trucking Trio." He was most proud, however, of his unfailing ability to procure beautiful bovines for buds in a bind.

In four years, the Word couldn't be taught how to say anything but badadas (i.e. potatoes), nor could anything be exacted from him about Helen of Troy except she is a "friend of my sister's."

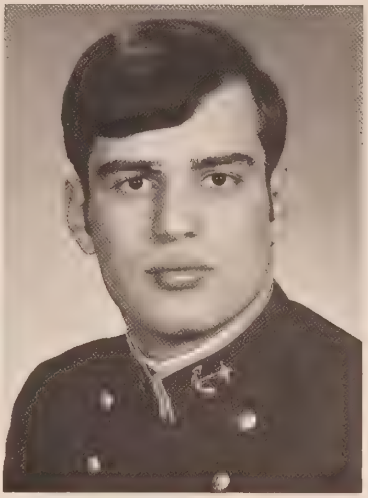
However, he does have to be one of the best looking guys ever to buy a red Fiat.



GREGORY WILLIAM HOFFMAN

Greg arrived at Canoe U from the "beloved" Island of Long. Hoffo had been a man before his times, the opening of the ice rink was no big deal, for Hoffs had been skating at USNA for years. Academics were like the plague and once settling down to 15 hours of sand modelling and remedial intelligence, Greg was able to pass. Not being able to pursue the finer aspects of agriculture such as hops, barley, grapes, and fertilizing, Hoffs was forced into the studies of the "Bull."

Hoffs was able to rowdy with the best of us until Helen of Huntington struck. The family car and marriage syndrome set in. Hoffs was lost. Not really. Hoff is still able to rotate his tires with the best of us and singledom seems secure for a few more years, he hopes. Greg will be an asset to the fleet if the swash-buckling days of yore ever return but until then we'll just have to settle for a fine Naval pilot and officer.



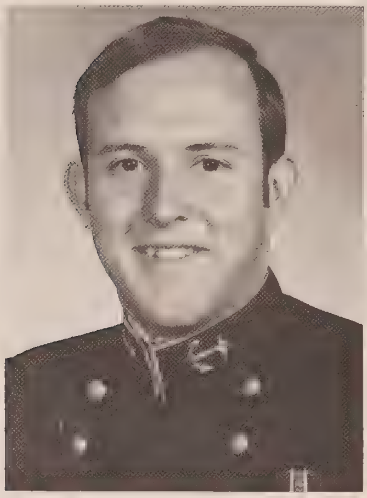
EDWARD JABLONSKI

In the summer of '71 the "man from the windy city" blew into USNA bringing all his hot air with him. Self-imposed titles such as "His Most Royal Imperial Potentate" illustrate the revered esteem in which his classmates were supposed to hold him (Perhaps for his great singing?). Ed's sense of humor, his most memorable side, was unique to say the least; and grueling, as anyone who has ever been subjected to it could attest to. But better that, than argue with him; that was really fighting a losing battle. "Jabo" was active sportswise in sailing, and academically in a double major. These took up most of his time but not enough to keep him from being one of the most dominant personalities in the company

AARON BRUCE JOHNSON

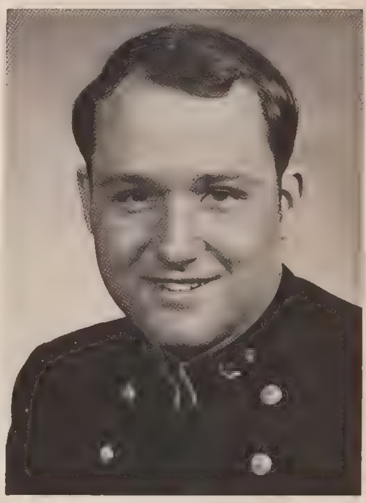
A. B. Johnson arrived in the thriving metropolis of Annapolis from the bursting town of Windshield in the Mountains of Kansas. Having had experience with the vast watery expanses in America's Dustbowl, it was a natural that the Cap'n would take his major in Naval Architecture. Grades for A. B. were not his forte, Adm. Rickover even made the comment, "Well Johnson, at least you're in a tough major." Due to the consequences of this statement A. B. will go as slow and as low as you can get under the sea. But no adjustment troubles are forecast for those long submerged cruises since A. B. has been pinned to the "mystery lady of Chicago" whom he's only seen 12 times in 4 years. Does she really exist A. B. or are those double reservations at the Key Bridge Marriot just for our benefit? True to his slow and low philosophy, A B. has managed to have only 15 seconds total glory in 4 years of mile runs. One can't say A. B. didn't train though considering how he cut back on smokes and coffee 3 days before each one.

A. B. will always be remembered for his steadfast personality and ability to pinpoint the truth in any situation. The quiet A. B. will get along fine with the Silent Service.



WILLIAM CHESTER KIRKLAND, JR.

Bill came to the Academy from Fountain Valley, California, after a year of junior college. Since that fateful last day of June '71, Kirks was doomed to be a victim of the notorious pad monster, but he quickly made friends and came to worship the rack. In Bill's order of priorities rack came first, television second, and his Systems Engineering Major a distant third. On the other hand, you could count on seeing his roly-poly body around on the intramural fields, always trying hard and usually succeeding. Service selection night found Kirks going Navy Air, something he had set his sights on many years ago. After graduation, Bill will undoubtedly fly high with his jovial personality and knack for making friends.

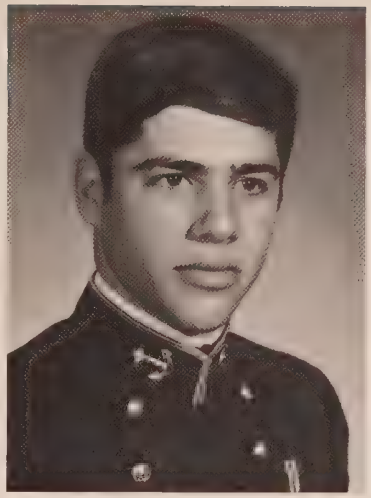


DEAN BRADLEY LAHREN

Dean, hailing from Fargo, North Dakota, has gone through many transitions in the last four years, from the back seat of a Harley to the front seat of an MG. Even though Dean's brother chose to fly for a living, after a first class summer of working the cats on a flattop, Dean has decided on surface line as his path to fame and glory. There should be no problem with Dean's sense of accomplishment as long as he doesn't spit into the wind and country music is kept playing in the wardroom.

GIL J. MADSEN

Hailing from New Providence, N.J. and Sandy Hook Bay, Gil J came to USNA with the heart of a true sailor. He was taken aback, however, when he came to the realization that the age of sail had passed for the US Navy. Not being one to let setbacks affect him, Gil resigned himself to the age of steam and became a General Engineering Major. With such a tough academic career to worry about, Gil J still found time to become two year holder of the Brigade heavyweight wrestling title. To sustain his QPR, he quickly developed into the company gouge man. His aptitude for collecting academic publications also enabled him to manage a vast resource of extra curricular material that made the lonely hours in Mother B more enjoyable for those of us that could read. For those who couldn't handle words, there were always illustrated copies available. Anyone seeing Gil's dimensions will expect **big** things from him in the future. He had enough gouge to enable him to pull the big sting on Adm. Rickover so that he can look forward to a career in the machinery spaces of a nuclear powered surface ship big enough to be comfortable.

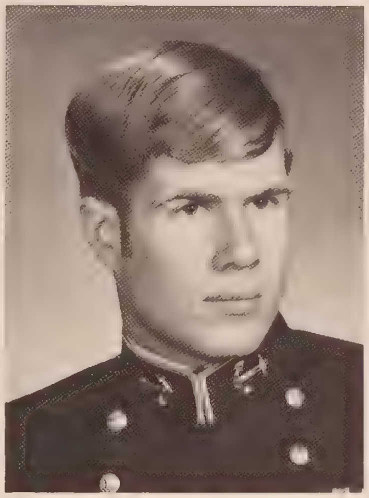


DAVID G. NEIDERMAIER

See little Davy the mid. Davy has a Fiat. The Fiat is purple. See Davy drive his purple Fiat. Davy drives to hockey games. He used to drive in Navy vans but that stopped quickly. Watch Davy skate fast. See Davy get hammered into the boards. Watch Davy fall down. Watch Davy bleed. See Davy cry as he looks into the stands for sympathy. Watch Davy go IGEP. See Davy sign his life away for two years in a real college. Watch Davy become a lifer. Poor, Poor Davy.

ROBERT MEISSNER

Bob achieved success at an early age when he became a striper in his high school. With this background it was expected that he would have no difficulties at the Academy. Fate, however, was not so kind. Bob was the first member of the class to be admitted to the hospital when his kidney got in the way of somebody's knee. This turned out to be only the beginning. He went on to lose a tooth to the Hoow's fist and break an ankle in a mud puddle. After a couple of years Bob finally managed to settle into the normal routine. Being a bull major his rack was rarely empty. On the other hand, it was seldom crowded despite his earnest efforts. His luck seemed to turn around, however, when he passed over the Marines and became a Navy NFO. Now all he has to worry about is which he is losing faster; his eyesight or his hair?



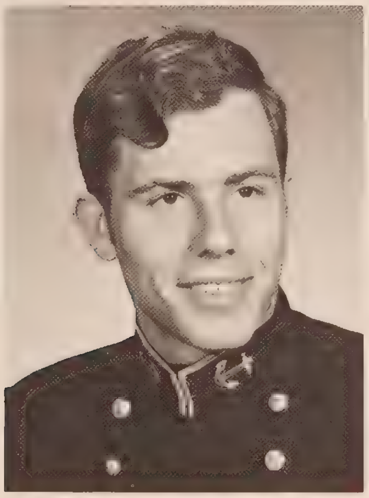
CARLTON PORTER NORTON III

Carl arrived here at USNA from the snow covered wastes of Washington state. He shortly thereafter established himself as the hibernation king and was appropriately named the Polar Bear. His sleeping habits remain unsurpassed and he personally established the USNA hibernation constant known universally as a full Norton. A full Norton is explicitly defined as simulated death from noon on Tuesday until quarters on Wednesday with only a minimal maintenance of bodily metabolism. He has notched this feat countless times in his four years here. Carl became a favorite of the Annapolis-D.C. tavern owners association who bestowed upon him the nickname of snorts, which is indicative of his ability to consume vast amounts of beer in a minimal amount of time, and conclude his weekends with the famous Carl Norton giggling hour.

When it came to women his ability to muster even the slightest of scruples has fallen far below that of even destitute "lonely" men

His study habits were as mystical as his grades. His philosophy was "What you can put off 'til tomorrow can be put off 'til the day after." Consequently many nights were dedicated to vivarin and a lightning fast pencil. In all seriousness Carl's "Bubbling" personality, "obvious looks" and "good brains" will further him in his career as a Naval Flight Officer.

WILLIAM NEILL

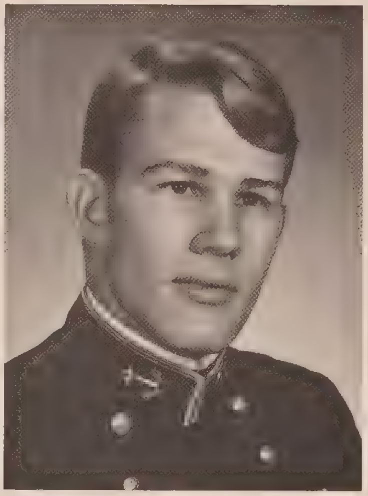


JOHN PARK

John came to the Academy after spending a year at Johns Hopkins. His taste of college life there made it easy for him to adapt to life at Navy. "Voulez" as he came to be called by his bilingual friends, quickly established himself as one of the exciting personalities in the company. He was an avid sports fan with an unprecedented record of supporting losers. This standard of excellence was reflected in all facets of Voulez's life. His favorite city was Philadelphia and his choice of premium beer was Schmidts. Voulez's idea of excitement was looking at slides of all the churches and monuments he had visited during his world travels. A fitting tribute was paid to Voulez when he was named the unanimous choice for the company's bowling league statistician. Despite all these charming qualities, John was one of the most well liked members of the company, especially when his parents were throwing a tail-gate party.

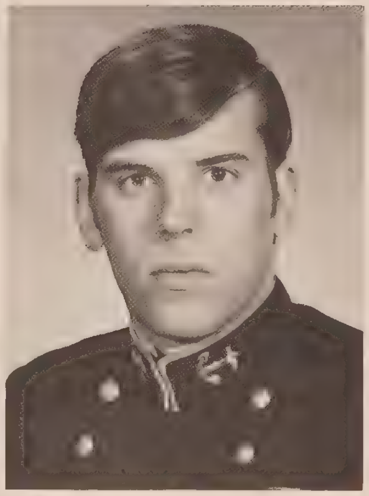
TRENT RICHARD POWERS, JR.

Hailing from Columbus, Ohio, and an ardent Woody Hayes supporter at that, Trent has the noted distinction of being one of the few remaining systems majors among us. In his career at USNA, Trent has dabbled in numerous company, batt, and club sports, worked on the Hop Committee, been a vice-chairman of the Ring Dance, secretary of the Parachute Club, and a source of answers to fledgling engineers. For service selection, he plans to sell his soul to Adm. Rickover, having picked up his patrol pin and DOOW qualification this summer. There is one question that arises though: Why does a potential submariner also possess a set of gold jump wings? Maybe he knows more about sub duty than he is letting on to.



ROBERT FLEETWOOD RAMEY

Bob hails from Lincoln, Nebraska, or was it Montclair, New Jersey? No one has been able to figure it out yet. A true salt at heart, Bob has sailed on both yawls and "outrage." In those fleeting spare moments, if not studying the underside of his eyelids, Bob acted as a P-rade judge and as a vice-president of the Car Club. The Bopper majored in Ocean Engineering, but his true claim to fame was the introduction of the now famous mode of transportation, "The Be-Bop." For service selection Bob plans on going Navy Air and fly helos but upon graduation will add the extra weight of a plain gold band to his left hand. (Maybe a nose ring too?) Wherever the Beep may bop throughout the world, one can only wish him clear skies and smooth sailing.

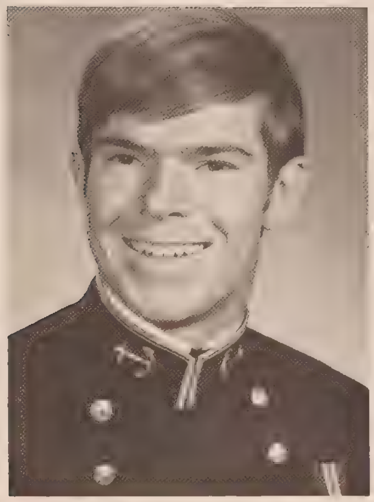


RICHARD S. SHAW

Dick was one of the older boys who found enough love and leisure at the Academy to make him want to give up a life of swing and settle down. During four years Dick carved for himself a lasting niche in the company's wardroom, racking, and ragtime band. Coming from only half a town in Ohio, Dick decided upon the five year — see the Navy — approach. Dick's reputation for cheerfulness and good-natured chicanery, though non-existent, did provide a popular relief during many a dull moment. Always willing to take time out for a classmate, made possible by a ridiculously easy academic struggle, Dick took pride in the number of duty weekends and parties he could avoid. Upon graduation Dick's heart will join him as he tries to get it on with a Charleston Skimmer.

WILLIAM SQUIRES

Bill's unique personality was recognizable from the first time he joined our club. On or off the field, in or out of class, his even tempered disposition was admired by all who knew him. Squi never let the fact he was from New Jersey hinder his frank and outspoken opinions on life. With History as his chosen discipline, Bill began a determined climb from scholastic disaster to academic respectability. His newly acquired memory and mathematical aptitude proved useful in many concrete applications such as playing trivia, fixing point spreads, and counting one dollar bills. In any situation, Bill's sobriety and steadfast demeanor prevailed, no matter how obnoxious the circumstances. In joining the aviation community, Bill Squires is a sure bet to succeed, regardless of the odds.



ALLEN ROBB STEVENSON II

Allen Robb Stevenson II comes to the Academy from Painted Post, New York. That is just next door to Corning, New York and within easy reach of Greek Peak Ski Resort. Robb was recruited for Navy Lacrosse and with good reason. But, after trying out the varsity sports around here he chose the better life of times with "the boys," times with the girls, and rack. During the day and much of the night Robb studied International Security Affairs. He started a little slow but a prode from Ye Old Ac Board made him jump up to the merit list. Fornie, a nickname from those early times with the girls, has chosen to fly for the Navy. He will be spending the next few months in sunny Florida. Robb's quick wit·and great personality will carry him a long way in life.

NAVEL
POWER
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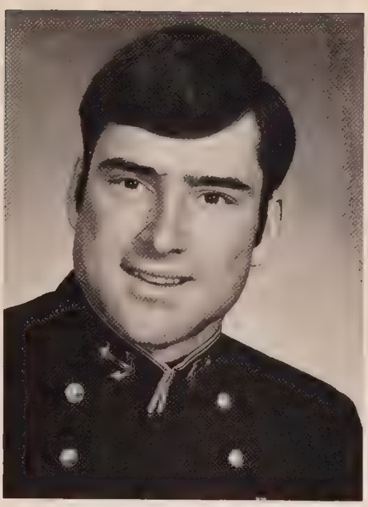
RONALD McGINN BARBIERI

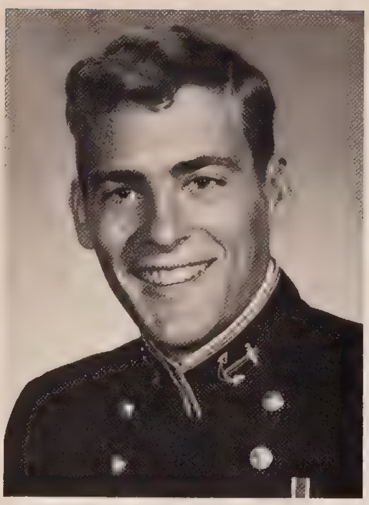
From Albuquerque, New Mexico, came one of the greatest dispositions in the person of Ronald McGinn Barbieri. Ron chose to major in English, his greatest interest, to better understand and to become closer to people. He has been very active in the Academy's intramural sports program — especially enjoying company heavyweight football. Ron is a religious and very sensitive individual. He is always full of cheer and joy to make others feel better



ROBERT CLARK

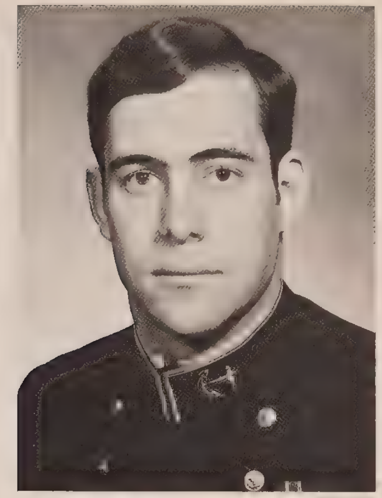
Bob overcame many physical handicaps (his two bionic legs and his bionic right arm) in his long four years. A Brooklyn boy, who first suffered cultural shock upon arriving in Annapolis, Bob spent almost all his afternoons bouncing basketballs and running the rocks and lifting weights and stopping trains and bending steel beams. He was a man of academics also, always a book in his hand (usually the TV guide or an Allistar MacClean novel) or under his pillow.

Pursued by many women and a few older members of the clientele of weird Annapolis bars, Bob always had his hands full. Some of his more profound moments include unveiling a secret plan to destroy Washington and opening a deli in his locker. He always provided the Mazola for the parties. Marriage and making it a pair flying for United are in Bob's plans.



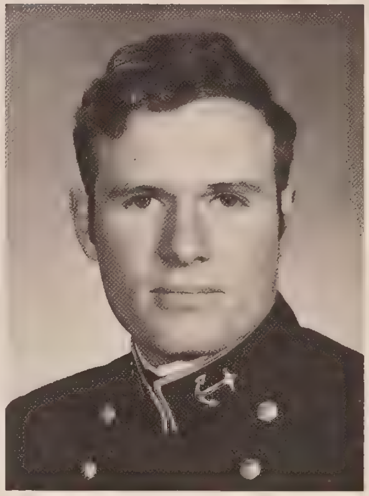
BRYAN COVINGTON

Clinging to the belief that "Texas is where it's at man!" BB brought his drawl and his interest in Oceanography with him from Austin. Bryan could be called a "late-bloomer," declining to exhibit the aggressive side of his nature until first class year and company soccer. A sailor who managed to earn his letter on the USNA dinghy squad, Bryan bore all the "what a bagger" comments well and even came with an occasional one-liner of his own rebuttal. His interest in blue grass also raised a few eyebrows, but to each his own. Bryan's image as a pseudo-hick disguised an inquisitive and unique intellect and his consistency sometimes was overlooked by those around him. His boyhood dream of flying lasted until first class cruise (and the pre-commissioning physical) when the bubble caught and headed him down the Mare Island-Idaho Falls pipeline. Judging from the amount of correspondence with that soft-spoken southern belle in Lubbock, we don't anticipate Bryan surviving much beyond graduation, despite his denials.



PAT GOTTSCHALK

Pat came to Annapolis as a presidential appointee from Springfield, VA. He quickly became involved in the Navy football program as the starting defensive end on the plebe team. Just as he was about to break into a starting job on the varsity he broke his arm youngster year. Second class year brought a decision to give up football for academics which resulted in a more comfortable life as well as a more respectable QPR. Pat loves his oceanography but finds time for other loves like Michele, the Shenandoah, photography and poetry. Lack of sufficient funds introduced the "Caddy" (CVA-64) into the yard when the permission for first class cars was given. Navy air is Pat's service selection and later graduate work is definitely in his plans.



THOMAS B. GRAY

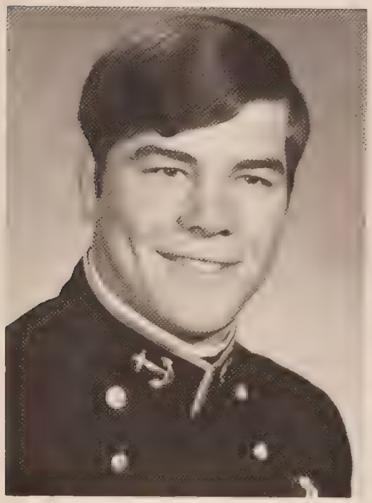
Passing through NAPS on his way from Oklahoma to the Naval Academy, Tom went "hard charging" into the Academy's Professional Training. "T. B." hails from a long line of Naval officers, including one who sailed with Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet. Following in their footsteps, his love of the sea led him to the command of one of the Academy's yawls during second class year. A man who believes in outstanding performance as the criterion for success, Tom will undoubtedly be a real asset to any ship in the Surface Warfare community.

DAVID HERBEIN

Dave reported to the Academy as innocent and disciplined as the Quaker Country from whence he came. However, he quickly gained control of the situation by joining, and eventually commanding, an elite group of baggers known affectionately to the Brigade as the D&B. With this sturdy foundation in music Dave also was a steady performer for the NA-10 band. Dave became known as "Hank" for his exploits as centerfielder for the championship company softball team; he would have certainly been a star if he only had "one more year in the minors." When 1/c cars came into the yard, so came Hank and "old paint," a vintage Volvo that "ran like a puppy." Hank is headed for "taking the big towel" in July with his high school sweetheart. Always known for his quick wit and willingness to put out for Navy, we can only wish Hank the best as he heads down the path of all future bubbleheads, to Rickover's post graduate trade school.

ROBIN L. HOOD

From a fishing village in San Pedro, California, Robin Lee Hood joined the class of 1975. Destined to join the Navy's Surface Line, he elected to pursue electrical engineering as his undergraduate major. Mixing sailing and handball, he participated actively with his classmates in sports. Not to be undone by the arduous demands of wires he found time to pursue many festive hours with Jan. A quiet individual, he has always been eager to help friends. Between tea and peanut butter sandwich breaks he has pursued his four years at the Academy with vigor. With graduation he will enter the fleet hoping to share his California sunshine with fellow officers.

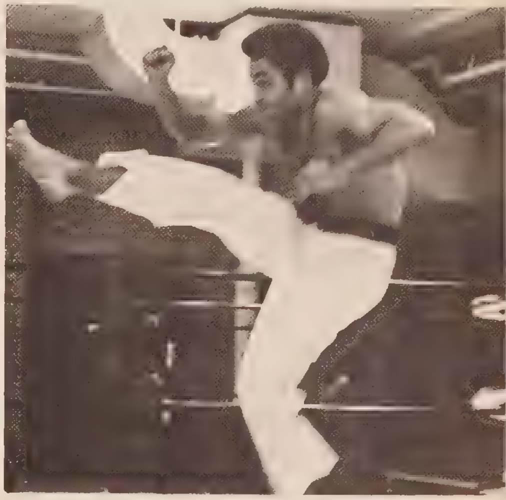


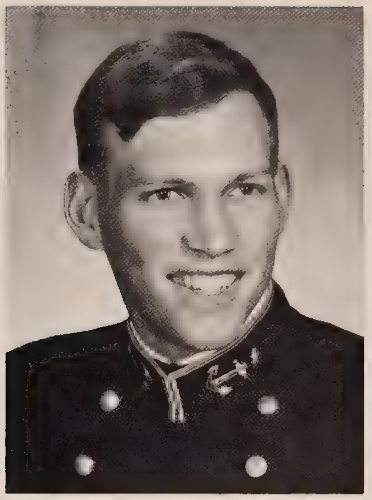
GARY INGOLD

Independently wealthy Gary Ingolo when not hustling freebies in crusty bars could always be found on hallway floors. Highlights in his four years include a fried egg in New Jersey's Royal Manor, a peculiar salad recipe and eating 1/4 lb. butter candy bars. Saturday mornings never passed without a "I learned my lesson." Leading a charmed life (escaping unscathed from such boyish pranks as christening 6th wing walls or rolling on laundry bags on quiet Saturday nights) seemed almost natural for this fun loving Chicagoan. Gary turned the game of gouge into a religion and a science. A three year fling in the wrestling lofts ended with his retirement forced upon through disease. He then turned his fecund mind to more esoteric affairs: studies in existentialism, zen, transcedental meditation and poetry. His professional yearning to open lounges and bars on carriers may be realized after a two year circuit through the nightclubs of Pensacola. Bottoms up.

CARLTON REX JENNINGS

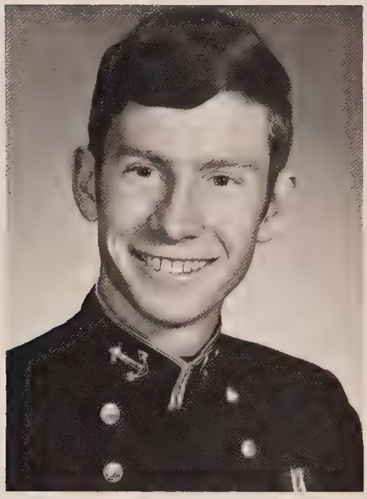
While the rest of his classmates tried to raise themselves to his "level of perception," Jake was content in broadcasting his essence from the secret recesses of the 8th wing basement over the FM airwaves of WRNV. Carl came here from Ohio, but now calls upstate New York home. Flirting with the varsity swim team throughout his career at Navy, and while the brigade exercised on historic Worden, one could usually find Carl recuperating from his many demanding activities in the rack. Once First Class year rolled around, Carl took advantage of his weekend freedom to follow his interests of skiing, partying and tooling around in his "Z." A charter member of Bachelor's Anonymous, we don't expect to see Carl near any churches for a while. Making no bones about his love of the hair-beard-'stache look, Carl quite naturally selected Navy Air as post graduate work.





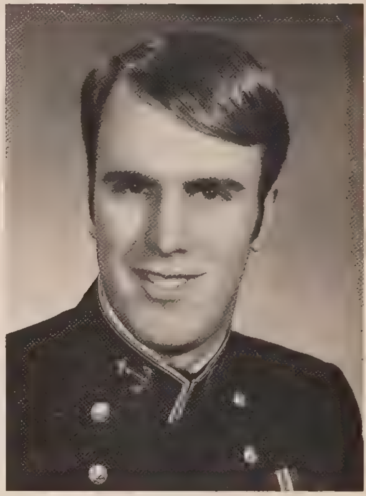
CHARLES JOSEPH KONDRACK

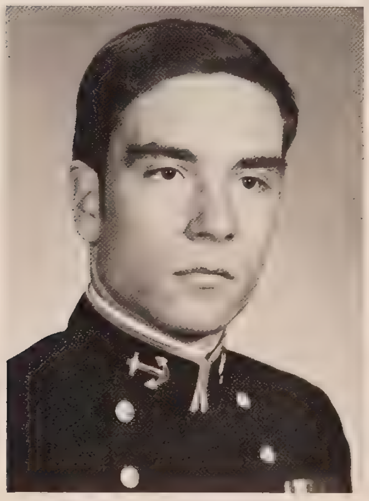
Otherwise known as the last of George Carlan's descriptive nouns in the "Heavy Seven" album (the one that doesn't even belong there!), claims to be from Anaheim, California, the original home of Disneyland. Chuck has found, to his dismay, where the real Disneyland is only after taking a vow of near chastity being a chem major and having a fantastic intellect, Chuck hedged his bets and bought the ring (bullet) before he got in too deep. That's okay Chas, just because you're on a diet doesn't mean you can't look at a menu! The "Rock" being from sunny Cal also, realizes that having a mid for a mate and a Nuc Power selectee to boot, can hardly lose. His classmates wish him the best of luck with his well planned future and hope to see him and his brood in the coming years.



LANCE S. MARTIN

California dreamin's Lance S. Martin left sunny shores and surf blondes for Maryland's eastern drizzle and fog. Not to be undaunted Lance spent many times discussing astronomy, not usually pursued at the Naval Academy. Digging Star Trek logic he galloped to study systems engineering where he would spend long hours battling Navy's computers. Swimming and fencing have been his sports, though he engaged in occasional friendly wrestling matches. Now he hopes to pursue Nuclear Power with submarines in mind. Cutlass and a couple girls figure to influence his immediate future, though his academic excellence will be remembered. We wish him the warmest future with the Navy blue and gold.



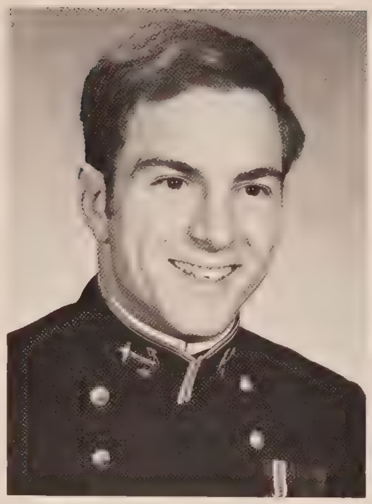


JOHN FRANCIS MORAN

June of 1971 saw John Francis Moran joining the Brigade of Midshipmen. Little did they know that his flaming Irish temper and humor would carry many an occasion. Choosing to pursue systems engineering he doggedly hung with the arduous hours of study and tests. His free (?) hours have been filled with managing varsity soccer, kicking for company heavies, and putting the Boston swing on the softball diamond. Always interested in sailing and fishing John is a product of Hampden, Massachusetts. He has always been professional and takes an active interest in the Navy. Always eager to help or converse with a lonely friend, we wish him the very best fortunes in his future with the Navy blue.

CHRISTOPHER NIELSEN

"Schmullz," originator of the "OA Method" and numerous other camp phrases stormed aboard USNA from Huntington, New York. Possessed with boundless resources of energy and optimism, Chris somehow got the gouge on Plebe Year and brought along his own mixture of floor wax. It's been downhill ever since. If there's an unusual way of getting something ordinary done, you can bet it was Chris' idea. An aggressive intramural jock, Chris would rather play ball than eat. He has the dubious distinction of having spent 42% of his time at Navy in a variety of casts and his standing lifetime broken bone total is somewhere around twenty. Chris worked hard during the week and spent his weekends rallying home, shaving time off of the Annapolis to Long Island run. He will be heading for Pensacola after graduation, just as soon as he takes the big knee with his "high school sweetheart" Barb. We'll see ya.



RICHARD A. SCHWARTING

Rick, the Quiet Man from Barrington, Ill., became noted early for his "nice guy" routine. Be it with ladies or parents, he seemed always to come out smelling like a rose and if he went home with you, it seemed as if your parents were sadder to see him go than they were you. Always the man with the chow, Rick continually kept three or four channels open and his room was never barren of cupboards. "Schwartz" has done pretty well under the conduct system, except for that one incident when a famous uncle accidentally discovered an explosive situation up behind his typewriter and under six blankets. Between the pool and the academic department he had little time for frivolity, but could still be counted on to lead the way when there were chicks involved. In fact, recent trips to Kentucky have not really been for horse races or bourbon. He has won our greatest respect and admiration.

MICHAEL B. RABIDEAU

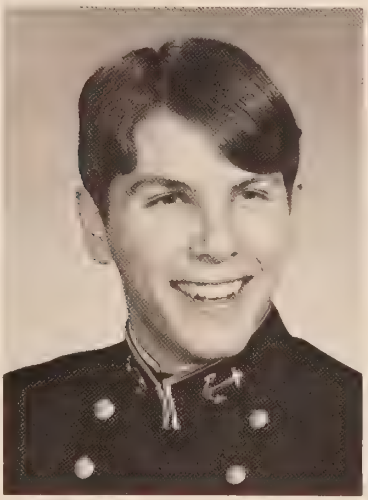
Michael Beaty Rabideau, better known as "Rabbit" by his friends, hails from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Coming to the Naval Academy right from high school, he established himself as an outstanding swimmer on the swimming team. Other sports which interest him are waterpolo, scuba diving, and water skiing. As you can see, Mike was born and raised around water. He plans to enter the Naval Air community after graduation and from there, he will make his own future as a Naval officer.

MARC A. SIEDBAND

Steaming into the Naval Academy, from a small port town, north of Annapolis, called Baltimore, Marc was soon enslaved by the rigors of Plebe summer. Learning the lessons of leadership, each year, and taking pride in himself the Academy and the Naval Service, Marc earned the position of 21st Co. CDR during the fall set. The son of a college professor, Marc has kept up his family tradition of academic excellence, while he completed the requirements for a degree in Mechanical Engineering. As an outstanding performer in leadership, professionalism and engineering, Marc will be a vital member of our future Surface Navy, and will set the example for all of us to follow in our military careers.

ANDREW J. RONACHER

Having never been south of Queens, A. J., better known by his classmates as "ACE," picked himself out of the streets of New York and found his way to USNA. A. J. reported for Plebe summer three days late, and has been behind ever since. His Plebe year QPR of 0.72 made him choose a unique major (i.e. graduating). During Plebe year he could have committed himself to a life of hamburgers but a "short" swimmer set him straight. He spent many an afternoon aqua-rocking in the instruction pool. He must have had "rocks" in his head when he turned down a free trip to Colorado, and a trip to Florida to learn how to fly. He will be taking those "rocks" with him for good to fly for Navy.



RUSSELL SPOTO

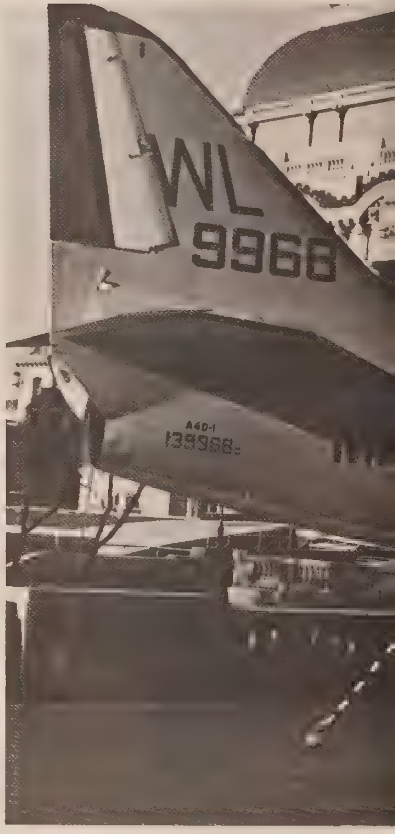
Russ hovered for one year at Western Washington in his hometown of Bellingham, Wa. Before the wind blew him eastward to crabtown on the bay. Spot never permitted the demands of the academic department to interfere with his clean and jerking. His glistening white body must rank as one of the most rested in the Brigade. Second class year brought a change in his major and his life. The purchase of a Fiat 124 and the discovery of Nancy seemed to have a settling effect. However, when last sighted, Spock was high in the heavens of 4-4, not at all a bad place for a future helo pilot.

ROGER STILL

Roger hails from Portland, Oregon. He blew into the Naval Academy with the suave sophistication that comes from one year of civilian college at Brown. Forsaking the menial labors of the would be scientist or engineer at our fine institute of technology, he has sought a "higher level of intellectual education" in the history department (rough!). In his continuing battle of indecision with those of the opposite gender, Rog has so far remained single and (qualified) free. He has his limits though (at 110 bucks for a weekend, who wouldn't) and someday . . . Taking only a brief look at the academic possibilities of Nuc Power, Roger continues to gaze at the stars, somewhere in the middle of the Pacific Ocean from the bridge of a DDG. See ya in San Diego Rog!

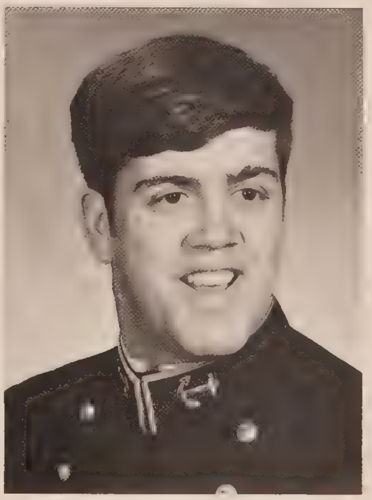
JAMES TENUTO

Mad dog has spent many board days at the Naval Academy — conduct boards, Ac boards and Apt. boards. Perhaps one of the few "Triple Crown" winners to eventually graduate Jim has smooth talked his way out of many close calls. Needless to say he has also talked his way into many a close call. Well known throughout the yard Jim has been on the most wanted list of many high ranking officers. One of the Dog's favorite CA's was rearranging cruise lists and duty sections, let it never be said he got a good deal. Lucky Tenuto's most memorable moment was being kidnapped youngster year. He relived that night every day for five weeks at main co. Marone! Simmered down by his two introverted roommates 1/c year he has turned to more mundane habits, such as the theatre Advisory Park Antique Shows, and keg parties. Jim is now a member in good standing of the Schlitz foundation, living proof that you can teach an old Dog new tricks. About himself, Jim has been quoted, in the words of his idol, "I can't wait till tomorrow cause I get better looking everyday."



JOHN A. THOMAS

Mogar opened a raw bar plebe summer and to the fascination of his roommates produced scores of oysters. After falling asleep in the hall one night the Mogar disappeared — he was mistaken for that week's laundry. He has some economic problems — money, too much of it — and he aggravated that situation on youngster cruise where he served as a croupier. Unmatched on the softball field the Mogar led his team to a few Brigade championships. Elected for Class Treasurer (his term interrupted by various investigations into embezzlement) did not keep the Mog from handling other more important affairs: wrecking Vettes, running dens of sin and gambling within the Annapolis limits, giving points for Monday Night Football and driving himself insane. Although fond of Minnesota (where many things grow wild) this wonderful half-Munchkin, half-Ogre will be heading to Pensacola and a fine addition to some lucky squadron's softball team.

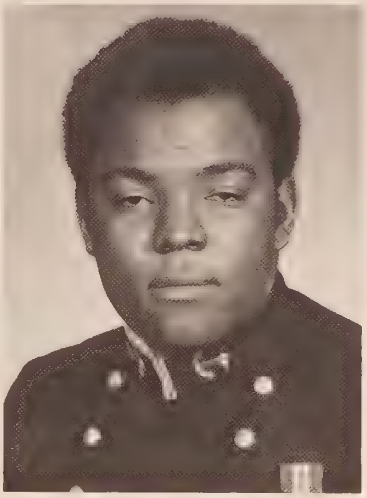


STEPHEN A. THORNE

Steve headed north to the Academy from his home in Anderson, S.C. Steve showed immediate attempts to improve his almost perfect self. In fact, after only a few months, Steve's speech progressed to an understandable drawl. Once Steve got the Civil War straight he was able to prove himself as a valuable member in the "roll call" of systems engineers. Always looking for adventure Steve was able to brave a trip to Va. Beach before his LPD pulled out. To his surprise he met his Susie-Q with whom he has enjoyed many weekends. Steve, TBC, was a valuable Brigade leader and rugby jock. Airplane driving is a useful career for Steve.

STEPHEN WALSH

Overcoming criminal tendencies his sophomore year the Golden Boy rose to become room commander in 4426. Suave, debonair, cutting a continental look this young Staten Island financial wizard pursued women, fast cars and kegs with the determination of Ben Gazzara. Expensive habits cigars and Corvettes, an $90 a month did not daunt this maniac. Whistling his favorite song "You're so Vain," he escaped hairbreath brushes with death customizing quite a few automobiles. Hobbies include: running out of the Park Diner without paying the check, climbing out of the bathroom window of the Park Diner without paying the check, driving through hedges and lawns, Grand Prix speeds through residential streets, driving Volkswagens blindfolded and master of ceremonies at many Howard Johnson's parties.



LARRY J. WATSON

Larry J. Watson was born in Waller, Texas, 1952. He did very well in high school and was a star football player in his high school Since his arrival at the Naval Academy, Larry had actively participated in such sports as company heavy weight football and slow pitch softball. He had often been a key factor in leading the company teams on a much needed and deserved victory Larry is always more than willing to give of himself to others in any way possible

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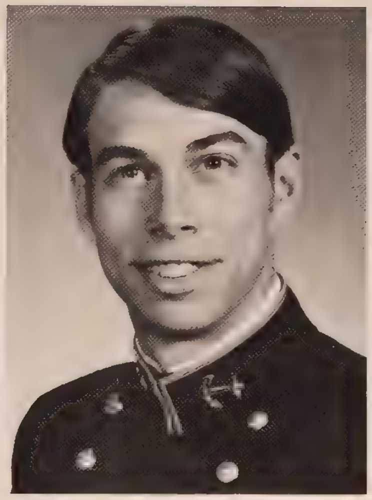
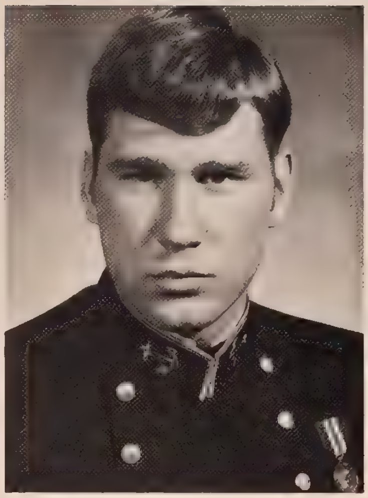
ROY C. BASS

Out of the wilds of "Fort Ureacle, Florida," Roy came to the playing fields of USNA after spending a year of Limbo at NAPS. Though somewhat restrained his plebe year and youngster year due to football, the rallying spirit in him gradually came out with each passing year, as "SAMS" and "Roris" will attest to. Roy was known around "Campus" better than any other Mid, and will never be forgotten for both his Plebe year "Christmas Party" and the Second Class "International Ball." Being bound for Navy Air, Roy is looking forward to returning to the sun and fun of Florida.



DALE D. BATEMAN

Whenever anyone saw Dale around the yard stars seemed to appear before their eyes. Dale says that his sport is track, whether it be indoor, outdoor, or cross-country, but sometimes people might have wondered if he hadn't taken up golf, seeing as how he was at the golf course every day during the fall. (GO NAVY X-C) Dale lost a lot of liberty due to practices and meets, but he seemed to make up for it by going "over the wall" every morning. This was not all, however. Dale never frequented Worden Field after "Plebe Summer," never felt the warmth of that M-14 in his arms, and never joined those professional early-rising red brick pounders. Now to the mysterious question; Dale, who gives you your manicures? This has been a lo-o-o-ong referred to question . . . **Cut those fingernails!** (Good Luck, Pat) Dale's most unusual accomplishment was his cricket imitation. Friends were greeted many times by his **"pet cricket,"** which sometimes caused problems when Dale's friends heard a real cricket and began to look for Dale.



JOHN BREIDENTHAL

J.B. . . . Gonk . . . Stud-at-large!!

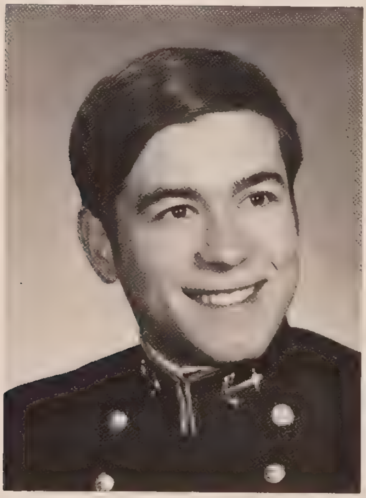
A bad knee kept this Kansas ball player from improving Navy's win-loss record. A member of Sam's and a friend of Doris, J. B. enjoyed his beer and neglected his studies, yet managed to conquer the tough aero curriculum. J. B. made quite a wave on 1/c cruise and sowed his wild oats throughout the Med. Always up for a good time he endured the four years at Navy by putting out on the weekends and some excellent Friday nights 2/c year. A career in the air lies ahead for John and most of his classmates

THADDEUS EAMES BURR

Want to go on a Yawl Weekend and get seasick? How about a wild night to kick off Second Class Year? Or maybe hints on how to pull the ol' bottle-in-the-shower drinking routine? Perhaps you need suggestions on how to live in a room where the dustballs roam, and the drums and the fingers play. Maybe you want to read his latest book, "How to take Wednesday night libs to relieve those mid-week hots." Need a parking spot Friday nights in Dahlgren parking lot before cars are legal — Eames will let you use his. Would you like to learn to bury your head under a pillow and not come up for air for hours? Then you've hit the jackpot — Bulbus Bow, as he is affectionately known, has all the answers to these and any other questions you might have. You see, with his background as Commodore of the Sailing Squadron, Secretary/Treasurer of the Sportsman's Club, Company Drug Rep., Company Honor Rep., and entrepreneur at large (need a cheeser), he can take care of almost anything. We all wish Thad good luck at Pensacola, but watch out for those girls — they just might "kid" you again. See you at Sams!!

JOHN ARMSTRONG CAVE

Caveman then Caveboy then "Boy." John hobbled to Annapolis on a broken leg Plebe Summer, but soon forgot Fredonia in his attempts to beat the system. Caveboy retired after a year of crew to pursue the more pleasurable activities of women, wine and **CENSORED!** Boy breezed thru his Anna Mana courses but took a hit in Chemistry and Calculus III. Being a charter member of Sam's, Boy was never one to pass up a good party although his un-caveman manners caused him considerable frustration on several occasions . . . uh, except when Doris was around. With John's amiable personality and adjusting abilities he should make a fine "wingman" in Pensacola.

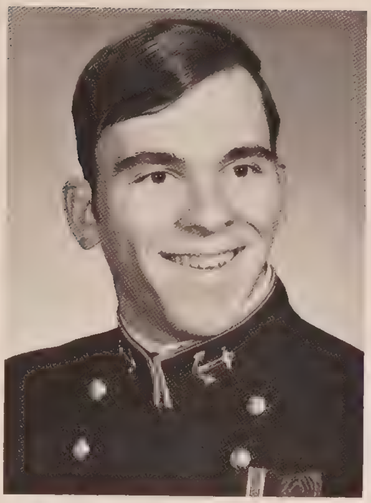


GEORGE CHEGIN

George, or Cheegin as he is affectionately known, has not been idle in his four year rest at USNA. Besides being a Poly Science Major he has successfully completed an undergraduate study of the girls' colleges in the surrounding area, sometimes ranging as far as the University of Georgia in the collection of vital information. In extra-curricular activities George has excelled in his responsibilities as Varsity Football Duty Fixer. Whether it is clean athletic shorts or an extra ticket to the next football game, Cheegin can fix it.

JAMES RUSSELL CHERNEY

Jim came to the Naval Academy from Milwaukee, Wisconsin ("Chief Oshkosh — the beer that made Milwaukee famous!?") and quickly acquired the label "Chowhound" for his habit of drowing up before Firsties during Plebe Summer. With his trumpet in one fist, and a copy of Doc Severinsen's "Latest and Greatest" in the other, Chowhound could usually be found either diligently practicing to get as good as, if not better than, Doc, or inspiring one and all with his "ruptured turkey-trot" as he performed with the D & B during P-rades. Although a member of the silent minority, Jim's views on Navy Air were always outspoken. His plans for the future include a vacation at Pensacola and ultimately, his own fighter aircraft.

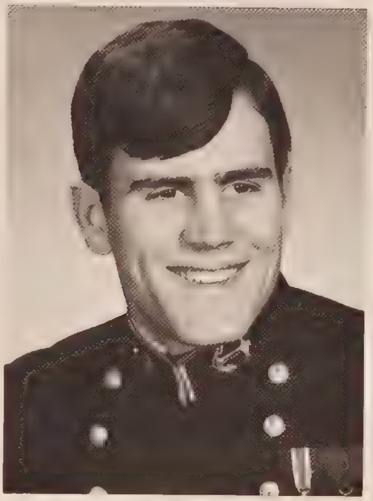


EDWIN GEORGE FIRTH

There is not a harder worker anywhere than Ed "T.K." Firth. If he's not making one of those sure-handed defensive plays or rounding the bases on another hit, he can probably be found sitting behind his desk with a text and book of notes in front of him. In fact, Ed studies enough to have a 4.1 QPR. Even Ed's Corvette has trouble competing with the books for his time. Notwithstanding his frequently somber demeanor, Ed has amassed tremendous honors: two N-stars to date, never a single demerit, and always an A in aptitude and PE. But Ed's sights are not limited by the Naval Academy walls — he is very anxious to apply his talents as a Naval Officer. We all know he will do well, especially if he keeps his elbow up.

TOM DLUGOLECKI

Dlug, the man with the golden tongue, can hold his own in any intellectual situation. A true dirtball at heart, he could always be counted on to be the last one to formation and the first one in the chow line. Never one to partake of the Mickey-mouse, he polished his shoes with a brick and chocolate bar, slept in his uniform and brushed off with his brasso rag. Even though his grade point was not outstanding, he was smarter (?) than most as he overloaded each semester. But what can you say about a guy who couldn't even find reverse on his own car. On the serious side, he is a hell of a good man with a lot of understanding for those people around him. The fleet is definitely getting a fine, hard-working "Man." Happy trails to you.



THOMAS PATRICK FLINT

Tom never had to work too hard for his grades but nevertheless, knew what hard work and dedication meant in an athletic career with the Mighty Mites. On the weekends, his trail up to New Jersey was clearly marked by all the empty Miller bottles. Whether it was sleeping, playing cards, or getting the gouge, Teeps was always a winner. His reading material was the finest in the brigade and always the most current issues. Tom, our best wishes go out to you and that beautiful blond from New Jersey.

FRANK F. FAULK, III

A napster from Albany, Georgia, Frank's trademark is his friendly "Hi Y'ALL" to everybody he greets.

Owner of a sleek light green Firebird, Frank aspires towards becoming a Naval Aviator for service selection.

Frank is one who loves to work hard, especially in athletics and other outdoor activities. He has participated in Plebe and Varsity Squash and Plebe Tennis at the Academy and also excels in swimming. During March of his youngster year, Frank and Big Red were two of the few midshipmen to finish the JFK 50-Mile run/walk. Frank says he did this because it presented a challenge and for his posterity — to tell his children and grandchildren about. Maybe some day his kids will be privileged to hear all this man's tale, especially the church circle run or the case of the inebriated tennis racket.

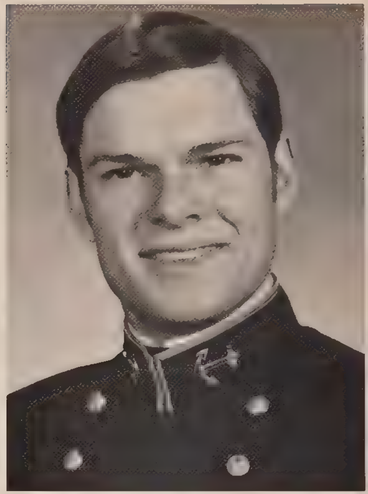
Good Luck Frank, to you and that Missouri Blossom that's the apple of your eye.

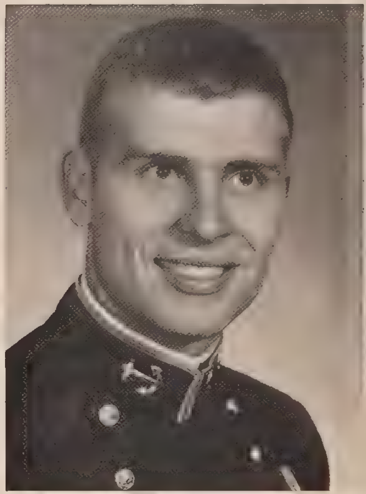
WALTER N. FLIPPIN

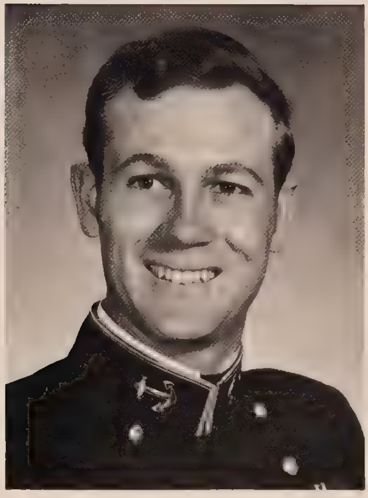
Walt, better known as "Flip" to his many friends, hails from the thriving community of New Canaan, Connecticut. Walt came straight from high school and made a speedy transition from high school stardom to the rigorous academic and athletic world at the Academy. Because Walt had such fun as a plebe under the guidance of a very imaginative and thoughtful second class, he thought he would give it a go for the full four year sentence. Because Walt validated just about everything but study hour, as time passed he proved himself to be an academic whiz at anything from Advanced Engine Math and Computers to those always easy professional courses. He also made a fine contribution to company intramurals, being both a basketball and softball stalwart when the going got tough. Known for his good hands in catching intramural balls of all sorts and in also catching as many good deals as possible, Walt eased his way to select Nuclear Power for his command-studded future upon graduation. Although Admiral Rickover had him in his back pocket all the time, Walt kept his future in doubt even to his closest confidants. He should make a fine Nuclear Power Officer if he can adjust to the dim lights and long hours.

JAMES ORAL HUBBARD

James Oral Hubbard arrived at USNA straight from the thriving metropolis of Lathrop, Missouri, and the battlefields of Wentworth Academy from where his uncanny ability to spout out all the "Laws of the Navy" in a minimum of time probably originated. Not stopping there, he applied his extraordinary mental prowess in the field of academics where he excelled unbounded until the first 4 weeks' grade report came out Plebe year. Nothing could get in his way when "Hubs" put his mind to something, including such curiosities as the "Axe Board" and other "unmentionable boards." Always known to be present when a party was imminent, "Hubs" could always be found with a glass of "spirits" in one hand and a beautiful chick in the other. His impeccable taste in women and merriment is also evident in his taste in cars and aircraft, a preference when carried over to the fleet will offer Naval Aviation an outstanding addition to its ranks.







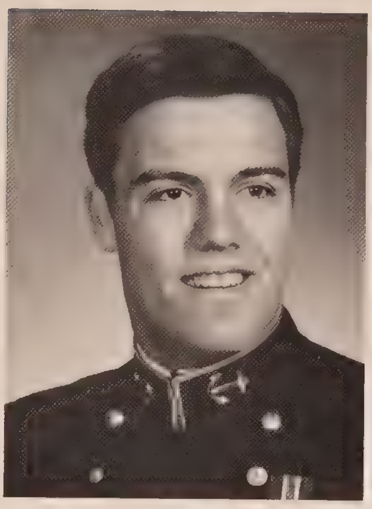
JOHN KERRY JAY KERSEY

From the sunny skies of California to the South Carolina coast, Kerry can be found pouring out his heart and his (Dad's?) money to a plethora of beautiful girls. Actually, unless you are female and good-looking it is hard to get to know Kerry unless you happen to be in one of three places: 1) Telephone in Mrs. "M's" office, 2) Underneath his pillow and blanket or 3) At the "Sub" races on hospital PT. Kerry has consistently held the defending champion's title to "rack" king, but nonetheless has "analytically managed" his way through 4 years of academics with only 2 black "N" letters. Anyway, who could want to go to Greece on a carrier when you can go to Alaska on an LPD?

We're all confident that he will "Kerry" on in the finest naval tradition at Pensacola (Should his XKE make it that far) unless blown out of the air by his dual nostril exhaust.

HARRY ALTON LEE

Neither rain nor snow, hail nor sleet could keep this "SUPERMAN" from his appointed run for fun. Harry could be seen in Blue and Gold at every football and basketball game leading the Brigade in passing around his female counterparts . . . except for the time when he miscalculated a landing, coming down on the hardest and safest spot, his head. Har's mid career did not stop here. Grades continued to be a highlight even with those three to five hour weightlifting sessions and an occasional extra morning liberty before quarters. Bowling became a sideline event to the striper libs, which caused Har to really find himself in some of the strangest situations. "Love those Frat parties." Harry will best be remembered for his single most interesting accomplishment of going from the heaviest man on the Gym team (at 180) to the lightest (at 125) during youngster year. On Har's light side, he was an excellent writer of letters to his female pen pals while in a good mood, or was that lying in a bed nude?

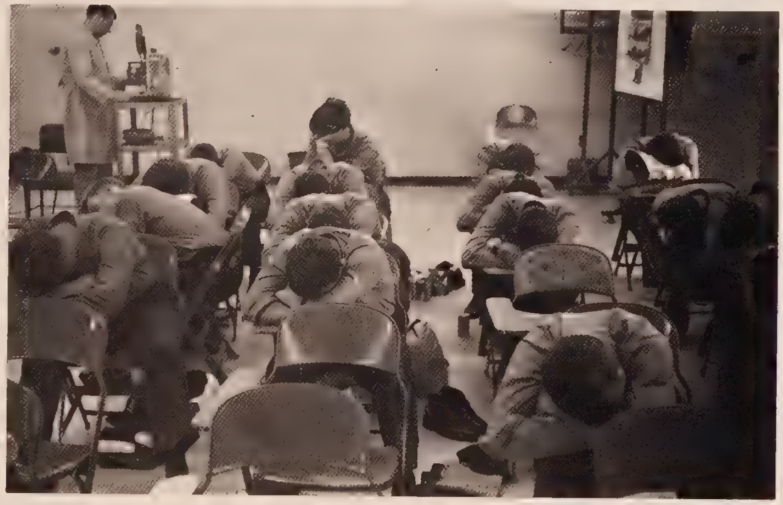


FRANCIS MICHAEL McCOMB

Having turned down a sports scholarship to Dartmouth, Fran, or "Mac" as he is known locally, came to the Academy with illusions of grandeur. Upon arriving he decided to take on the challenges of Varsity Baseball only to have this endeavor cut short after the mysterious disappearance of his favorite baseball mitt. Academics proved to be another rude awakening for Mac with a "booming" QPR his first semester Plebe Year. Not easily discouraged and being a fierce competitor, he fought his way back to distinction making the merits list during second class year. Hampered by a permanent case of bad luck, his specialties included consistently late registration times and an affection for 400 level courses. First class year Fran was able to put leadership skills to use as Co. Cdr. A few good summers on our Navy's steamers gave him his sea legs, and convinced him the pride of the Corps was to be his choice. Fran's sincerity and loyalty are sure to leave an impression as big as the man himself.

JOEL GORDON LINDEMANN

Joel came to the Academy from a multitude of homes having beaten a bum rap (?) of hay fever. As a Navy Junior, Joel was well acquainted with the seafaring life and traditions of the service. A strict adherence to regulations and a responsible attitude toward academics quickly established him as "One of the few." After a near miss in Naval Architecture, he quickly altered course to the promising major of Oceanography. His performance 3rd and 2nd class years led him to his position 1st class year as Batt. Ops. Officer. Joel's future abounds in an A-6 Squadron, via marriage to an Indiana Miss, and a 6 month tour at the Basic School.

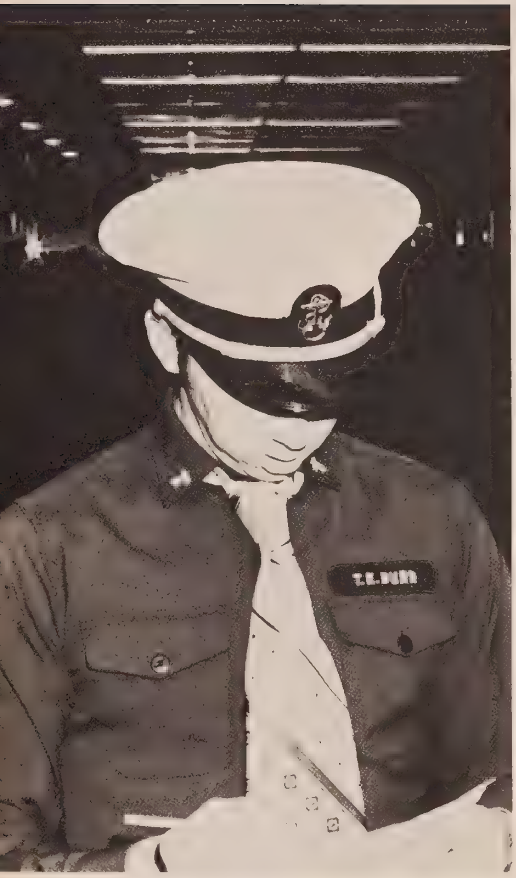


JOHN MARTIN MAUTHE

John Martin Mauthe packed his bags in Marietta, Georgia, and headed north to Mother "B." After a little H.S. Rotc, his many talents came to light through the four years. John Martin kept the Brigade waves alive by making WRNV-AM into WRNV-FM; and "Dills" was just honky enough to keep up with the company underground. His businessman actions not only won the hearts of a few women, but kept everyone on their toes 24 hours a day. As ole Grandad would say, "Gotta get up before the chickens to get ahead of him." And so off to Pensacola Dills goes to fly those helos for the Navy, of course.

WILLIAM LESTER MOSS

"Buddy," the old man of the company, comes from the deep south, as can be easily seen by his sunburned neck. Buddy always carries a Confederate Flag with him and dreams of command of an ironclad. Never at a loss for words, he could always think of a story or joke to tell. His exploits with the O-Course are well known, and he won the "Triple Crown" more than once. One morning his room was inspected and the Battalion Officer couldn't decide whether Buddy was running a delicatessen, liquor store or fireworks factory. The bridge of a destroyer is Buddy's future home after he attends to some long overdue business with a certain southern belle in Virginia.

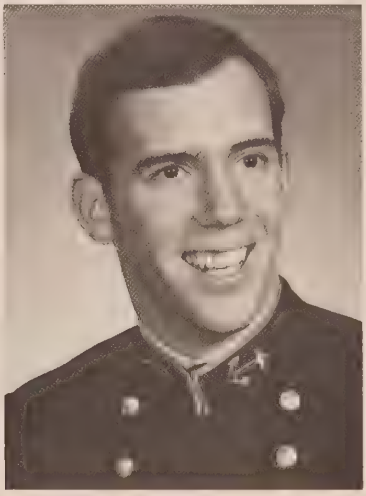


TOM SADORUS

Need a sign painted? How about a sheet poster for "carry on" Plebe Year? Perhaps some invitations neatly printed? Or maybe just some artwork to decorate those drab bulletin boards? Tie dyed T-shirts were "in" Youngster Year Tom, or P-nuts, as Moons called him, was our liaison with the world of art. Of course, all this meant living with endless paint spills on the sink and ink drips on the deck! From the beginning of Plebe Year, the "Mark of the Masqueraders" dreamt of a destroyer at sea. Perhaps he was a **bit** gungy when he told a date to hit a bulkhead once! Ah well, good luck with the steamers Tom

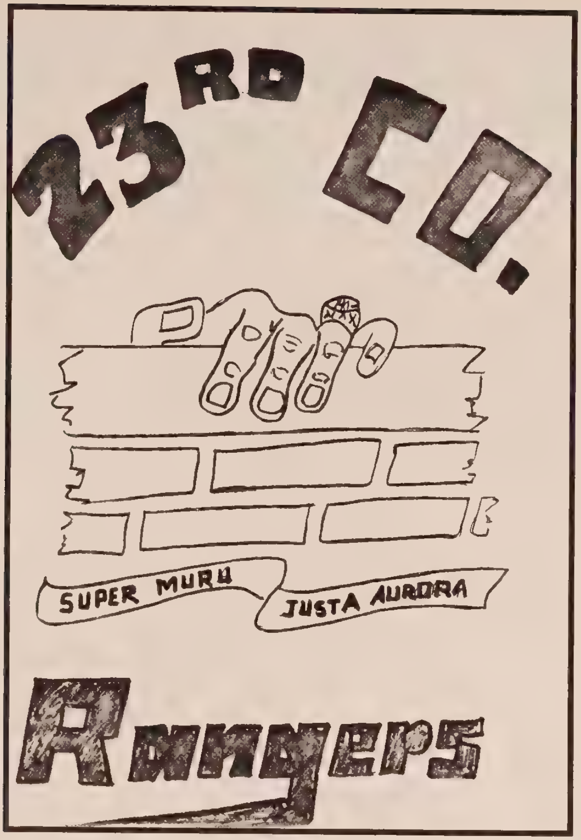
BRIAN SCHIRES

The baby gorilla, able to snow everyone in Bancroft Hall Plebe Summer through second class year, was awarded Company Commander for his efforts. However, he didn't fare so well with the Academic Dept. as was evidenced by his constant battle with "the 2.0." Even though he had to fight to keep off the love handles, he always excelled on the athletic field. Yorkschires upheld those ideal American Traditions such as getting a haircut each week, being kind to old ladies, and cleaning your room in the nude Always one for a party, B. G. could always be found at Sam's with a beer in his hand, sitting by the fire, shaking his leg. On occasion he dozed off, but never dropped or spilled a beer. Yorkschires has decided to be a steamer. As he proudly tells all, "If you ain't a steamer, you ain't S - - -." The fleet is getting a dedicated and responsible officer. Best of luck to you, your "wow" OAO, and your life ahead.



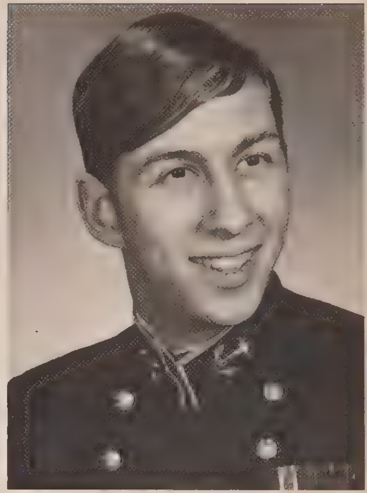
STEVENS KELLER SHEGRUD

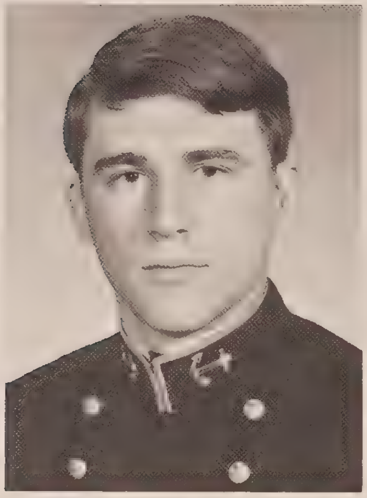
Steve is the kind of guy who'll do anything for you and never expect anything in return Besides being a jock and an intellectual, he's one hell of a good man Whether it was on the ice or the soccer field he knew what hard work was. However, it took "Lefty" 4 years to finally taste and experience some of the "good life." We can thank "Sam's" and his open invitation for that. Steve leaves here with a degree, a beautiful OAO and a hell of a lot of friends


23RD CO.
SUPER MURU
JUSTA AURORA
Rangers

CHRIS ADAMS

C. C. came to the shores of the Severn after detours to Duke University and the University of Nebraska and therefore naturally became the sage of the company. C. C. started early with his talent for impressing his seniors by getting in good with a firstie who had an admiral for a father. Youngster Year the Head set a new record for taking a navigation final and invented a new method of plotting. C. C.'s natural leadership qualities were evident as he became Head Ranger and company financial manager. He also led the Ranger over the wall gang to Dede's office on 4-1. C. C. made history by successfully appealing a decision of the AC Board and found himself to be an ex-patriot Ranger with four years of studying to do in one. Surface line will never be the same once the Head takes over.





KENNETH ALLEN BOBB

Ken stomped into the Naval Academy with a football under one arm and a few girls under the other. He managed to drop the former but did he ever hold on to his share of the latter. He has to be the best thing that has happened to Navy from Chillicothe, Ohio, since Tecumseh. Without a doubt, beer or no beer, Kabob could make anybody laugh at his stories. His quick wit and prowess as the company impersonator were second to none. As one of the 3 black sheep of the Systems Eng. Dept., he led the other two through the darkest hours. He was always willing to get up and "do it before quarters." This hell raiser is full of life and Navy Air will reach new heights with Ken flying along.

GLENN CANIGIANI

Glenn prepped at Admiral Farragut in order to become an integral member of the Blue Zoo. Saying good-bye to New Eagle, Pennsylvania and Barb, Cang took up the studies of midengine Fiats, the sports pages, and Roscoe Pound. A disciple of Alton and Bobbie, Cang learned his lessons well, so he and Fingers were company prank reps in the wee hours. An advocate of the inverse study law for Poli Sci, and Navy Air, Glenn kept gravy on his cum. and his 20/20 vision.

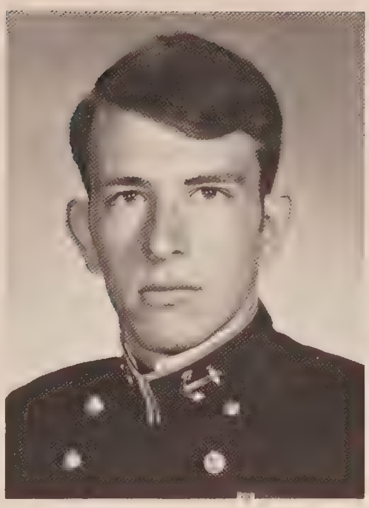
He was a mainstay of Ranger Rallies, and was known for his affinity to sleeping in bath tubs around the magic hour.

Never one to get down on all the Navy good deals, Glenn pulled the boys through many dark times with his humor. He paid for those late snacks from bet money won from the "Head."

Sporting zippered knees, Cang abandoned the 150's to wage a three year battle with the marking officer to find his true home with the beer and B-ball boys. Come June, he'll be gone, but not forgotten.

HENRY SPEER EZZARD

The Buzzard should have had plenty to do during his career on the banks of the Severn, but throughout 4 years of choir and an Aerospace Engineering Major, he always managed to have time for what he wanted to do. After a Plebe Year which saw his imitation of a MK 56 Gun Fire Director become famous, Speer could usually be found in the wardroom or on the way to Buzzy's. He was a member of the early to bed set, yet no one has discovered his secret of always having homework done a couple of days early. If he could bottle that secret, Speer could have retired before he graduated.



LESLIE FOSTER

Les came to Canoe U from the great waterless desert of Arizona. No one really understands why the Fox decided to try Navy, as his element is definitely not water. It has been a great and trying effort for Les, with all the modern music buffs around, to try and to keep that home-style country music alive, so he has spent much of his time as the proclaimed Wardroom King. Nonetheless, he has still managed to make the grades, and may even take a weekend some day. Only one thing remains for him to do besides getting that golden Morgan in the sky, and that is to try living underwater for months at a time. Lots of luck with the subs, Les!

PHILLIP FAIGLEY

Plebe Year had to have been Phil's most stellar year. There can be no better way to start it off than by forcing down 75 Brussels sprouts into one's iron stomach. COMRACKLANT or "Buzz Top" as he was usually called, even managed to come up with an occasional wise-crack such as, "Sir, if you don't know, I'm not going to tell you." Phil has decided to make mud stomping with the grunts his career, maybe all the war games and Napoleon books will eventually come in handy!

FRANK FRASSICA

Fingers skated into Annapolis from East Boston, Mass. Though an interpreter was needed for his Boston accent, all evidence points to the fact that he was an all around athlete and student. In his senior year as quarterback, he led Boston Latin to ten consecutive victories. (From the bench.) He greatly disappointed Coach Forzano when he decided to play Varsity Hockey vice Football. An academic wizard, Fingers had little trouble with Rocket Rollin's Quant course and his experiments were all "picture perfect." Carrying a lofty 3.8 avg. Fast Frankie will undoubtedly get into med school, hopefully Harvard. As a prerequisite the med school Frank goes to will have to have unlimited gouge, because without gouge he couldn't tie his own shoe. Even though Frank will probably graduate with honors, only a fool would let him "cut" on them. (Unless he had the gouge and he probably will.)

JAMES EDWARD FAY

Jimmy had a rough time trying to accustom himself to Mother B and her many subtleties. It seemed as if the academic community and the good ole Class of '73 had it in for Jim. However, Youngster Year was like a new sunrise and brought many wonderful things, like a pretty coed from Mary Washington, by the name of Mary Kay. As life at USNA continued to improve, Jim found himself a paper pusher on Batt Staff, a job I'm sure he'll cherish in his mind forever. Since so much looked good to Jim prior to service selection night, the right decision was hard to make. Navy Air and surface line, however, were running neck and neck. Go Navy — Beat Air Force or else.

DAVID FROST

David drifted into the confines of the Naval Academy from nearby Manasquan, N.J. The rigors of Plebe Year and the crew coach's morning and afternoon workouts turned the pudgy gentle giant into one of the crew team's strongest and most dynamic captains. David picked the Academy's Pre-med Major as his field of study and hopes to row up to the University of Vermont after graduation. Although Dave spent a considerable amount of time with his athletics and academics, his main enjoyment was in his duties as Company Drill Representative second class year. Dave mixed in 47 early morning drill periods with his morning crew workouts. His only regret is that there weren't enough Forrestal Lectures. If Dave's good luck holds out he is sure to be one of the Navy's finest doctors

JOSEPH PETER GENTILE

On the crest of a wave of football and track honors rode Joe Gentile; Seaford, New York's version of Adonis. The Moose lost interest in all the fame and also some of that 9.9 speed when he joined the ranger's over the hill gang. He was known to lift weights during the week but was best at the 12 ounce curl on weekends. His face never failed to work as an indicator: a deeper shade of red with each beer. He surely accumulated the most time in the rack and the least time in the barbershop. As one of the conductors of the management "gouge train" Joe will somehow find a way to become a tycoon among the ranks of the flyboys.

FREDERICK LLEWELLYN GOODWIN, JR.

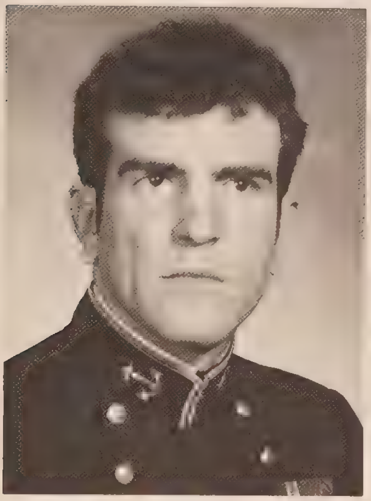
Fred holds the distinction of being the first "Ranger" to bite the bullet for marital bliss. A lust for learning and great motivation on the playing field earned him a high QPR and countless bruises in company competition. Yet Fred never ceased to excel, until first class year, when he earned 12 semester credits for playing with worms. Would you have believed critters called limnoria? However, for Fred there was a happy ending, when he saw the light and traded in the Marine Corps for Naval Aviation. Jill and P-3's forever.

WALTER CARL JOLLER

Walt ran his way to fame in the cold wind and snow of Buffalo, New York. He decided to try for a repeat performance in the moist breeze of the well known Boat School. His running dampened over the years but his spirit was always first. Johnnie Joller overcame his academic obstacles by nightly practicing osmosis at the library. The military duties were tackled by a hearty Heave-ho! and a little set and drift. Although Walt had to trim his blonde-fro for Navy his many women never noticed, and as the future lay ahead Walt will try to apply Oceanography to Navy Air.

RICHARD HOWARD LINDSAY

Rick "Bull" Lindsay swung into the hallowed halls carting a racquet and destined for many Navy volleys as squash captain and tennis star. But the gold on his sweater was not all, for stars also shone above his anchors, as leader of the OA gouge family, always practicing "an ounce of gouge is worth . . ." A lover of close order drill, Rick escaped all but one of those beloved **P**-rades. As co-captain of the pre-taps slumber party, those dark hours just "Z"ed away. Navy Air — the only way to fly, will never be the same.



CHARLES RHODES MAHON

Uprooted from Cherry Hill, N.J., Charlie, not Chuck, decided to start his own long line of tradition rather than follow in another's footsteps. It was a long road for many, but Charlie decided to shorten it by validation of certain freshman year courses, only to his own disdain. He quickly recovered though, from the likes of a certain Physics Prof and soon found himself at home with a 3.0 and Marine Engineering. Even on Weekend, I'm told by his twin brother, he arrived home with a slide rule in one hand, and a HP-35 in the other. If that wasn't enough, he'd derive the rest for ya. Unlike **many** who got away with murder, Mahon as typical, was one for one as one of the over the wall gang. So after 3 years of kicking the ball around, he settled down as 1st set Company Commandant, and much to the enjoyment of Adm. Rickover decided to do it **deeper.**

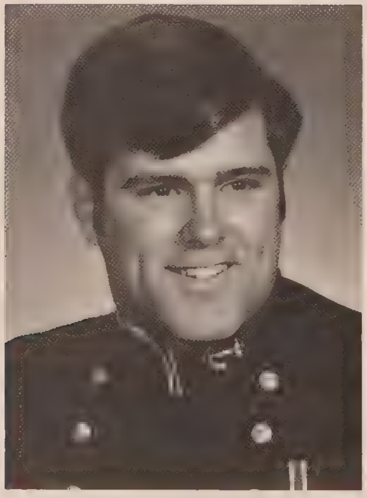
USS FORRESTAL

JARRET MARQUIS

Soon after making the long trip from Rogers, Arkansas, (The B-B gun capital of the world!!!) to the hectic shores of the mighty Severn, Sea Dog found himself quite compatible with the challenging, adventurous life of a Boat School Kaydet. After a brief skirmish with the pad monster, Jarret signed an unconditional surrender. One could often find Sea Dog in the rack living up to his terms of the treaty. Despite the insurmountable work required from him as a Math Major, Jarret somehow found time to read an entire library and generally keep abreast in the field of the arts. His quiet nature, quick wits, and sharp nose for a party made him a mainstay of the Ranger Regime.

DAVID MAYO

I Love the Lord because he hath heard my voice
and my supplication.
Because He hath inclined His ear unto me,
therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.
— Psalm 116:1, 2



LANDY McCORMICK

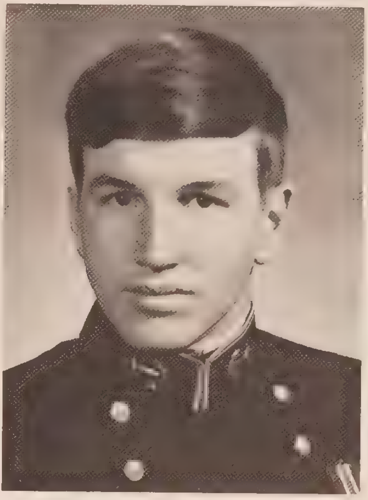
Cutting short a promising career with Barnum & Bailey as Mac the Musical Bear, Landy came to Severn's shore from sunny West Palm Beach. After two consecutive months of taking a fix, Landy's affinity for Canoe U was in question but after that first spoonful of Naval Academy ice cream all his uncertainties faded. More than capable of handling the rigors of academics, Mac found time to write the rule book, "Tackle Handball" or "I May Not Always Win but I Always Draw Blood." With guitar in hand, Landy was always ready with song no matter how much we threatened him. The Naval Academy's loss will be Adm. Rickover's gain. How long can you hold your breath, Mac?

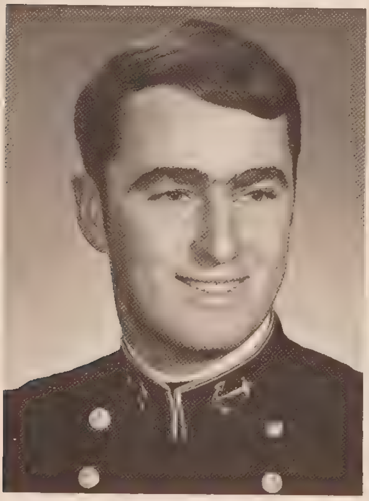
CHARLES MORROW

Chuck left Cleveland, a pretty girl, and an impressive grappling record to offer his mind, body, and soul to Navy. Collegiate wrestling proved too time consuming and interfered with the social life he has become known for. Being one of the three black sheep of the Systems Engineering Department, he never let academics cramp his style. Chuck's interpretation of the Reg Book made him the most popular Co. Sub-CDR in Naval Academy History. Chuck's over-the-wall adventures compare to Houdini, Papillion, and Evel Knievel at their best. With an eye for women, a nose for a party, and more luck than an Irish Leprechaun, Chuck will be a valuable asset to the Naval Aviation Community.

KEVIN JOSEPH NIETMANN

From the open spaces of sunny Texas to the confines of Bancroft came Kevin Nietmann. This quiet radical of the Ranger Corps always seemed to bring us back to reality from the many Academy rules and regulations. As company intellectual, he demonstrated that even Chemistry can be fun. (?) The Bancroft campers also learned from Kevin that pneumonia can even be found on tile floors. A star soccer player, he led 23 to an outstanding 4 win season! After a long summer with the New Zealand Navy, Kevin has decided to visit Admiral Rickover and spend the next five years underwater. Nuc power will never be the same.





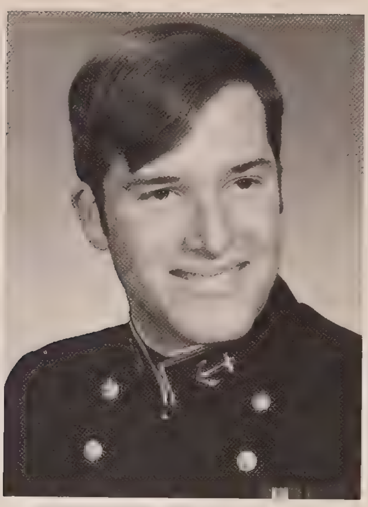
JOSEPH NORTE

Joseph Norte hailed the Naval Academy from Readlyn, Iowa with only one goal in mind, to do his best in everything. He tried. His never ending quest for excellence started Plebe Year with his fine academic showing and reached its epitome when he scored the highest grade in the department in third semester Fluids. Joe showed his athletic prowess as a member of the 150 lb. football team and on his skiing weekends Youngster Year. Joe combined both academics and athletic skills in becoming one of the finest AIP pilots among the first class midshipmen. Joe could be seen on his numerous second class weekends cheering on the Academy's hockey team in Baltimore with Ronnie, his June Week bride to be. Joe's secret to success so far has been in sacrificing his sleep to accomplish his numerous goals.

JOSEPH RUSSELL

Joe, one of the endangered species from NAPS, is a man with a flair for words, a nose for gouge and an addiction to cokes. Not one to be cramped by regulations he wasted no time in accumulating 505 demos for such heinous crimes as slouching in Chapel and smiling. He later moved up in the world to over the wall and his 3rd black N. A Management Major who used what he learned wisely, Joe went through a van, cycle and Jag XKE within a year and now finds himself $14,000 in the hole.

A candidate for anchor man, he is still trying to prove his theory that grades are inversely proportional to the amount of studying done. Athletically, Joe was one of Virginia's finest grapplers as a high schooler and after a brief career at Navy felt the pursuit of academics and the fairer sex was more in order. Upon graduation he plans on heading south to Annapolis of the air.

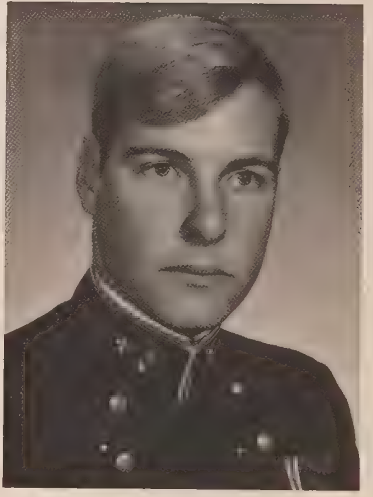


NEIL EDWARD TOLLEFSRUD

Boasting himself as the hottest thing from Scandinavia since the blonde, the big Norwegian from Mayville, North Dakota, drifted off course and found himself stranded on the banks of the Severn. Not finding USNA the tropical isle he would have liked, Tolly always made the most of any situation. Aside from being one of the company barbers, he was drafted on more than one occasion as a stunt driver on the Rt. 50 Grand Prix. His ability seemed to increase with the number of beers and as the expiration of liberty grew nearer. Being one of the 3 black sheep of the Systems Engineering Dept., Tolly is more than ready for the NFO program. His ability to make friends will assuredly pave his way to a successful future.

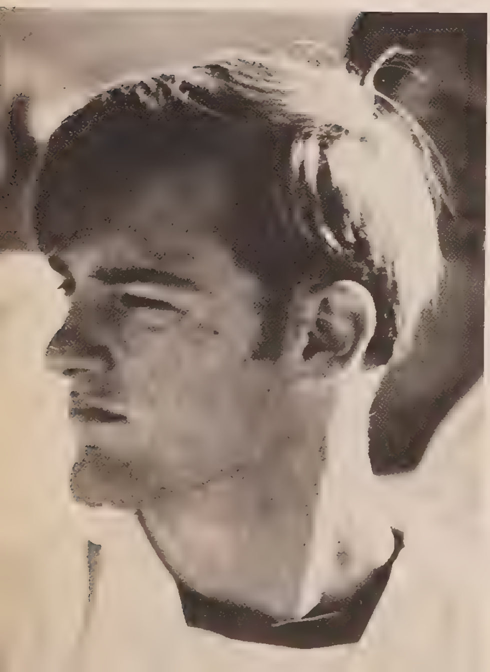
WILLIAM SHANNON

As one of the leading citizens of Massapequa, Long Island, Bill came to Annapolis with high hopes of leading Navy Football to new heights of glory. But he soon decided that football didn't provide enough of a challenge for his many talents, and left the team to concentrate solely on dazzling the management world and making maximum use of liberty time. As a noted songwriter and composer, Lurp wrote many fine blues songs and gave predawn concerts on the third wing terrace while doing penance for being a charter member of the Ranger over-the-wall gang. As Lurp goes off to drive airplanes, we can only hope that his copilot appreciates his unique version of the alphabet and his fine singing voice.



FRANCIS ALBERT VERHOFSTADT

Coming to USNA from the Naval Academy Prep School, Frank was to become one of the few "professional" Rangers. Never one of the academic giants of the company, Frank instead turned his attention to company sports and activities, where his personality and determination led him to many roles of leadership and responsibility. He was always a most desired roommate, for the addition of "that sound system" was added incentive. Get prepared Navy Air, for with the snows of winter, Frank will be flying south with a "Robin."



CARL JEROME WILLIS

Some call him C. J. the D.J.; others call him the Phantom Member of 23; the girls call him all the time. Hailing from "the citrus capital of the world," Lakeland, Florida, C. J. started Plebe Summer out right by not being able to say his room was all turned out without having to try it two or three times. But in later times he finally got it down. Football was his game, but it wasn't his claim to fame. The Academy will long forget what he did here, but it can never forget that he had the baddest load on the road. Right on and I'm gone.

24

HOYLE DANIELS III

Hoyle Homes Daniels III began his naval career a year earlier than his classmates, entering the Naval Academy Prep School after graduation from Palisade's High. After a year of practice on the SAT's he finally made it to the place of his dreams — USNA. Hoyle continued to work diligently on his studies all during his Plebe Year. It was always a treat to eat at Hoyle's table as a Plebe, as he had many second class that always took care of him and waited for his rates patiently. Having been known for his unique, radiant personality, he acquired many lasting friendships during his stay. Hoyle, alias "good-looking", "Archie", "Danny", "Tiger", and "Lover", was a real woman's man all four years as he always took them to the most extravagant spots to eat out. Hoyle showed his true colors returning from first class cruise with his new styled hair and the latest in boggy T-shirts. Yes, Hoyle has the makings of a true professional. Favorite song: "You're So Vain," Best Friend: The Big "Si," Acclaims: (Voted to Batt Staff) "How did you ever keep that California tan?"

STEPHEN DOLAT

Steve was born with soccer shoes on in an old bottle in a Connecticut trash dump. At one time a scout, "Euell" even tried to start a beaver patrol at the Academy. It even took a "Bear" to make him say uncle.

At school, he has excelled in engineering through intravenous feeding of gouge and maintained a passing grade in P.T. He has decided he wants "nukey" for the future and will get it.

10 nice things about Steve: he once had a date, he once folded with a full boat in draw, he never wears brown shoes with a blue suit, he once told a funny joke, he once dated a girl, he . . .

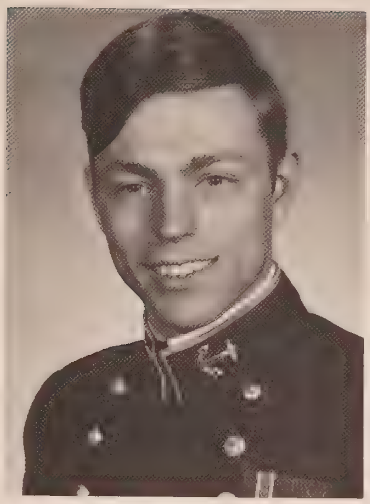
Favorite Sports: Binding and gagging flies, MAGS: Pops Lisowski's and Nat'l 'Poon, Girls: Depends on how long since last date.

KIRKLAND DONALD

Donny, also known as "The Mug," came to Navy with dozens of stories which confirmed the fact that civilization has yet to reach Norlina, North Carolina. A born leader with a devious mind, Donny naturally assumed the role of shower party rep, room war rep, and small munitions technician. Throughout his career in Fun 21, Loose Deuce, and Hard Core 24, Donny was a firm believer in discipline, especially in its administration. Better than most as an academician, he usually managed to do better than he deserved although long weekends eluded him. Donny, a real ladies' man, progressed from Plebe Tea Fights, where he broke the hearts of many personable young ladies, to exciting adventures in a visit to Pensacola before he finally centered his attentions on a lass from Steeltown, USA. Apparently forsaking the friendly skies of Pensacola for Nuclear power, "Mug" is sure to carry his diligence and professionalism into a rewarding career as a Naval Officer.

STEVEN J. GAFFNEY

The transition from the blue-black waters of the Pacific to the green waters of the Chesapeake had a profound effect on Gaf. In 4 years he rose from company anchor man to academic slash. During his 1/c year he also developed a crush on the "O" club. He could always be found there from 1515 every Friday to 1827 Sunday (Duty excepting). The Academy provided a few tough obstacles for Gaf but he came through to become a fine Marine Officer.



STANLEY F. HALTER

Stanleh, as he is affectionately called by his other half, has continued to amaze everyone here by not studying on a weekend since Plebe Year and still survive. The major reason for this outstanding record is his drinking buddy, (doubles as his fiancé) Betsy. Also, he has a talent for getting along well with his professors.

His other main love is consuming anything with a certain derivative of a hydro-carbon contained within it. Stan, being a man for setting records, has logged more time in O Clubs than any person alive under 30. This feat may have something to do with his last record of breaking an engagement more times than a razorback has ridges.

Before finishing this summary, his ability in sports should be mentioned. Favorite Foods: burgers, clams, Favorite Team: Cards, Favorite Sport: baseball.

DENNIS M. GALICKI

Dennis, hailing from Seven Hills, Ohio, came to Annapolis via Miami University determined to turn the Navy upside down. Taking a few spins himself, he's nevertheless managed to keep his head above water; in more ways than one. A faithful follower of the motto: "If the minimum wasn't good enough, it couldn't be the minimum," Galicks finally settled back on his strong CQPR after second class year with no worries about graduating in '75. A Batt Wrestler and winter heavyweighter, Galicks enjoyed four Brigade Championships during his stay at the Academy. Always known for his easygoing nature, Dennis will be a welcome addition to his chosen field of Surface Line.

PAUL HARAR

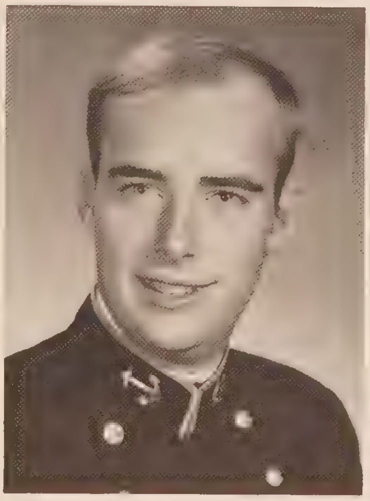
Paul Harar came to Annapolis from the windy city of Chicago, Ill. In assuming his role at Canoe U he was the only Plebe to earn the rank of Midshipman Fifth Class. During his four years at the Academy, Paul distinguished himself in almost everything he challenged, from learning literally, how to run through the obstacle course to mastering the art of changing step in close order drill. Athletically, Paul donated his body to intramural sports, especially fieldball. He became a starter in intramural crew and volleyball when he became a "Firstie." Scholastically, Paul stood above his classmates in his major of Management which he plans to utilize in Nuclear Power. The Nuclear Navy will eventually receive a fine asset when Paul (Hip, Hip) hits the fleet.

DAVID B. GOUGH

David B. Gough more commonly known as the "Gouge" not because he has it, but for his efforts in finding it. Being one of the great mathematical geniuses of the Brigade, he has inductively proven a new technique of studying. By assuming that he has a free period before his exam, he begins resting his mind the night before with one of the great science fiction novels of all time. He then very carefully calculates by "Mathematical Analysis" how much time in the rack is needed for a passing grade.

His home, which, by the way is 13 miles away in a town called Odenton has proven to be a great help to the company. More often referred to as Gouge's Car Lot, his house has become one of the "pit-stops" on your way out of the 7 mile limit.

Dip, (as he is known by his family) has many hobbies. One of his favorites is his taste for fine food. An expert in the preparation and eating of popcorn and hotdogs, he has tried in the past 3 years to become even better at this hobby. At times he even travels to the Ramada Inn with his favorite Miss Bar B. Doll for a $21 dinner, and a good time on the town. Other pastimes include the proper methods of walking on crutches, driving to Hampton-Roads in his T-bird, and his ability to see how late he can turn in assignments and still receive credit.



STEPHEN HILL

Well-read Steve, whose voluminous magazine subscriptions could put any dentist's office to shame, was always ready to share his individually acute views on any topic with those of us less refined. A definite high-roller in the fashions department, Steve was a charter member of the O Club singles set, never one to turn down a social drink now and then, or even a good knee-dance. His sophisticated style, towering height, and calculated speech placed him no more appropriately than in the rack, snoring; again, better, and louder, than most.

An Engineer and Surface Liner to the end, Steve will no doubt take the Navy by the stern and show all of us that worldliness is next to Godliness.

RICHARD W. KAMMIER

Hailing from the land of 10,000 lakes, Rick was Coach Higgin's number one draft choice for the sub squad. Blazing a star-studded path through the Academy's swimming program, "Aquarock" could never quite gain the attention of the VDT/SEAL recruiters.

An intramural jock from day one, Toad could be found on the soccer field, with the light weight footballers, in the bowling alley, or on the pitcher's mound hurling sizzling softballs. As a true leader, athlete, and sportsman, he was a valuable asset to any team.

First class year opened new and exciting vistas for our squatty classmate. Three stripes and a new Camaro gave him mobility, and a healthy thirst for wine, women, and wong provided the target.

With a powerful drive to excel and an attitude of cooperation and purpose, the future looks bright for Rick. The US Navy will have a fine officer and gentleman to fill any billet.

KIM F. KLINE

Coming from Wakefield, Nebraska, to see the ocean, Kliner decided to stay around for a while. Always the life of the party because he was the party, Kliner could always be counted in on any activity. If he wasn't out with the boys on a weekend you could count on him to be working out, watching sports on the tube, reading about sports, or just talking about sports, truly a jock's jock. After studying Oceanography for three years Kliner found that the human stomach is incompatible with the Surface Navy so he had to go Nuclear Power. Our only question is where can you run on a submarine?

DENNIS A. KRUER

Dennis, with his down home drawl, sauntered to the Boat School from the Ohio River bottoms of Clarksville, Indiana, four years ago with the primary purpose of playing basketball for Navy. Small by the standards of his chosen sport, Dennis compensated with tremendous quickness and leaping ability and aggressiveness matched by few. Retiring after two years he managed to accumulate the most decorated B-Robe in the company through his outstanding contributions to Championship Battalion and Company intramural teams as well as the coveted Black "N" for his membership in the "Wardroom 9." A "slash" among Mental Midgets, Dennis was always above 3.0 in the demanding Systems Engineering Major. In spite of where he wrote them, his letters to "The only girl I ever knew!" are a true testament to the one girl concept. A firm believer in the Pad Monster as well as Nuclear Powered U-boats, Dennis is ready to embark upon a long and successful Naval Career.

THOMAS E. LISOWSKI

Tom came to us after going to three years of college at the University of Illinois, which earned him the position of company old-man and the title of "Pops." Never letting academics get in the way of his education, Pops spent four years proving he could be just as dumb as the rest of us. Pops helped to lift our morale by keeping a collection of interesting reading material for the strong at heart and a sense of humor to match. A true lifer, Pops had to be a steamer.

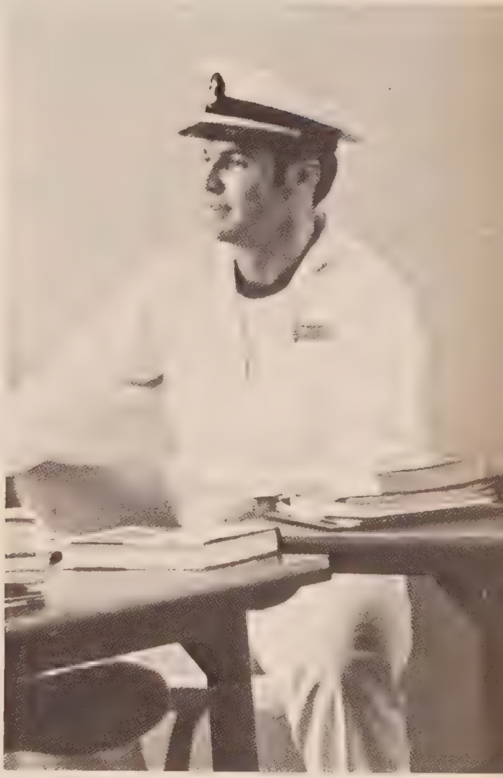
JAMES MacKENZIE

Mack paddled his way into this illustrious institution on the coat-tails of the NAAA machine. After demolishing all competition in northern Virginia, Jamie decided to impress Navy's opponents with his swimming prowess. An "N*" was the culmination of two years of burning holes in the water of the natatorium.

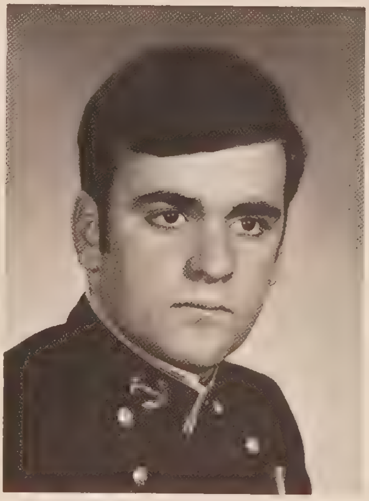
As a protegé to King Midas, the "Turkey" (short drumsticks and all) could usually be found balancing his checkbook or just gloating over his latest dividend statement. He was soon welcomed to the poorhouse, however, when he became owner of one white Corvette.

A true believer in the "hard-to-get" theorem of handling young ladies, Mack takes care not to allow too much of a good thing to accumulate in one place.

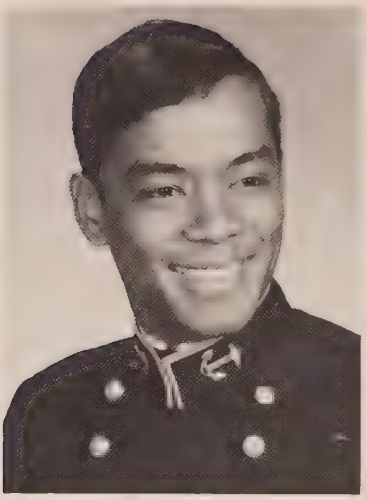
Destined to be a "Pork Chop," Jamie is assured of a bright future in the Navy. Our supplies couldn't be in safer hands

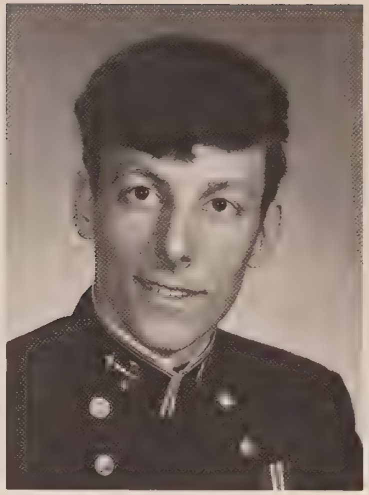


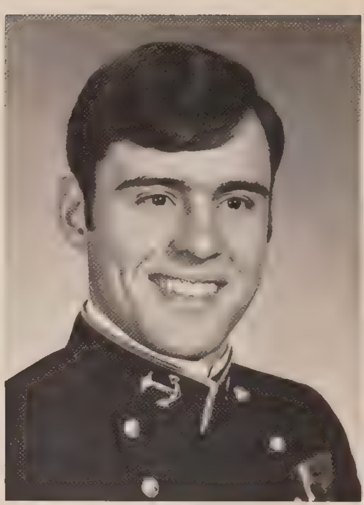
THOMAS L. METZ



From the coal dust of West Virginia came the tall, bearded man we learned to call Mete-a-roni or Metzer for short. He started off being conscious of time with being late for Plebe Summer, not to mention 2/c year at Pittsburgh and the "O" Club incident. Academics have never been a problem with Metzer; he has always been one of the leading Mental Midgets. He even selected Marine Engineering and Nuc Power for a future, I guess that's because "They do it deeper!" His ability to hold liquor plus his true editorial talents in letter writing have held the young lovelies plus the company in awe. We can't forget the strange places he finds to sleep during parties or the strange foods he munches on. We always think of Metzer when we hear Johnny Denver's "Country Roads, Take Me Home."







THOMAS C. NOLLIE

Tom (alias "Too Cool," alias "Phantom") came to Navy from L.A. after that "other place" failed to pick him up in time. Math became his major — and getting through it was his game. Such profs as Count Dracula and Spitt'n Sam will always be remembered. But besides academics, Tom derived gobs of pleasure from Navy drowning and the mile cough.

"But what about women?" you wonder — so do we. There is the one in DQ, the one in ADMN, the two in D.C., the three in Penn., the four . . . This kind of man **needs** a silver Monte Carlo.

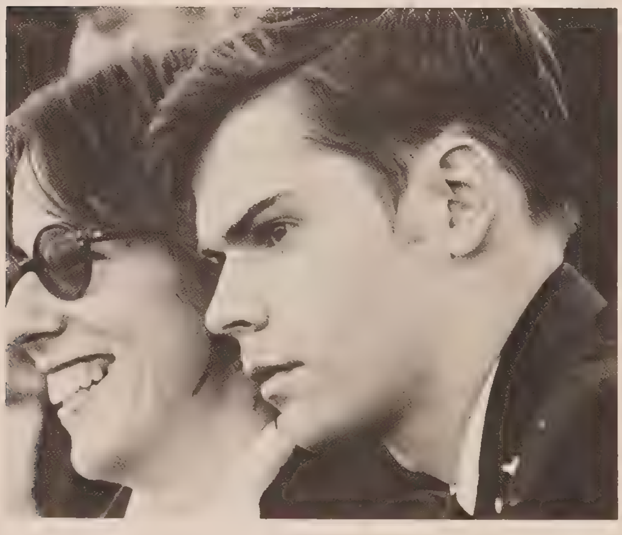
His future looks as bright as the past he leaves behind.

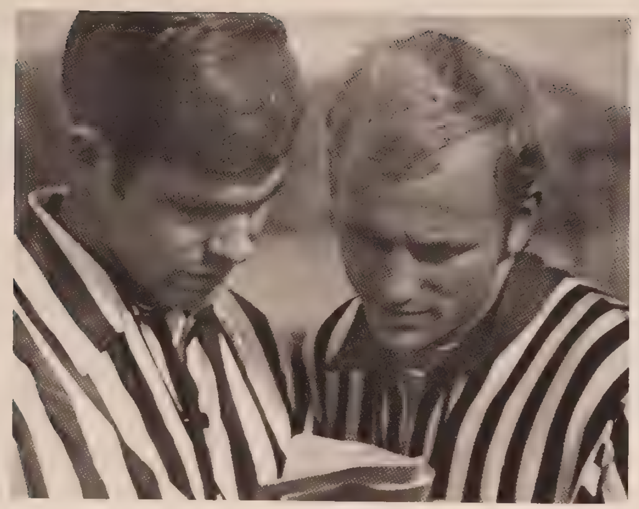
JAMES OCHENKOSKI

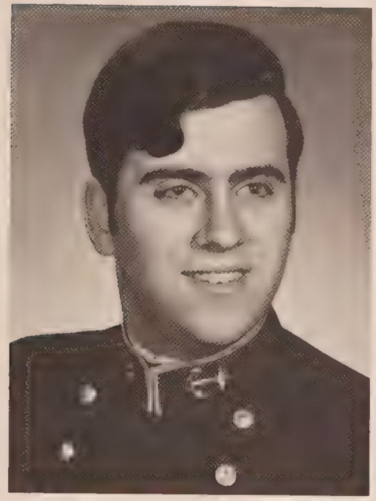
Jim, better known to all as "Ski," came to us from Bethpage, Long Island, New Yawk. Plebe Year found him engrossed in his duties as the company's resident SI 101 Computer Programming Technician. Youngster Year will always be a memorable one for Ski. Always a party man, Ski participated in the "Great Wardroom Christmas Party" of the 2nd Company. This resulted in a couple of months to think about things, especially about a young lovely he met in the line of duty as Trident Calendar Sales Manager. Ski's motto was "Would they give you liberty if they wanted you to stay?" And if he didn't have liberty there was always the special request chit to get out in town to see his honey. Jim is heading for a honeymoon and the Surface Navy after graduation.

KAYE KIP OWEN

Kip came storming north from the great nation of Texas four years ago to meet the challenge of the Naval Academy, and as is usually the case, he found it. Since that time the most accurate description of our only cowboy is "involved." His aspirations as a football player were cut short by a knee injury Plebe Year, but he came back second class year to earn a starting spot and his Navy "N" for the 150's. Six weeks in a cast after a second knee injury in the Army Game, however, convinced him that Navy Air was more important than playing, so he turned in his pads for a coaching spot first class year. Athletics was but one of his activities as he has carried a double major — Oceanography and Women. The former presented no problem as Kip could always be found on the Sup's List, and his success with the fairer sex is unquestioned. His roommate insists that he kept a file with pictures and descriptions of his "acquaintances" so he could recognize them in the reception room. Graduation will find our cowboy in Pensacola chasing girls and jets with little doubt as to his success in either field.







PAUL ALAN PAPISH

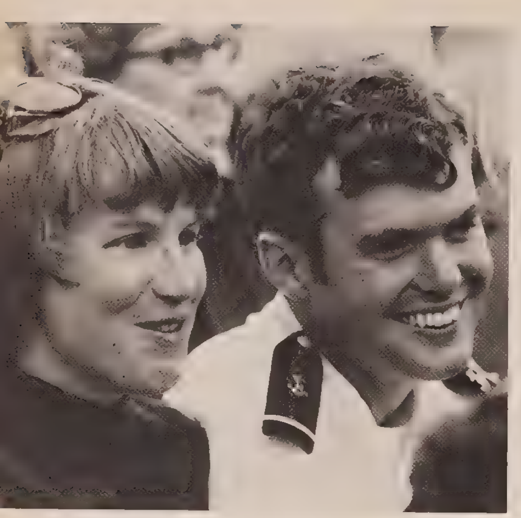
A native of "Zoomie" country U.S.A., Paul chose the "Un-college" over his next door neighbor. A firm believer in not letting his schooling interfere with either his education or with what he wants to do, Paul has managed to evade many of the establishment's "rules and regulations" in order to participate in Glee Club, Protestant and Catholic Chapel Choir, and Masqueraders.

Aside from his golden voice Paul's accomplishments include Vice-president of Catholic Choir, and Vice-president in charge of Musicals for Masqueraders. His outstanding athletic prowess has made him a "legend in his own time."

"Pap" found his true love early in his first class year — a cute little copper-toned Capri. The question now is "Will the Capri's position be usurped by an F-14 in Pensacola?"

JAMES POND

THE PONDO, little more really need be said He sauntered in from Oregon to enjoy the relaxing atmosphere and good times only USNA can provide. A dedicated nightowl, Jim consistently made careful use of classroom time so that he would be fresh for study hour — dozing in the wardroom is poor form. His distaste for formality foiled the Academic Board's hope more than once. This might require a skipped poker game or less moon study, but he always came through. Chasing anchors is interesting anyway. So after four years, relaxed and wiping the sleep from his eyes, Pondo departed many friends with a wife and an Ensign's stripe.

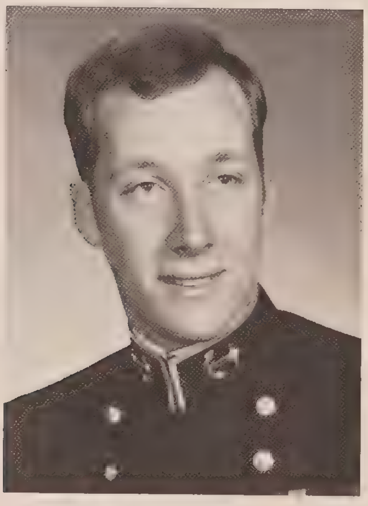


RICHARD S. SCHENK

Dick will always be remembered by his unfailing academic perseverance, a constant downhill struggle since his first 4 week 3.0. A connoisseur of Dutch Cheese and endless consumer of coffee, Dick, with his cup in hand, could always be found somewhere enroute to the wardroom.

A very physically expressive speaker, Dick was available at any time to offer his critical comments and valuable suggestions concerning our life in the hall. Frequent trips to somewhere near Philly occupied his time and productive weekday mental condition.

Truly astonishing was his professional knowledge of anything nautical. Anything! This, along with his personality and character can only indicate that he will one day succeed in the Surface Fleet as a professional officer and human person.



DAVID SIMON

David Simon came to the Naval Academy to play sports as his previous athletic endeavors include football, track, cross-country, fencing, boxing, wrestling, bowling, tennis, billiards, table tennis, street fighting, handball, squash and even croquet. Academically speaking, Dave belonged to the true image of the 24th Co. Mental Midgets somehow just missing the Academic Board all four years. Dave's dynamic personality provided him with many lasting friendships around the Academy. Yet many unique aspects he does have, as he is often seen walking in the halls in his famous shoes, black socks, and not much else, later in the evening. On the other hand Dave is well read on those unmentionable subjects which do not include politics and newspapers. His true specialties can be seen by his hard work with the shot put which has made him a proud wearer of his N-starred sweater and last but equally important and even 10 times as beautiful as the shot is his devotion to Jean, that lovely girl from Pitt.

STEVEN LAWRENCE ROGNESS

"ROGS" came to the University of Navy from Osseo, Wisconsin, for two reasons, to play basketball and to fly jets. Little did he know that being a naval officer was a part of it. He finally realized this at 0618 the first day of second class year, when he made the big decision to turn in his chit, only to change his mind (once again) to stay with the boys for 7 more years. Rogs kept well informed of all the big news outside the walls by reading the Tri-County News, sharing the more interesting items with us. Known for his pranks and sense of humor, Steve worked hard at a "useless" major — Oceanography — and believed that "only a mediocre person is always at his best." Not willing to wait for Pensacola, Steve spent 2 months at Main Office for commanding his "Tomcat" and earned his Black "N." Always one of the boys, Rogs with his "wild imagination" has all of the quals for the jet jockey type

GEORGE M. TUSING

"Tus" made his way to Canoe U from the woods of western Maryland. His easy-going nature and continuous "shit-eater" earned him the nickname of "Loose Tus" from the start. Not a stickler for academics — .2 gravy in Management — Tus devoted his time to sports — in the boxing ring and in the halls of Mother "B." Shower parties, shaving cream fights, and general rowdiness constituted his nightly routine. Tus's rowdiness was only surpassed by his perseverance in boxing. His fast hands and fancy footwork quelled opponents and won him a Brigade Championship as well as good times with 3 O.A.O.'s. Tus is noted for his taste in music (John Denver, Janis Joplin, BTO) and his ride, a green Subaru. On the weekends you might catch him driving down the highway, beer in hand, listening to BTO with the boys. Because he works well with people (Yes, he's a greaser) Tus will be a welcome addition to the Surface Navy.

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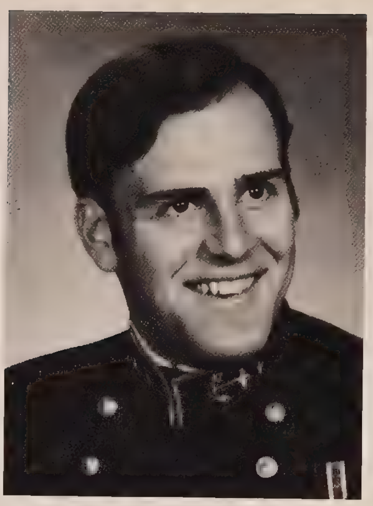
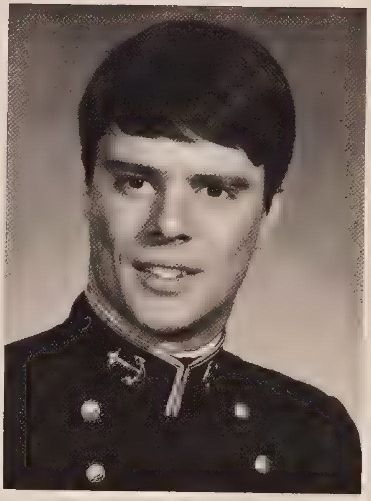
"EASY" COMPANY

MOON MEN



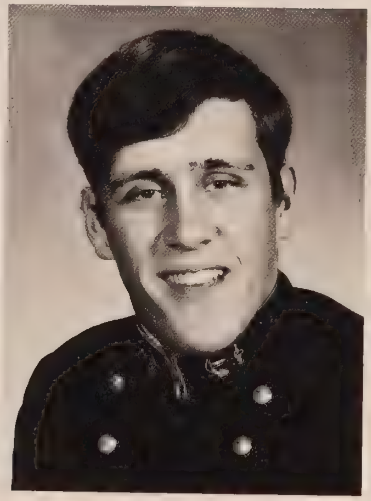
LUNCFORD LEWIS BASS

Well, my stars, Luncford, what's that on your collar? Hot Dog hit the Boat School straight out of Winnsboro, South Carolina, and the Academy had a few quick punches to throw back. Never one to mix well with the Regs or Academics, Lunce fought all four years to keep the AC Board off his neck and his weekends free for O.A.O. No set of words can accurately describe Lunce. Those that know him, though, can say that no other friend could be more true, more helpful, or more cheerful in times of seeming distress. Thank you, Lunce, for making our stay a bit more bearable. The Navy, indeed, the world, needs more of your kind.



WYNN E. CALLAND

Poo Bear — Winnie the Poo — aliases owned by none other than 25th Company's first set Company Commander. While maintaining a QPR in excess of 3.0, Wynn still managed to keep all the zest and vigor of college life at his fingertips — at least as much as possible between frequent excursions to the Company Office to answer for the seemingly unforgivable sins of his subjects. Parties, parties, and more parties. Though managing not to be caught up in the scandals, he could best be found with a girl in one hand and a pitcher in the other excelling in verbal slashes with anyone who dared match his wits. Who knows what interesting companionship he may find next year at Nuc Power School.



BROZIA H. CLARK

Bo could always be found sawing logs in some corner of the rack. He came to Navy from the hills of West Virginia, and managed to ensnare himself with a buckeye at the end of his Plebe year. "Tater-Pie" had many memorable experiences here, and is currently headed for Nuke Power School where he hopes to whistle dixie and juggle neutrons.

STEPHEN DAVID COLE

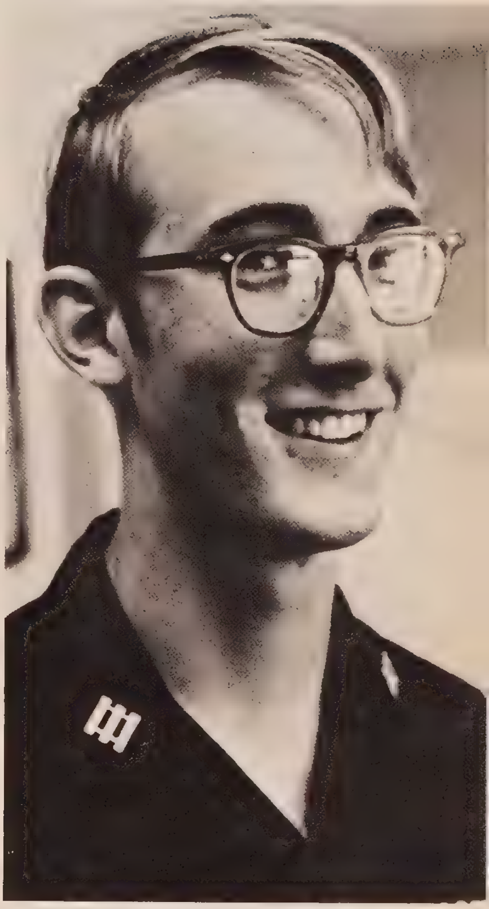
From Longview, Texas (Minden, Louisiana, when tired of hearing about Texas from honorary Aggies), Steve came to USNA bringing with him a personality that can only be described by his many close and fortunate friends. The question, "What company are you in, anyway?" found S. D. as Mr. Conservative during Plebe year. This was not true as an upperclassman! Mr. Flash took well to and from the water as could be seen from his inflation test results and his debut with only his bull. Too dumb for Nuclear Power, too smart for the Marine Corps, and not an LPD lover, Steve will fly the blue skies of Navy Air. Good luck, and thanks for everything, Steve!

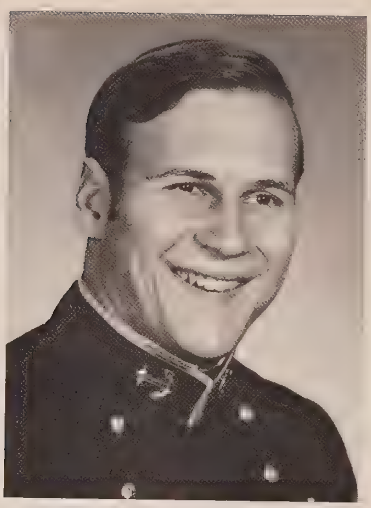
ROBERT D. CORLEY

"We do not need to reveal ourselves to others, but only to those we love. For then, we are no longer ourselves in order to seem, but in order to give."

— Camus

Thanks Mom. Thanks Dad. Thanks Tish. And thanks classmates.



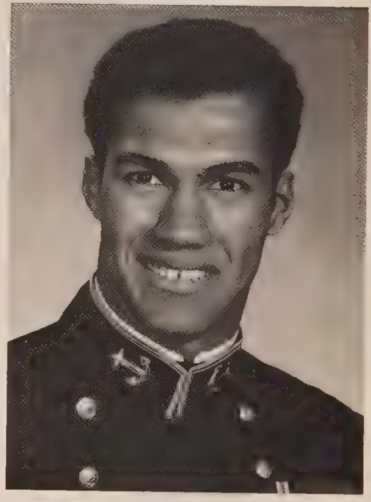


MICHAEL ALLAN FACKRELL

Alias "Wide Load," or Fack, this beast of the 25th Company is among the all-time leaders for quantity of beer inhaled in a four year span. Somewhat of an intellectual, considering his 3.0 average while studying an hour a week, he has the distinction of charging more books on his account than anyone else at the Academy, but still manages to balance higher than most. Proud owner of a 260-Z which lugged him across country last summer, he divides his time between his three loves: the "O"-club, track, and the rack, not necessarily in that order. He has a quiet side, enjoying hiking, hunting, and the outdoors where he spends a lot of his Christmas and summer free time. He has chosen to fly helos, and, of course, I pity the poor pilot who tries to squeeze into the cockpit with him in training. All in all, he has helped make life among his company-mates a worthwhile experience. The future is bright for him.

RAYMOND W. FINNEGAN

Came to Annapolis with "great expectations" . . . and left with the same degree. Athletically, nothing stood in his way. Even had a room named after him in McDonough, at one time. Walls never bothered Finn. Some of his closest friends thought he was a commuter. Among his best friends were Tim, National Bo, and the Orioles, not to mention Mr. Balderson in emergencies. He always had that amazing flare with company officers, and they with him. Never at a loss for words, his argument record was 453 wins, no losses. He truly loved the Academy for what it could have been.



ROBERT J. W. GIUDA

Bob came to the Naval Academy from a beautiful farm in New Hampshire with a private pilot's license in one hand and a beer can in the other. During his career here, he earned the nickname of "Fetus" because of his unique sleeping position. Always a rallier, he spent many hours partying with his friends. Fetus was not to be underestimated when one considered his night operations with the ladies. He is known by his friends as a great Naval Tactician. He had plenty of time (2 months) during second class year to plan for those long, dark nights. He learned a lesson first class year, though, when Lcdr. Colombo discovered "The House." (We all learned our lesson, Bob.) The Fetus' four years weren't entirely spent rallying. He graduated with a major in Operations Analysis, his parachute club card, scuba card, and a mature outlook on life.

MICHAEL ROBERT GROOTHOUSEN

Alias Groot, the Pride of Texas! Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but you would never know it. Interests in life: boots, spurs, ten-gallon hat, and the Aggies. Good-natured, willing to work hard, and the ladies' man. (How many?) Groot was always there to volunteer when the company needed him. Has already had one command at sea and is destined to command in the future. Groot gets the job done, so look out Navy Air.

KENAN J. KNIERIEM

Keno came to us from Oceanport, New Jersey, and quickly made it evident that he was going to be kicking balls — for the soccer team. Although his academic prowess was the unfortunate inverse of his athletic ability, Keno always had a knack for "pulling it out." After graduation, he plans to head for the Surface Navy with an Air Option. He will always live on as one of Moon's on-board troops.

DOUGLAS JACKSON

Doug came to the Academy with beads rolling off of his body like water through the Rio Grande. His aspirations to play football for Navy, after having played for his high school in Cold Springs, Texas, had to be doused because of injuries to both his grades and his knee. From there, he put the extra time into his grades and his social life. His grades stayed the same, but his social life grew by leaps and bounds. In fact, he became so socially inclined, toothbrush in hand, he's going to take the step into matrimony in June. After graduation, with his bride, he will report to a Surface Ship with the desires of getting into engineering. With his drive and ambition, he will be a welcome addition to any wardroom.

CHUCK LONG LOUIE

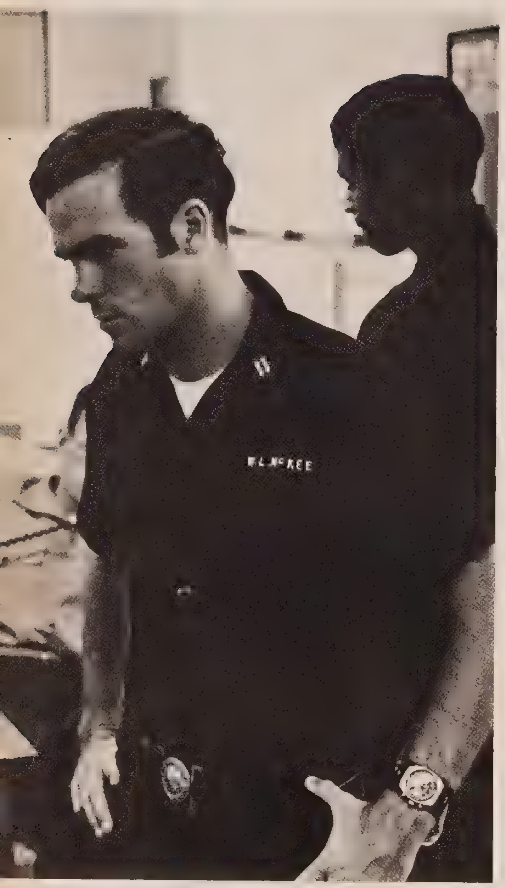
Chuck came to us from Hong Kong and the mysterious Orient. Always friendly to everyone, Chuck started out slow academically but soon mastered the books and has built up his cum ever since. Chuck has adapted to America well, but his roots are still deeply planted in the far East. Determined not to lose touch, Chuck has somehow managed to make it back to Hong Kong 3/C, 2/C, and 1/C summers, not to mention being active in the Chinese Club and studying Mandarin Chinese on the side, and visiting Taiwan 1/C summer was even a greater thrill for him. Graduation will find Chuck headed for Nuclear Power School and undoubtedly a successful future.

THOMAS CARROLL KELLEY

Filled to the brim with wit and sarcasm, Tom Kelley came from Garden City, New York to spend four years with the dregs of humanity. He arrived with a toothbrush in one hand and a pair of track shoes in the other. Known to some as "Bones" he inspired Bob Dylan to write "The Ballad of a Thin Man." He majored in Oceanography, (one day a Prof'll give you a decent break, Tom.), although his interests lay in politics, the New York Mets, music, and the 450-SL he'll one day get. A walking N.Y. Times, he could give you a rundown on any public figure. He looked ahead to the future and was always ready to try something new. He was bright, dedicated to the things he considered important, and a friend to all, although his major vice was putting pompous people in their places. It looks like NFO for now, but Hyman hasn't seen the last of him. And it's spelled —EY!

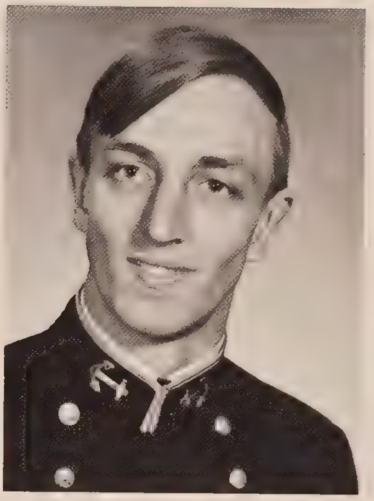
RAYMOND F. MARTIN

I owe so much to so many . . . my parents saw me off on the first day of Plebe summer . . . and watched me graduate in June. Thanks, Mom. Thanks, Dad. I am grateful to my sisters who are always there. To T. C. and R. W. who made life easier at USNA, I thank you. I'm very thankful for Sandy. We have come a long way together and have our whole lives ahead. There are so many others, I thank them all, but, most important, I thank God.



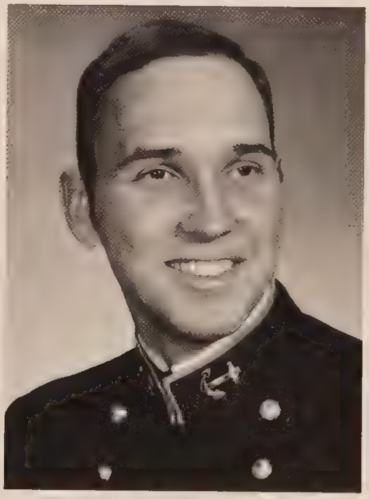
GEORGE ALEXANDER MELNYCHENKO

Well, George, in spite of everything, here we are on the good side of graduation (who'd have thunk it possible!). Fond of fast cars, life, and women, Chinko is, in short, a typical young citizen of the "Blue Zoo." He is Ukranian and bound to let everyone know it. And not only has he been Visco's roomie for four years (Good God!), he has thru thick and thin, been an avid Vikings' fan ("You wanna put money on it?"). Indeed, many and wondrous are this good-natured chap's talents — he walks, he talks (God, does he!), he sleeps; truly an amazing person. Chinko is going into aviation — how appropriate! His head's been in the clouds for years anyway. George, you ain't no rose, but, then, you're no chrysanthemum either!



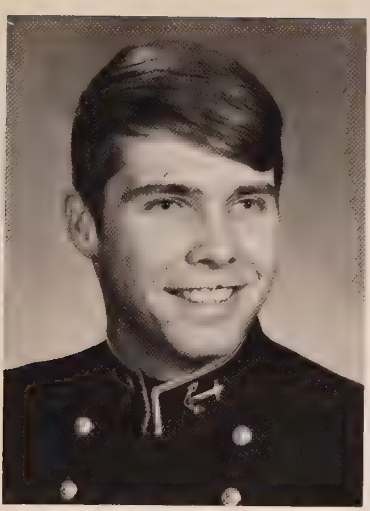
DENIS F. POWERS

Well, Den, after rooming with you for over three years, you'll be at Nuclear Power School, while I'm at Pensacola, 3000 miles away. I'll be hard-pressed to find someone else with whom I've shared so many interests, and to find such a genuine friend will be impossible. I'll always remember you for Gymnastics, your trips to Bethesda, and Karen, the Grateful Dead, and rock concerts. It is hard to believe that four years have gone by already, and that we'll finally graduate. Good luck at Nuclear Power School. I only wish that I could go with you — I'm sorry Hyman didn't see it that way, too. I hope that you and Karen will be happy always, in whatever your future plans are. Thanks for helping me get through here: I needed it. Take care, Tom.



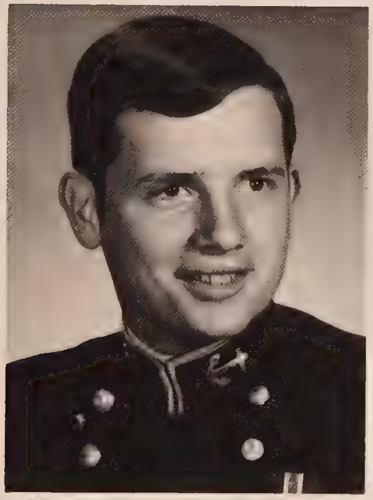
CHARLES C. SOUDER

Utah came to the Sea College from sunny Milton, Florida. How the name Utah came about is a question of many. He claims there's no connection with the state, being a one time resident. Plebe year was quite frustrating, being the stud that he was and no liberty to bring back the tanned blondes he remembers of his West Coast adventures. After having lost memories, Oceanography became his bag, and Cousteau his hero. By second class year, the thoughts of a car, liberty, and girls took priority. It almost cost him seventy-five and two, but he became one of the first to own a Corvette — a white machine to bring back those dreams. But on the cold nights of February, he met a warm blonde Wave that rocked his boat. She plans to put wedding bells behind that 'Vette as they go down to his ship in the sea.



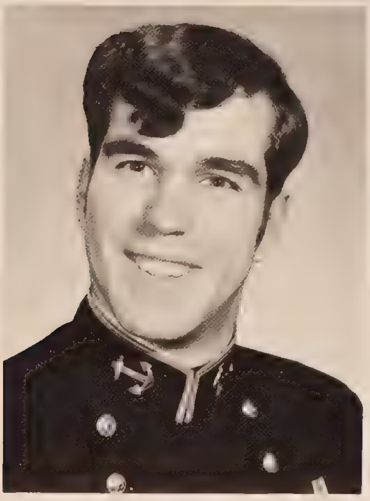
FRANCIS M. SWEENEY

Francis Michael Sweeney, II, came to Annapolis for the first time on Induction Day — June 30, 1971, with expectations of life at USNA based solely upon that paragon of truth, the U.S. Naval Academy Catalogue. Mike was introduced to the professionalism indicative of USNA during the very first day here. He swiftly acquired the needed motivation which carried him through almost four years. Molded into one of America's finest by four years at USNA, he joined the world's best by selecting Navy Air on service selection night.



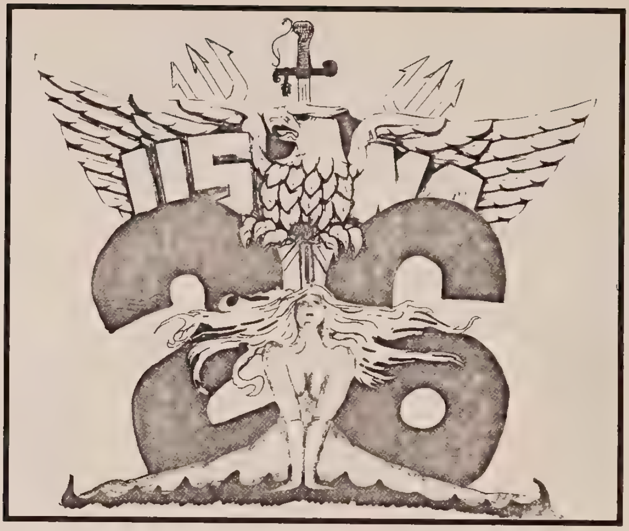
JAMES MICHAEL THOMS

J. T., as he is known by all, quickly became an expert in the physics of basketball, study by osmosis, and the effects of Navy Blue on the opposite sex. Actually Jim was soon found to possess an ever-helping hand, open ears, and an optimistic attitude. Where would our sanity be without him? Jim's own problems never warranted first place with him. A good leader knows his men, it's a great leader who cares about them.



PAUL W. VISCOVICH

Looking at this aspiring young scholar, with his many academic achievements, you'd hardly suspect that my perennial task over the past four years has been to remind him that his long-lost pencil was indeed behind his ear. Stories of his money-recording book, with its repeated "penny lost, penny found" entries, have made old Scrooge himself roll with laughter in his grave. But, invariably, he has proven himself a stout friend, one ready to help with a ten or a hand, whenever and wherever needed. My hat is off to him in hopes that he will achieve the path to greatness which his mentor and hero, the long-suffering Beethoven, once rode, but odds are it won't be in his '62 Pontiac. "Ya wanna race, Visker?"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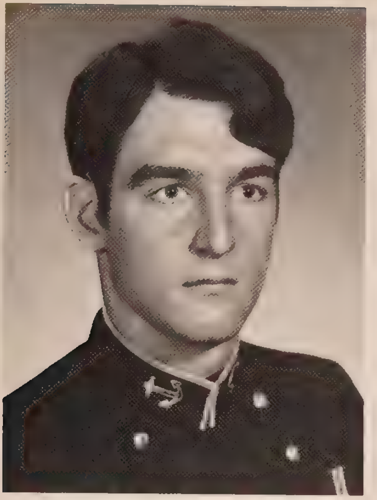


MARK BLOOMQUIST

Cruising in from Fort Wayne, Indiana, Bloomy decided to trade in his lazy days in the cornfields for the hectic pace (?) at USNA. Bloomy quickly adapted to life here at the Zoo. With a keen desire to excel Bloomy spent many a long hour buried in his books. His sports accomplishments include MVP 3 years running in "The Joe Ollayos Memorial" football game, and getting "Big Eddie" successfully through the tower jump. With "Surface Line is mighty fine" echoing in his ears, Bloomy will leave a host of fine friends and memories here at Canoe U. — the fleet will gain a good man and a wide smile.

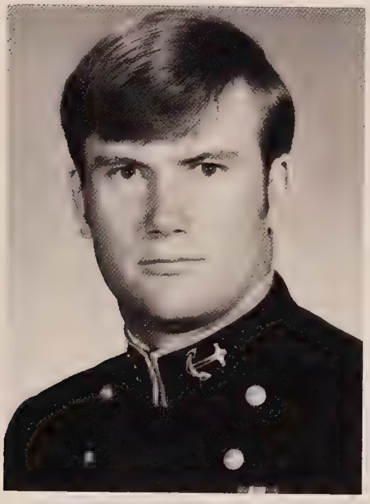
CARLTON M. BOURNE

The other half of a lossless two on two basketball team, Mickey hails from the thriving megalopolis of Georgetown, S.C. Mickey was always a charmer with the womenfolk usually leaving them with a smile on their faces. On the weekends or on leave, the only time he didn't have a beer in his hand was when he was asleep, and I imagine he was dreaming about it then. Known for his extreme courteousness and good will, Mickey occasionally had a nice word to say about somebody. Always a hard worker, he could be found during study hour his senior year at the fieldhouse cutting someone on a layup

N.A.FACKRELL

THOMAS DETWEILER

Always with a cheery disposition, Dets came to the Boat School on the Severn from Trenton, New Jersey via NAPS, bringing along his bad knees and a determination to succeed. He excelled as a regular starter on the rack team throughout his four years at Canoe U. However, his true love was General Engineering; solving thermo, solids, or fluids problems. Needing a good fast car, his pride and joy Vette was all he could ask for. Plans for the future include eating brownies, a June Week wedding, and then off to the beaches of Pensacola.



DAVID G. DRIEGERT

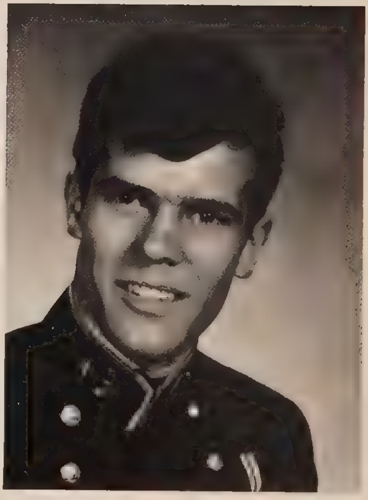
Driegs came to us from Rutherford, New Jersey. Being a basketball star in high school helped him a lot until injuries and the bench caught up with him. You could call David married. Every time we had time off, there he would go — hitching home to Jersey to his woman and his other love — his Vette. David must like the Mickey Mouse discipline of Mother B because come June Week he will be signing up for five with the Marines. And if he has any sanity left he will put all his hard work into Marine Air (the lesser of two evils).

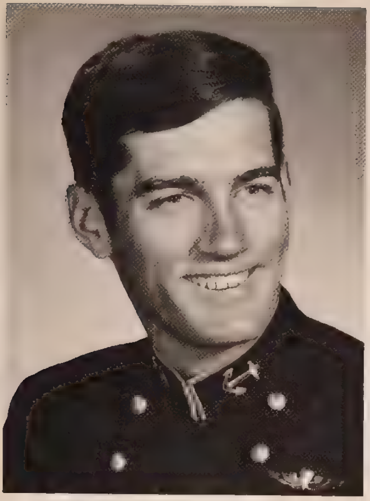
LESLIE F. CAREY

Les comes from Las Vegas. He is famous for being in the midst of a scrap swinging not a stick but yes, a spatula. The city of Philadelphia installed life buoys by all the fountains after the Notre Dame game when Les sent some people swimming. Lelly, as his mom calls him but his friends have learned not to call him, can be seen at the weight room daily. We all know how "Fats" brought out his soft side in the eighth wind rec room. Les will best be remembered by the peculiar noises he makes in the morning and for eating a certain item out of a trash can during our Plebe year Christmas party.

BOB DURST

Bob came to the Academy all the way from Pahton, Md. When not in Bancroft Hall playing war games, he can probably be seen on the road to Lynchburg, Va. to see his one and only in his Blue "Z." Bob majors in History and plays company intermural sports. He loves to fish and enjoys the outdoors. "Beagle" (Bob) is always fun to have around especially when he gets excited with his squeaky voice. His personality shoud carry him well through life.



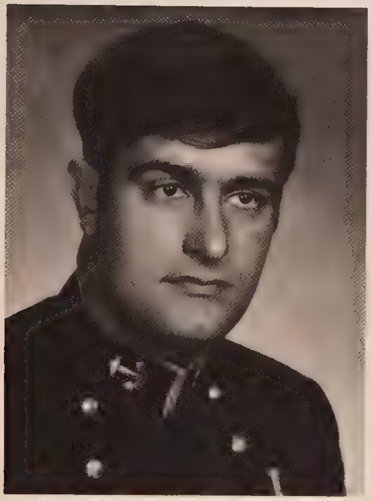


ROBERT DAVID GALLAHER

Dave came to the "Boat School" from the sunny and dry country of Phoenix, Arizona. Nicknamed, "The Jumping Jew," Dave always had a knack for making a dollar, some legitimately and some not. While at the Boat School Dave has qualified as a senior parachute rigger, Naval parachutist, and as a Nuclear Power Selectee. After some short-lived love affairs with Army nurses, Dave has settled down to an Arizona honey to whom he looks to for advice and . . . Dave plans to choose Nuclear Submarines after graduation from Nuclear Power School and will be a welcome addition to the new Nuclear Navy.

T. J. JOHNSON

"T. J." Johnson otherwise known as the Jean-Claude of the Rockies hails all the way from the Springs in colorful Colorado. Being both an avid skier and outdoorsman, he has had many a carefully laid plan go to waste. A week long camping trip turns into a rain-soaked two day hike and the 15 inch base is really 10 inches of slush covered with 5 inches of water. The future holds the promise of an enviable position as an Ocean Engineer and the girl next door.

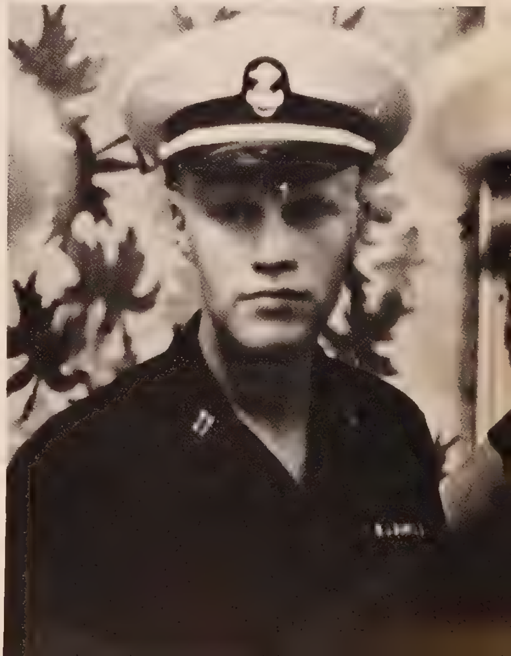


PAUL GREGORY

Our resident super-jock, Paul is equally at home with basketball, baseball, or football. The Greek had a brief stint as a varsity quarterback, but was lured away by a more lucrative offer in the sunny South. Coming in at the three-minute call and falling asleep at the two, he often left more hair in his rack than on his thinning scalp. Never intimidated by the administrative conduct system, Paul stayed at the top for four years on the "Run for the Demos." Always with a girl (or two) waiting in the wings, Prothromos had to break his engagement to accommodate an adoring public from Penn to Georgia. As for service selection — he'll pull an all nighter; it's never failed him.

WILLIAM J. HOWEY

Often accused of living in the past, this charter member of the worthless brothers is a devout Civil War buff. This former Sportsman's Club president abdicated in favor of furthering his love life. When not in front of a mirror, Bill can be found in the white 'Vette cruising down the roads between Annapolis and Alexandria. Snatched from the grasps of Mormonism, Bill still believes his body is a temple and works out religiously. Every Friday Bill's good humor could be heard above the band in all four corners of the Officers Club . . . and besides, he still ain't got fifty dollars.



TIG HUDSON KREKEL

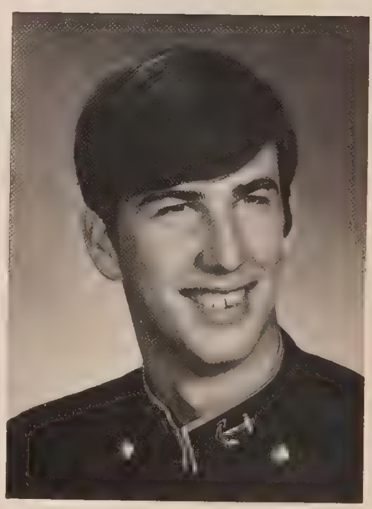
Although his dreams of joining the PGA Tour have been delayed by his decision to join the Navy for 5 years, Tig faithfully spent his weekday afternoons at the golf course, never allowing academics or the military life to put a hitch in his swinging. Never one to suffer academic eyestrain, Tic rarely heard the taps bells from any place other than his faithful rack. Wisely spending his Wednesday afternoons listening to the P-rade cannons from the #3 tee, Tig rose to lead the golf team as captain for the '74-'75 season. Having the desire to go Nuclear Surface after graduation, Tig's ultimate Naval goals center around the golf pro job in Mayport, Florida.

TIM NAPLE

Napes, better known as the Italian stallion by his many friends, came to Mother B from the small town of Amsterdam, N.Y., where one of his favorite pastime hobbies was getting a hair cut while listening to Joe Sparranza's son play the trombone. After learning to distinguish the first from the fourth class who occupied his rack at various times during his Plebe year, Tim went on to bigger and better things, namely, growing hair on his chest. He participated in many company and Batt sports, but most of his time was spent in trying to keep his nose above the waters of the academic swimming pool, no rolling with the punches. Waiting until the last minute to do something, Tim will obviously pull through and not hurry to decide where he will spend his next "5 year vacation" until the final night. Wherever he goes, he'll always be remembered by his famous quote: "Fino in the endzone."

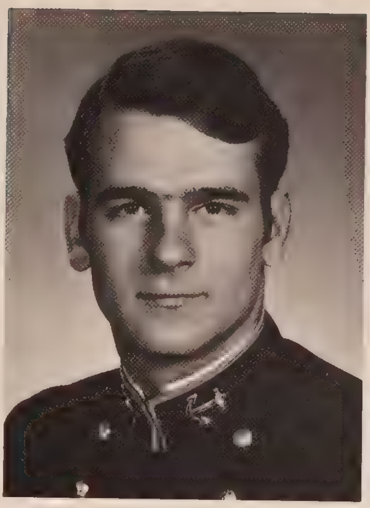
PHILIP D. RAY

Phil arrived at USNA eager to conquer and lay waste to all that faced him. He survived the rigors of Plebe year and then set forth to establish himself as the outstanding upperclassman that he knew he could be. The wardroom and his rack soon became the two places where he could always be found. He survived one clash with the Ac. Board and decided it was time to bear down to gain academic excellence in his last three semesters. With this done Phil, or "Butch" as he was affectionately called by those who could find nothing nicer to refer to him as, bids adieu to Navy and the "Partus Maximus" gang and sets forth to spend his remaining years with his two loves — Navy Air and his wife.



JOHN RESKUSICH

John Reskusich comes from the small town of San Pedro, California. Ivo attended Lasuen High School where he played basketball for the almost state champions, and averaged zero points for two years on varsity. Igor continued his education at U.C. Santa Barbara, where in one year Resky took UCSB into Playboy's Top Ten listing of party schools. Fishead ended up at USNA. At the Academy Bagel majored in Math and starred in so many sports I would go way over my one hundred word limit if I were to list them all. Mahn is looking forward to life underwater in a Nuclear Submarine. The only question I have is, what's a Mahn?



DAVID EARL WHIPPLE

Dave came to us from Pacheco, Concord, and Martinez, California, so he says. Better known as Whips, he came to USNA with the intentions of playing Navy football but like most of us he wound up in intramurals. Whips left his "one and only" only to find more one and onlys or shall I say lovelies on the East Coast. Nothing can come between Whips and having a good time, not even duty. The man with big plans and fresh at heart had problems deciding what type of car he wanted. He went from a Jag, to a Porsche, to a Jeep, then back to a Porsche and finally got a Volvo, what can I say! Whips is still tossing the coin for service selection night, shall it be Nuc Power, Air, Surface Time, or Seals; if his car is any indication he may go Marines.

MICHAEL K. SHAFER

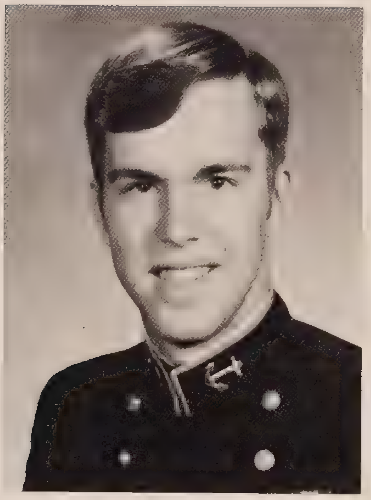
Mike journeyed to Annapolis from Hammond, Indiana. Entering the Academy ready for hard work, Mike quickly and quietly settled right into the groove. His professional attitude and a zeal for the job at hand have earned him a reputation as a man who can be counted on to get the job done. Finishing out his career at the Un-College as a Mechanical Engineer, with a sub-specialty in "The Book of Mormon," Shafs looks forward to spending some time at Admiral Rickover's graduate school, plus a life of joy and happiness to be spent with Connie, his true love.

BOB SWEET

Bob came to the University of Navy from his home in Kingsport, Tennessee, and immediately got into the swing of life here at the Zoo. Bob was a full-time crew jock his first three years, but then saw the finer points of life when he became a first class. When Bob wasn't rowing, or listening to tunes, or driving his white "Z," you might have found him studying (but only if he wasn't shooting the bull with someone!). Bob was always ready to talk about music, girls, or beer. Bob's the type of guy who will never pass up a good time — just ask him about the Shore Patrol's newest helicopter, or the police who patrol the school yard in Annapolis, or the quick rides back from Army!

JEFF WINSTON

"Winnie" came to the Naval Academy after a year tour of duty at NAPS where he received his first stripe, enlisted that is. He was the Naval Academy's number one round draft choice in 1970. Winnie, that kind of guy who studies just prior to those engineering exams, passed with "flying" colors. Having been on the merit's list and having been the 2nd set company commander, he spent "many" long weekends winning the hearts of those area babes, well he broke a couple too. His life style sends him to Florida beaches searching for "more babers" and a F-14 Tomcat, his first love. A good man any way you look at him.



STEVE YANDLE

Even as the resident academic wizard of 26th Co., Steve had plenty of free time to indulge in such activities as singing in the Glee Club, reading from one of 17 Bibles or enjoying the wonderful attributes of Peg. A bit hefty and a good eater, his closet resembled one big chow package. Nevertheless, he still managed to jock it up on the Company Soccer Team. Steve lived by the rule that early to bed and late to rise keeps a mid healthy and alive. No doubt his life will change when there won't be any sunset calling him to the rack in a Nuclear-Powered Sub. But he'll survive and come out the best Nuke around.

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WILLIAM CLAYTON ABSHER

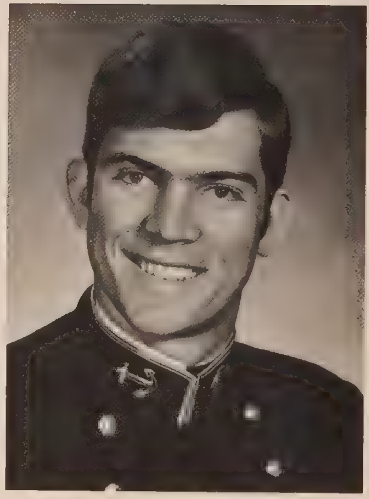
Cast in the true tradition of the Southern redneck, William Clayton Absher arrived from Statesville, N.C. with but one objective — fly or die. Quickly establishing himself as a solid 3.4 student, he chose management as the best route from induction to Pensacola. A familiar face on the Company sports field, Clay enjoyed nothing more than a good workout, preferably horizontal. A true lifer, his ambitions know no bounds, ranging from test pilot school to a visit to Mars. An easy going guy with a love for blondes, nuclear surface officers, and 2/c company parties, Clayton is a sure success with Navy Air.

WILLIE M. EVERETT

Coming to us from Hampton, Virginia (a mere stone's throw away by Grand Prix), Willie has been a mainstay of the "33 club" since the first. Never one to turn down a Sunday afternoon at the O-Club and never shirking the rack, Dirty Willie has still managed to find time for the wardroom and maybe some studying now and then. Ev's plans after graduation are marriage and Navy Air, in that order. However long his Naval career lasts, he is assured a successful one as his congenial and easy going manner will see him through on all counts.

MYRON L. HAMPTON

Hailing from the hoops on Garfield Ct. in Long Branch, New Jersey came Myron to offer his services to the Navy B-ball team and Coach Smalley. Mic was probably the best playmaker Navy ever recruited and always the first to deny it. Always a hard studier, he never laid down his books unless there was something of extreme importance; i.e., rack, T.V., or the gouge. No greater love hath Mic than his King, Liz and family, and his T-bird. We're all sure that whatever path Mic may choose to follow will lead him to success. Good luck, champ.



MICHAEL KARSTENS

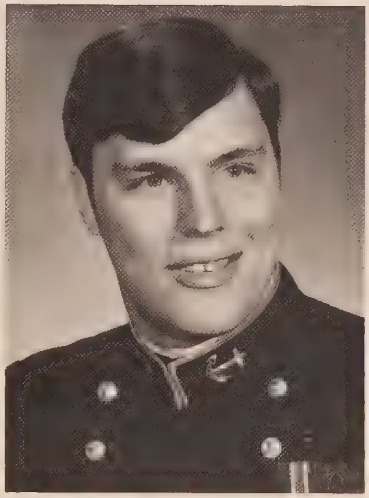
Hailing from the Windy City, Mike sailed into Navy with his slide rule and basketball reader, as the song says, "to blow the man down." Shining especially on the playing field, Lurch was ready to meet and erase all opponents. When not studying or watching out the window for Robins, Mike was known for his singing ability, especially after parties. Many's the night when the whole seventh wing awoke to listen to his sweet music. His sense of humor is unmatched, he has jokingly broken many a good man's arm. Looking forward to a career in Navy Air, Mike is ready to join those brave men in the sky — that is if they can get an airplane to fit him; after all, Wilt Chamberlain never did fit in a Volkswagen.

MICHAEL CAMILLE MASLEY

Mike "The Meezer" Masley arrived at USNA by way of North Grosvenorsdale, Conn. Plebe year you could always find the Meez awake at 0300 performing one of his famous Recon raids. Mike was quite a sports fan and led his soccer teams to many narrow defeats. He was a renowned member of the famous Beltsville Six and a steady supporter of the Anti-Burger Club. Mike could always be depended on to help a fellow Mid in any endeavor as long as he wasn't dreaming about his 260-Z. Navy Air has definitely found an outstanding officer in Mike.

RICHARD LEE

Rich came to Camp Annapolis from Auburn, N.Y. ready for anything, and sure enough he found it. Frosh year was full of surprises for "squeeky," who quickly became known as the "chow from home man" of our company. As a soph Big Rich was famous for his blind dates . . . nuff said! Then as a committed military type Rich went charging into many ECA's. He was a charter member of the "G" train, elected a hard core tuber, and then joined the Joe Schlitz Slurping Society. Now as Rich is counting down the days until he can gouge everyone through Nuc School, the Academy must stand by to live without Lee, his chow, gouge, wit, wisdom, smile, and unmistakable voice.

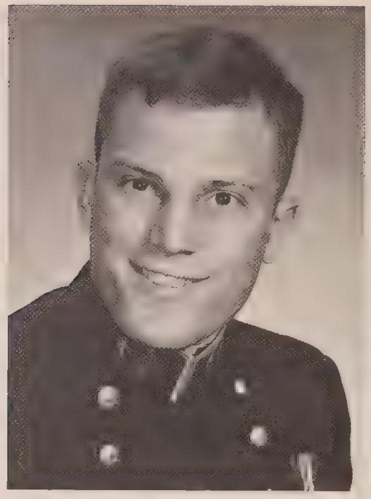


DAVID McCALL

Dave wandered our way from the giant cornfields of Washington, Iowa. His freshman year was spent relatively eventless wading around in the natatorium. Sophomore year Dave started out in his difficult Oceanography major. Somehow though he managed many afternoon hours of meditation in the rack. Junior year Dave asked for some responsibility so he was appointed the company "Natural Gas Rep." Dave was always a ladies' man, but no one ever knew which lady was his. First class summer he had an interesting 70 day confinement on one of the Navy's fine submarines. Dave loved this so much he decided to sign up for a 2 month restriction upon his return to Mother B. Another thing he was especially noted for were his tall tales. One in particular had to do with Sheeba, the only 10 foot something or other in captivity. Safeties!! Slugs!! No Returns!!

JAMES JAY LIND

Jimmy, more affectionately known as Skip, arrived at the Academy via Boeing 747 from Phoenix, Arizona, and never really got his feet on the ground until Delia arrived second class year. Known to his coaches as "hey 55" Skip spent four long years on the Navy gridiron. His only downfalls were ice cream, parties, his taste in cars and Nuclear Surface officers. Skip's never ending search for straight knowledge finally paid off with a 3.0 2/c year. True friendship could always be found in Skip, and wherever his endeavors may lead him, success will always be right behind.



DAVID BARR MILLER

David Barr Miller, more affectionately known by his classmates as The Bear of Kung Fu You, came to this B.S. (Boat School) from upstate New York. Barry's first great achievement at Navy was to make it through plebe year without having his harmonica shoved down his throat (sideways!). His next major task was to stay away from the infamous 8-4 five of 33rd Co. Majoring in Chinese leaves little free time, but one can usually find Barry showing "Victory at Sea" films on the weekends or witnessing to others of his Christian faith. Barry will always be remembered by his classmates, whether it be for the jack-o-lanterns he makes every year for Halloween or for talking in his sleep in Chinese. He will also be remembered with nuclear power school in his future. Barry will certainly go far in this man's Navy.

CRAIG ROBERT QUIGLEY

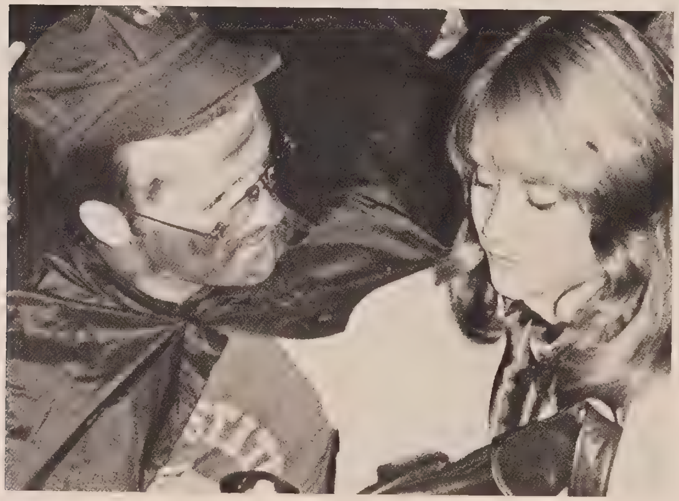
Craig, hailing from Winthrop, Iowa, a thriving metropolis, and affectionately known by his classmates as "Quigs," found athletic endeavors very demanding but academics to his liking when not in the rack or at the "O" Club. An American Political Systems Major, Craig gave many a prof and Commandant headaches with his intellectual and relentless questions. Craig plans to get his "Master" in the area of Surface Warfare upon graduation with high hopes for Law School. The remaining members of the 33 Club know that with his first stop after his jump on board a DEG that the sky is not the limit to his success.

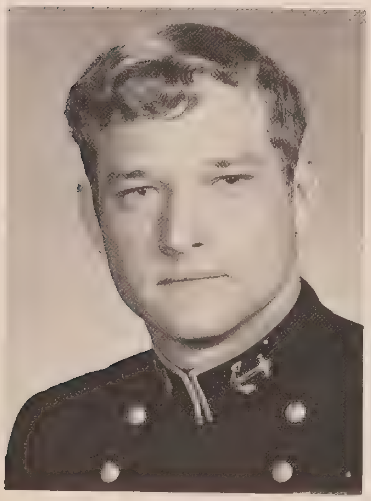
EDWARD JAMES QUIRK

Ed came to Disneyland out of the great state of Pennsylvania. Freshman year saw Ed involved in athletics as well as academics. He had the great pleasure to play baseball for one of the greatest losers of all time. Ed evolved as one of the leaders of our company from the very start. He was always around to help those strugglers in academics. When it came to burgers on the line, Ed was always in there, winning Junior year, and losing Senior year, in these late night officers' calls. Always out there looking for rays, plenty of beer (7 for 1) and great looking chicks, maybe Ed's greatest compliment came Senior year: ". . . he's got to have the longest hair a 3-striper ever had."

ROBERT ELDON RICHARDS

Hailing from Princeton, Illinois, Bob gave up the farm for the sea and headed east to Severn's sunny shores. Having successfully endured the rigors of a tough plebe year, Bob quickly settled into a comfortable life at Navy. His avid pursuit of his two favorite sports soon surfaced, and you could always find him heading in one of two directions — the wardroom or the rack. His reputation as a ladies' man became firmly established during 2/c summer — we all know why he is so fond of Hawaii. A quiet guy with a warm smile and personality to match, Bob could get along well with anybody. A major in oceanography will make him a valuable assistant to Jacques Cousteau someday, but until then he hopes to give his talents to the NFO's of the world. They'll be getting a great guy and a fine officer.





MICHAEL E. SAGEN

"Bubba," otherwise known as "The Third Bat," could always be seen sitting asleep at the mate's desk, in the head, or in any class, but never in the rack. He came to these hallowed halls with the intent of excelling, but found that crankin' Systems was even too much for a three-weeker, let alone an all nighter. He slept by day but never by night, usually responding well to double moons. Plebe year saw Bubba rowing his way into the hearts of many like "Gobes" and "Donough." And then he was OINC of that stellar Army Project. As an upperclassman, his "concern" for the Plebes brought him many a pep rally and even an all expense paid swim in the Severn. Other integral parts of the "Count Sagen" were his efforts with the after steering tape deck, qualifying as XO for fleet Cheeser ops, and his blue chevy wagon which made him one of the Cape St. Claire 11, and gained him a 60-day patrol at Main(o) during Army-Navy 74. All in all, Sags should go far in his career — if he doesn't sleep through it.

GARY M. SKURA

Supposedly from Western Penna., it didn't take long to realize Gary had been reincarnated from a keg of Schlitz. Ace could always be found on the basketball court when he wasn't "checking in." His amazing running jump shot could never be stopped and it is because of Gary our basketball teams were so successful. There wasn't another person in the Academy who helped other people as often as Gary; The name of the game. Never one to shun academics, Ace always gave it all he could. But he knows how to have a good time and he usually ended up being the organizer of all parties and excursions. Navy Air's gain is the Academy's loss. Whatever finally brings Gary happiness will also bring him success. Anyone for officer's call???

KIRK WESSEL

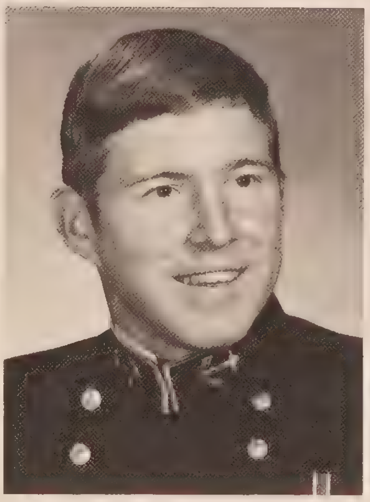
Kirk "Weasel" Wessel entered the hallowed halls of Canoe U. by way of Absecon, New Jersey with a one year vacation at NAPS. Although home was easy to reach he never roamed far from Marilyn. Failure to develop a reasonable amount of gravy for his studies caused him to drop his guitar sessions in favor of searching for the gouge . . . a field where he became a professional. Second class year brought a big improvement in grades until the warm springtime and the arrival of his new 914 sun goddess. When not asleep in the bat cave Weas could always be found on the B-ball court leading the company to many victories with his Jerry West style of play. Kirk's ability to excel in everything assures him of continued success in all his future endeavors . . . "But hey! We can appreciate that . . "

DAVID ALAN SMITH

A California man from the first, "Smitty" arrived at USNA as a seasoned veteran, having been enlisted and attending NAPS before reporting. Originally choosing football as his sport, Smitty switched his allegiance to crew and rowed varsity for three years. Most of his free time and weekends are spent with his young lovely from York, and marriage is very much in his future, followed directly by P-3's. Never one to let his classes get in the way of his education, Smitty punished his rack without mercy, spending many a study hour studying his eyelids. Whether a Navy man or a civilian, Smitty is certain to know success in whatever field he chooses.

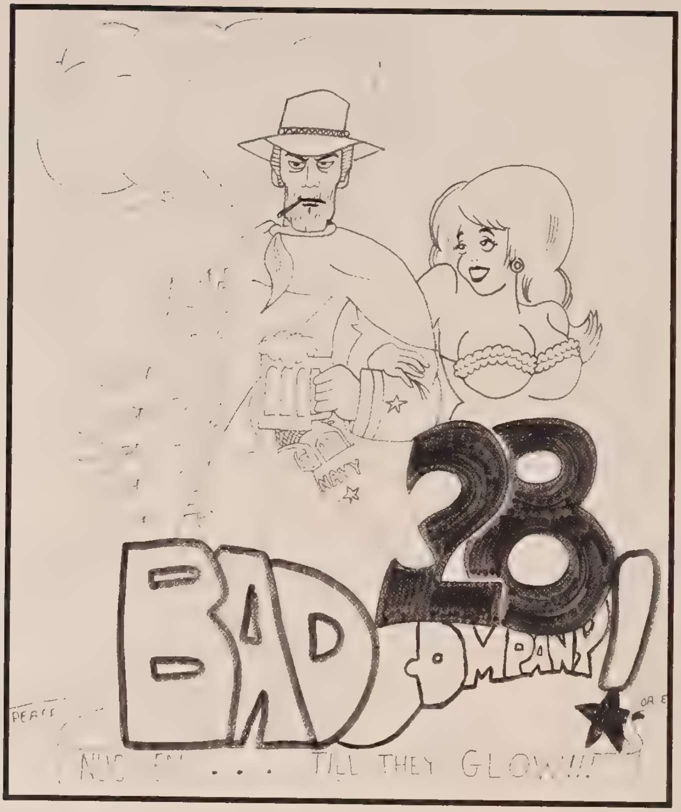
PETER D. SQUICCIARINI

Each company has its flamer (resident member OTR) and ours was Squicc. He could usually be found ragging on plebe, officers, profs, or anything that moved. This was from his trench warfare training with such plebe year greats as the 8-4 five. Never was there a dull moment during come arounds, especially those early morning "Just out of the rack" periods, when the sun was pre-empted by a Nuclear blast by Squicc's joy for getting up to face Navy. Being the CO of Pyro Central, he made his debut plebe year with the "fuel of the future" tennis ball cannon. Going into advanced lighter fluid mechanics, either anti-moth warfare and cracker tactics, he ended up taking the pledge as "torch man." Squicc's life long dreams included a sailing career at Navy, and a box of " 'nades" for XX X-mas, and getting neither, he was never to realize the ultimate dream of "Nuc'em till they glow," both on the Severn or in Weapons Lab. Squicc was one of those (Good to be, but useless to the fleet) Oceanography majors. He was constantly in search of those mysterious wrinkled-neck Hudson Bay trout and Jacques Cousteau. Nevertheless he did realize greatness in his one final billet — CO Cheeser Ops. If his service days are anything like those at CHESUNIVNAVTECH, it will sure be a hell of a Navy.



WAYNE ALAN WOODS

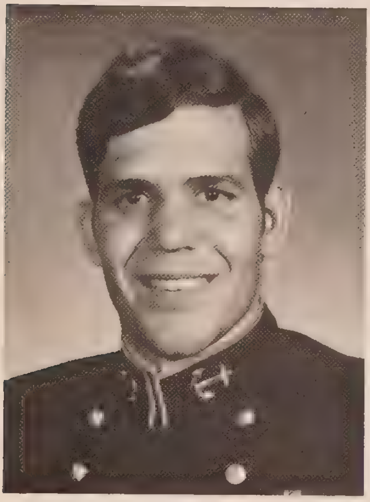
Wayne left a comfortable life in Wadley, Alabama (pop. 500), made a wrong turn at Vanderbilt and ended up at the University of Navy. Known by many names, such as Big Red (in honor of his hair), the Red Wad (in honor of his hair and hometown), 8-0 Woods (in honor of his 4.0 grade average and 4 stripes 2/c year), or just plain Woody, he is a great friend to all. Wayne has always been a good athlete whether it be on the football field, the fieldball field or on the bottom of the pool; he has always managed to outsmart Mr. Lenz and the PE department. Wayne is probably the only midshipman in Academy history known to write a letter to his hometown girlfriend every day for 3 years! He was going for 4 years but June now lives in Annapolis and Wayne commutes to school. Future plans for Wayne include graduation, wedding bells and flight school, almost simultaneously. It is certain that the Navy will be getting a great officer when Wayne joins the fleet.


NAVY
BAD 28 COMPANY!!
PEACE
OR E
NUC EM . . . TILL THEY GLOW!!!

USNA
ENTRANCE
TO SICK
QUARTERS

JAMES J. ADAMS

Coming from the home of the "Beltsville Turkey" and the headquarters of the USDA, Jim Adams came to the Naval Academy as one of its many new young studs. "Runnin' Jim," as he is known to the boys will always be remembered for his prowess on the athletic field and his competence in the classroom. Whether being sacked for a loss during company football games or knocked to the floor in the boxing ring, Jim will always be remembered as one who gave his best. An oceanography major, Jim studied diligently such subjects as Monday Night Football, the Movie of the Week, Kojak, Police Story, and Sanford and Son. Also, never one to waste a free period, Jim spent more than his fair share of time in the rack, setting a new second class record. As a first class, Jim decided that since little studying worked so well, no classes would be best of all and promptly bagged the entire year on "Brigade Business." With visions of fighters dancing in his head, Jim is heading for Pensacola where we can be sure he will excel once again



DOREL L. BAILA

Dorel came to USNA from Dundalk, Maryland as a 210 lb. football/tennis/wrestling sensation. Due to his great speed and agility as evidenced in plebe tennis, intramural sports, and in-company rumbles (not due to his size as he had slimmed to a mere 195), he quickly obtained the name "Bear." Noted for his propensity to pounce upon those brave enough to challenge him (not to mention his ability to thrash soundly about the head and shoulders), to study only enough for a 3.0 and to ease his conscience, and to log 10.3 hours (at least) of rack per working day. With his tremendous sense of humor, Bear has endeared himself to his company mates and has livened up many a party; he has commanded respect and has earned much influence within the company. Yes, the Bear from the Transylvanian Alps of Romania will be a real success in the Submarine community with his quick wit, brains and great personality. Bear, those in 28 salute you as a true Red and scholar

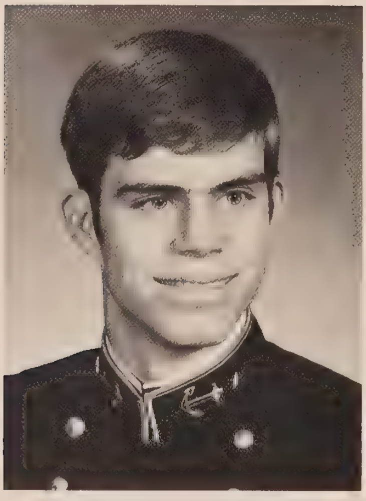
ARMAND LOUIS BAPTISTA, JR.

"You may chain my hands and shackle my feet, you may even throw me into a dark prison, but you shall not enslave my thinking because it is free."

— Kahlil Gibran

TIMOTHY BRYAN BORN

When not in the rack, Tim could be found sound asleep in class, which just about says it all as far as Tim and USNA are concerned. Rarely known to take advantage of the system, Tim managed to take seven weekends when he only rated three, skated through a Class A as the seventh member of the Beltsville Six, not to mention his strategic SIR's and Dental appointments. An occasional procrastinator, he pulled his greatest feat by going F-A-A in first semester Wires. Found during his summer, on the snows of Mt. McKinley, Tim will integrate his love for the Navy and out-of-doors by becoming a member of the Green Team. ". . . take your time/ think a lot/ why think of everything you've got./ For you will still be here tomorrow/ but your dreams may not." — Cat Stevens



TODD C. BRANNON

He arrived on 30 June 1971 in bare feet and a straw hat. And when he talked, you knew that there really was such a thing as a Southern drawl. Todd came to the Naval Academy expecting to finish in the top 20, get numerous stripes, and set pole vaulting records — all of which he promptly accomplished. Yet, in spite of these achievements, Todd was not a bad guy. It was to him that 28th Company owes the origin of sticking as their form of Non-Judicial Punishment. And the boys could always count on right-wing support from the Head Red himself. It was also amazing how he kept all of his many girl friends apart (just kidding, Nan). With so many options open, the Nashville Boy doesn't know which branch of the service to grace — but we all know that he'll be a decided asset to them.

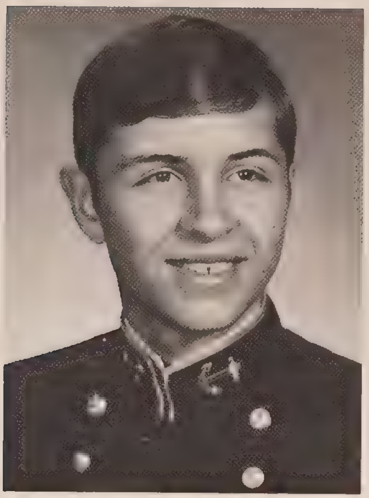
ROBERT B. BUSH

Strolling into the Annapolis home for wayward boys from Southport High in Indianapolis, Bob immediately caught the attention of all by having something no one else had — sideburns! Since then Bob has settled down to the regular life of a midshipman by eating, sleeping and watching television as much as possible. When not on the tennis courts, Bob could be found starring for the company lightweights or slow-pitch softballers. Determined to prove that management is not a "bag it" major, Bob frequently studied as much as one hour per night when he wasn't in the lab playing with someone else's mind. In fact, he did so well, he was awarded a Trident Scholarship. After breezing through USNA, Bob will go on to become a topnotch Naval Officer and an even better civilian.

BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
DRUM & BUGLE CORPS

JOSEPH CAVALLI

Joe came to Navy for an education, travel, responsibility, and a career. He's certainly done a lot of traveling. He had trouble finding himself at Navy, trying scuba, skydiving, sports and a YP command but finally settling on academics. That is, until cupid struck at Army second class year. He found out what being PW'd meant and liked it. He was always willing to help anybody with academics but when it came to Systems Engineering, more often than not he wasn't able to. It'll be a long time before that subject makes sense to him. Often criticized for his attitude his company rack didn't rise very far from the bottom. He would like to pass on some advice he got while on youngster cruise: "When someone tells you you're screwed up, consider the source."



JEREMIAH C. DAY

With the philosophy "the show must go on," Jeremiah waded through four years of Ocean Engineering hardly ever getting his feet wet. Much to Bronto's chagrin, he spent his time, free or not, with the sail, the stage, and the chord. There was always a masqueraders' party when things got hard and he felt as much at home in the loft as he did in his own rack. Even with his soft spot for black lights, incense, and stereo gear, his fetish for a spotless room earned him the title of 1/c room inspector. Always on the lookout for an easy buck, Jeremiah and his Salty partner-in-crime merged into Trapeze Inc. to meet the consumer needs of the Brigade. While finally being granted the firstie privileges he'd been enjoying for three years, Jeremiah was doling out the pages of his black book as he prepared to join the tour and head down the home stretch toward a June Week Mother-in-Law.

JOHN JAY DONNELLY

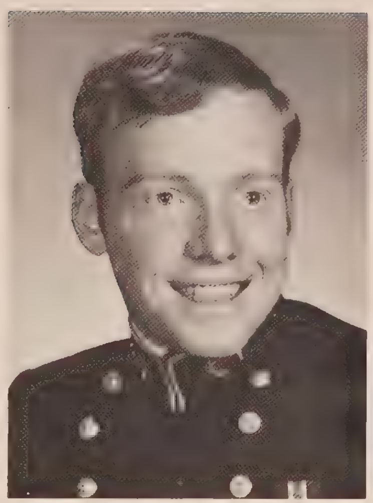
Easy going "Jay Bo" came to us from beautiful Cape Cod with his scuba gear in one hand and a first class key in the other. Having conquered the Physics Major and the Eastern Seaboard girls, he's hoping Adm. Rickover will send him to the West Coast for a smaller and better thing. The "Z man" has honorably managed to bag all evolutions not to his liking in his last year at Navy. Determination drove him 50 miles in freezing rain, and as Captain of the pistol team he's learned to call the shots when those 28th company raindrops fell. Always ready with homework gouge and a joke we haven't heard, around Air Force and Army he can be heard to say, "I only bet on a sure thing," and "Well, what's three months' pay for five days' pleasure."

JOHN P. ELWELL

John is a conscientious and mature person who was always willing to help a friend. He was not one to seek recognition for his actions but was always considerate of others. John's major, Naval Architecture, did not foretell his service selection of Marine Corps pilot. He was never one to miss a good time and could be counted on to down his share of "b's." A fine addition to both the Battalion football and lacrosse teams, John participated as an aggressive player. John will be remembered as an affable person, though one who would speak his mind. Wherever he goes John's efforts are bound to be considerable, and his reward success.

PAUL R. GUSTIN

After four tough years at Baltimore's Polytechnic Institute, Paul entered the Academy looking forward to college life. Although it was not quite the life he was looking for he applied himself to the limit and proved himself in all aspects of Academy life. He was known as one of the top performers in the Ops Analysis Department and on the varsity lacrosse team. He will not only be remembered in those places where he worked, but even more so in some places where he did some classic relaxing. Who will forget his fine performances at the Dove, the BD, the Keystone and in the closet. With his desire, dedication, good humor and willingness to help others Paul will excel in any field he chooses.

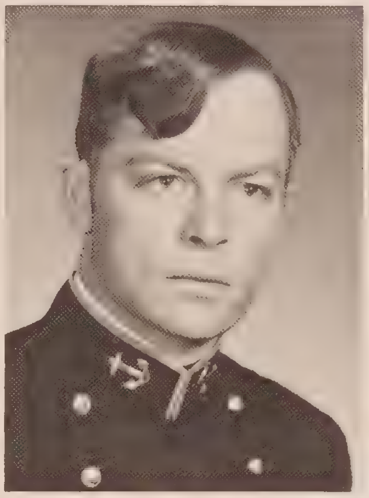


HUTSON HAMILTON LINDNER

The South rose up again by sending the jovial redhead from Richmond, Virginia to the prestigious school by the banks of the Severn. Having had an older brother precede him by two years through USNA, Hut had to work hard at and succeeded in establishing his own identity. Known for his size (or lack of it), he always reached for the biggest things in life. He went for something better when that wasn't enough. One could often spot him on the tennis courts either as a member of the Navy team, or just out for his own enjoyment. He loved Triumphs, enjoyed his math major, grew fond of the name "Minna," and was a great impersonator; best known for "Cesar" during the plebe year Christmas party. With the amount of natural ability that he has, Hut will do well wherever he is flying the friendly skies

JOHN M. KUCINSKI

"Request permission not to bilge my classmate, sir." And with these words the Bald Pollock entered USNA. Ski quickly proved himself to be the one any person could count on for a favor or food. "Crazy Harry sent me" was our favorite greeting to him. And after removing plebe basketball splinters, he showed that there were a few people from Wisconsin who could play sports decently. His major handicap is his atrocious sense of humor. A typical Kucinski Joke: ". . . did you hear about the termite who walked into the tavern and asked, 'Is the bar tender here?' " Just ask for his fine collection of notes from 1/c year for numerous other prime examples. Although still lacking in a couple of the necessary vices, Ski is well on his way to becoming an excellent Surface Warfare Officer — or a Naval Yul Brynner.

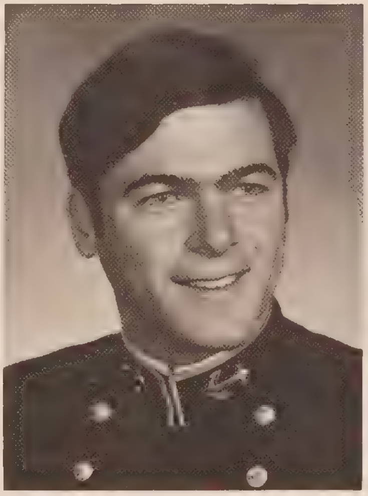


WILLIAM H. MALONE

"Cocky-Rocky", "H" came into town from Twin Falls, Idaho . . . Real home either Durango or La Grange . . . Little Creek Five Veteran . . . One of the wild bunch . . . companions included such infamous characters as "Anna Banana", "Flanny" and "the Weird Bitch" . . . walks softly but carries a big stick . . . drives red MGB . . . wardroom president . . . bourbon drinker . . . beer drinker . . . scotch drinker . . . if trying to apprehend or arrest, exercise caution — may be considered dangerous. "Whom neither shape of danger can dismay/ Nor thought of tender happiness betray;/ Who, not content that former worth stand fast,/ Looks forward, persevering to the last,/ . . . this is the happy Warrior; this is he/ That every man in arms should wish to be." — Wordsworth.

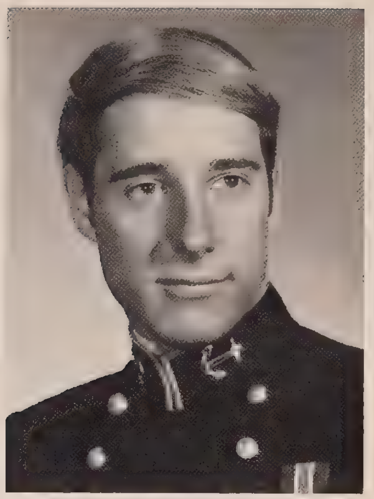
MARTIN P. KURDYS

Mort came to us from Buffalo, N.Y., but called such places as Durango, La Grange, Walter Reed and the White Gables home at various times. Getting his priorities straight was his major accomplishment here, (Leave, weekends, wardroom and rack, in that order). Mort was natural "woman-killer" (the list is too long to mention here) and an excellent dresser (utilizing the Peerless Clothing plan). We'll all remember him by such things as his stimulating poems, the champagne party with "Trish the Fish," his first date with Dixie, and his love for the Navy. There is a lot in store for Mort in the future and knowing him he'll take full advantage of it. "I suppose that goes to show you have to be very careful about what you pretend to be, 'cause one day you may wake up and find out that's what you are." — Kurt Vonnegut.



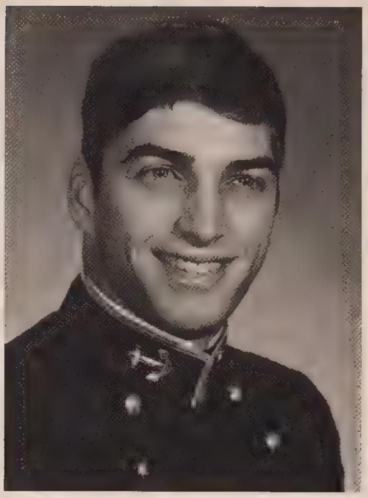
WILLIAM L. McKEE

Navy's number one degenerate, Bill came to us leaving the Big Gray Edifice and his main man, Woody Hayes, behind him. Known by many aliases (Hose, Maggot, Heartbreaker) this scotch swallowing son changed girlfriends like most people change socks. Bill was adventurous. Be it the Pennsylvania Turnpike, Little Creek or surprised in a tight situation (Mort!!!) Bill was our inspiration. His natural musical ability without instruments, his readiness to try anything new — "move over B. J., I'll show you how to use that thang," and always willing to negotiate for the comfort and relief of his buddies (Norfolk) Bill will always be a fond memory. Think of "The Hose," and one smiles to remember all the happiness he brought us. Thanks, buddy.



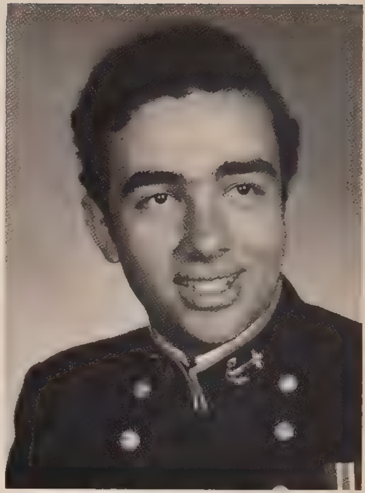
JAMES J. O'ROURKE

Jim, along with many other members of the Class of '75, came to the Academy with fond dreams of obtaining an education. He quickly saw the light by becoming a history major, thereby dissolving his dream. This did not cause him to misappropriate his study time however, as it was judiciously divided between either the rack or company wardroom. Perhaps his most famous exploits lie on the road, where his driving skills have drawn the eye of more than one trooper. Every Friday afternoon he could be observed blasting off from the seawall for the start of his most famous racing circuit — the DC-50 Monte Carla. Jim's genuine concern for the Navy's welfare can be illustrated by his applying nine times for Ops Info in one semester. With such sincere interest in the Navy's well being, the CNO should find himself with another fine aviator come June '75.



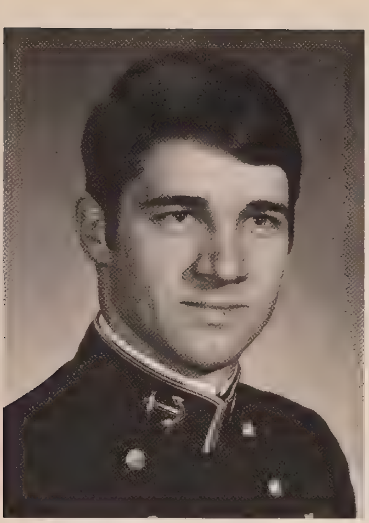
HARRY DeWAYNE SELSOR

With a mighty "Way to screw me over, classmates," Harry launched his four year tour at USNA hailing from the thriving metropolis of Houston (Pronounced house-ton), Ohio (pronounced O-hi-o). It was thriving in that the cow and pig population was booming and thus easily outnumbered the people in his high school. Having never done many of the things we do at USNA back in his high school, Harry got off to a mediocre start. He is a quick learner, however, and is now able to compete with the best in the fields of eating, drinking, sleeping, girl watching, spending money, etc. Put that together with his interest in sports, his major of oceanography, and a 240-Z, and one realizes why he's called "Crazy Harry." One also realizes that he'll be a success wherever he journeys forth.



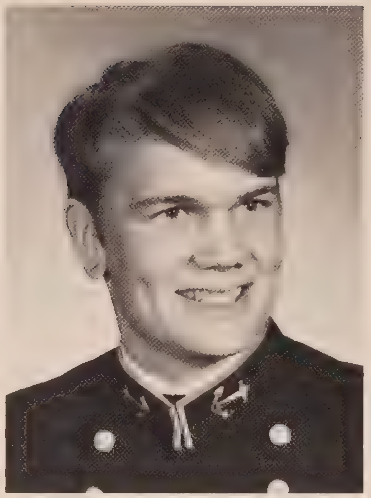
WILLIAM ROBERT SULLIVAN

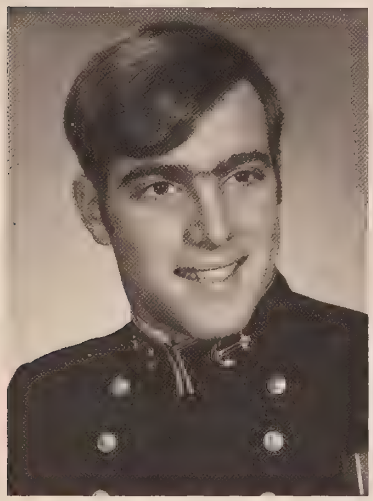
Deep from the heartlands of New England comes a bristly-haired golf great, affectionately known as either Sully or Zulu. At the start of an illustrious plebe year, he became the company "_____ screen" under the Cardy regime, and has since steadily advanced through the ranks of his classmates to become the first set company commander. His great athletic achievements on the golf course are over-shadowed only by his tremendous coordination and skill on the soccer field and basketball court. Never mind Zulu, neither are carry-over sports. At any rate, he has the unusual talent of organization and personal management at his fingertips at all times, and these will remain tremendous assets as long as he does not run his fingers through his hair. Surface line is mighty fine, and Sully hopes his dreams of the Pacific will come true.



ROBERT J. WARMBRUNN

When Bob left Shepherd, Michigan for USNA they lost next to nothing and the Academy gained the same. One of the nicest and most softly spoken guys of the company, Buns can often be heard complimenting a plebe 3 wings away. If not ardently studying in the company wardroom, Buns can usually be located working out on his very own blue and white trampoline. In spite of all this, Buns has more than kept his head above water in academics and likes to think himself equally competent on the athletic field. After many convincing arguments and one summer's experience on all the reasons to go Corps, Buns decided to choose a career whereby everyone would look up to him as a Naval NFO.





JOSEPH WALTER WILLIS

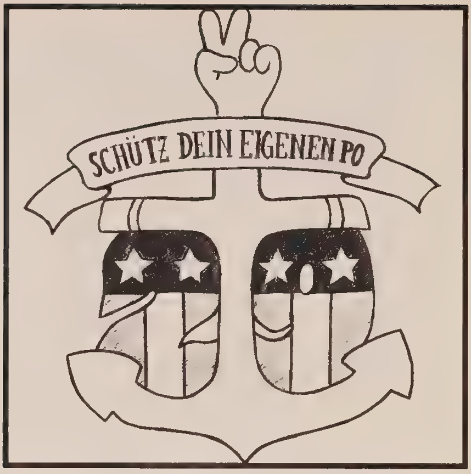
Joe "House" Willis has been the steady recipient of just about all the good deals Navy has to offer. He continuously wrecks his Vette, draws long weekend duties, and gets 1700 second day registration. Despite all the hardships, House has managed a year in gymnastics, .1 gravy, and an ornery girlfriend. Joe has been a great asset to company sports and activities, and prides himself in being T.E. He is not often seen in the wardroom, but he can rationalize nights spent in there with the best of us. House lives up to the role of company freak by listening to weird music, fraternizing with assorted weirdos, and growing beards every summer. I just hope his long hair and whiskers don't itch inside his flight helmet.

WILLIAM STEVEN WOLFF

Steve or "Cheapshot" came to the Academy as a member of a Navy family, so transition to the Navy way of life was no big thing for him. His goal at the Academy was to prepare himself for a career as a Nuclear Submariner, and he has done a fine job. As a Mechanical Engineer, he studied hard and got good grades as his reward. Because of his love for sailing, Steve could be found in a sailboat most every day as a member of the Varsity Sailing Team. In his senior year, Steve was rewarded by being named Co-captain of the team. He spent a lot of his spare time playing football with the boys where he received the nickname "Cheapshot" which should be self-explanatory. With his outstanding attitude and knowledge of the Navy, Steve will make a good addition to the fleet.

LARRY J. WOLF

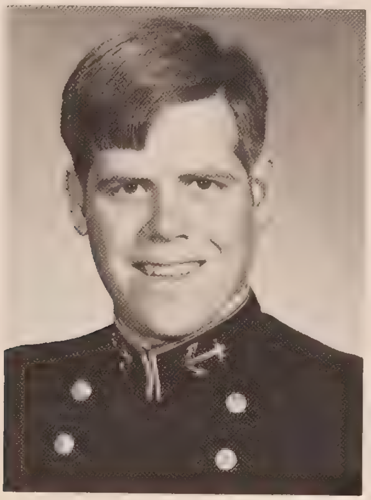
Larry, better known as "Coyote" finds his spurs and pearl-buttoned cowboy shirts a bit dusty with Eastern pollution. Back home he says the only type pollution is long hair. Highly conditioned for not only fitness but Oly beer, this western immigrant often bragged of being a stud while downing one more for the Corps. Coyote loved academics about as much as women loved him. In other words, with the old cliche that one can take 'em or leave 'em, he usually got took! Coyote's been home 3 times now in his East Coast 260-Z and his sidekicks Poulton and Tiny have yet to recognize him. They were figuring on a shiny four by four, three quarter ton pickup with a stock rack on the back. Larry's love and devotion for the Navy after having traveled halfway around the world on 2 exciting cruises have convinced him to make a career out of the Marine Corps come June 75.


SCHÜTZ DEIN EIGENEN PO

September 12th
1857.
29

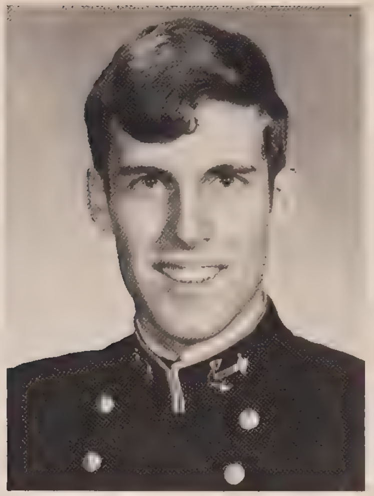
THOMAS EDWARD BRUBAKER

Bruno . . . Weeooo! Pottstown Firebirds and Hershey Bears . . . Glenn Miller and the Big Band Sound . . . Land-caster P.A. . . . Bib-overalls and black hightop cons . . . Just a trim . . . "Hey, Ace!" . . . '58 Vettes and "Cat" tractors . . . New London, Conn. (submarines?) . . . Glen Burnie, "You must be hard up." Temper, temper! Penn State bound (71, 72, 73, 74) Elf (The Love Jones) . . . Multipurpose goalie (NPQ) . . . C.O. of 29th Co. "Marchers" (The beat of a different drummer!) . . . CEC or bust! . . . "Put your shoes on!! . . . "Hey Ref, if he does that again I'm going to hit him."



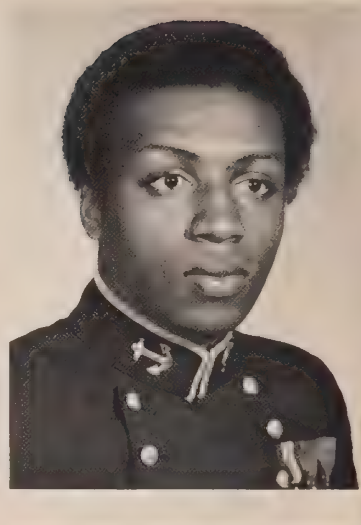
JEFFREY BUTTS

Jeff "Savage" Butts entered Bancroft Hall possessing more trivia in his little finger than most Midshipmen want to pick up in four years. Being a Navy Brat gave Savage a chance to live all over the world and he brought a genuine knowledge of the Navy with him, although he maintains that Navy ships run on coal. Savage carried his nickname from the soccer field to the young ladies in his life. With his continental charm and devilish good looks the Savage could always make it with the ladies, but he could just never seem to make out. It has been a rough life for Savage at USNA; in bed before 2300, major requirements completed second class year, and Plebe year with Balls, Art, and Perry. (Not to mention Madman Meyer!) With his fine sense of humor, keen wit, and capacity for work, Jeff will probably double as a diplomat in his off-duty hours from the demanding life of a surface line professional



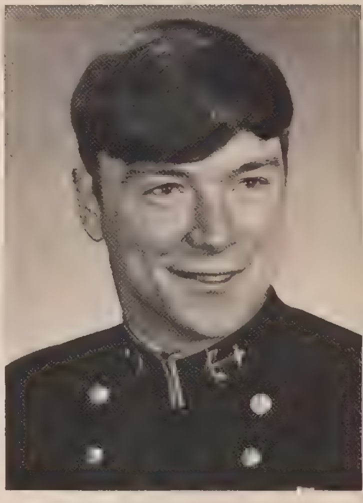
DAVID MARIC CHENEY

David M. Cheney, most commonly called Mark among other things, came to USNA in his Plebe year hailing from Hagerstown, Maryland, from which his parents evacuated themselves during Mark's second class summer and established their residence in Greshan, Oregon. Mysteriously, Hagerstown was still his weekend home while at Canoe U. even though his primary reason for this became a bitter memory after his first class Mediterranean cruise. Mark was kept busy all four years at the Academy by the Aerospace Engineering Department, Company soccer, Lightweight football, and sailing. The Plebes in his squad will long remember his professional questions on Navy Air which was his OAO choice for service selection. His classmates and the Academy will lose an outstanding midshipman at graduation, but after he's gone, the halls of 6-3 will echo a ghostly voice crying, "Get it in Mister Cheeeney."



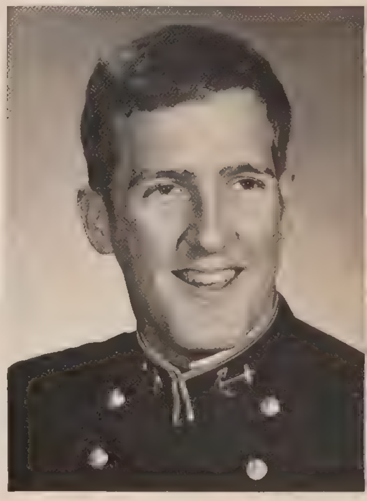
WILLIAM CHIMIAK

Hailing from District Heights, via a Navy childhood, Bill came to the Academy in order to further his personal education at no personal expense. While here, Bill has pursued and achieved academic excellence both for himself and for anyone else who he helped. Among the quiet, hard working individuals the rest of us depend on, 4.0 Chimiak leads the list by his ability and willingness to help. The only four year veteran of the Company Zoo Ball Soccer team, 100 and 1 voice Chimiak always seemed to be the star of every Pep Rally and every marking period. Whether it be at a Pep Rally changing voices, the library, diligently studying, or in his room just visiting Bill is a true example of how to be honest, dedicated, and successful. Bill is motivated by a desire for education and a hope for happiness and his future holds only new successes for him in the Nuclear Power field.



MICHAEL CLEMENTS

Mick hails from the small midwestern hicktown of Fairfield, Iowa. The perennial leader on the grease ladder, Mick was always willing to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. He could never be heard extolling his own merits although they were many. Never one to pass up a party he could be found on any given Saturday night with a beer in one hand and a girl in the other and 5 minutes later with another beer and another girl. On the athletic field, he excelled with the 150's and had a peculiar habit of losing 25 pounds in three days and gaining it back in 3 hours. Mick came here with USMC emblems in his eyes and mud on his feet. Hopefully he will get out of the mud and into the air. Wherever he finally parks his body he can be counted on to deplete the beer supply, chase the chicks, swipe the admiral's flag, and if he doesn't end up in an Olongapee jail he will be a damn fine officer



RONALD O. GROVER

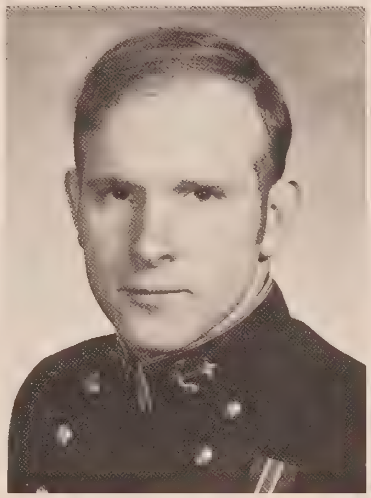
"Plum" came here from KC-Moe with one bad trombone tucked under his arm, ready to do it to 'em. On the way back from signing up for D&B the second week of Plebe summer, Ron tossed his leggings in the nearest waste basket, knowing he'd never need them again. If he wasn't practicing "Variations" funk (and in so doing, getting out of every formation, commandant's call, service selection lecture, etc.) or organizing the biggest baddest Army parties, you could be sure to find him snoring away, nylon stocking cap firmly in place packing down his 'fro. Every evening was a new adventure in the continuing saga of the Rollover Romeo . . . or how to date 4 different girls at once on an income sorely depleted by paying off a 2/c T-bird loan. Having been "high" every weekend for 4 years, Plum should make a pretty good Naval Flight Observer . . . unless he ruins his eyes beyond repair from his 4 times a week OA all nighters . . .

GARY PAUL HETZEL

Emerging from his habitat, Cincinnati, Ohio, on that cloudy day during the summer of '71, was our favorite groundhog, Gopher Gary. The Gopher is a good, honest, down to earth all American boy who has really put forth all his effort towards doing his best at Canoe U. From his devoted study habits, Gary has excelled in academics better than the average mechanical engineer. Well at least until first class year. Checking his PE efforts we should see another Mark Spitz in the '76 Olympics, that is if Gopher can get off the swimming sub squad. If you ever meet Gary, you'll probably find him writing letters to his one and only, or maybe polishing his new TR6, which seems to be an equal pastime to the first. Hello Rickover, here's the Gopher.

MICHAEL DAMIAN HARRINGTON

A native of South Orange speaking with a Jersey flair, "Two Shilelagh" Harrington came to the Academy from Seton Hall Prep. During Plebe year, "Happ" established the practice of granting himself liberty without ever getting caught. With a love for the Irish and any good party, "750wpm" Harrington stayed just far enough ahead of his studies to allow him to become a virtual maitre d' at Ho Jo's. Mike has an ability to fall asleep that would make Rip Van Winkle green with envy. He can sleep any time, any way, and anywhere — even between the mattress and the springs. He swiftly ascended to the presidency of the History club although not being awarded the official title until his last year. Youngster and first class cruise were not enough for Mike as he is headed for the Amphibious Navy. Some things must be said about Mike. He is a human dynamo — Editor of Trident Magazine, Pres. of the History club, and Chairman of the Popular Music Committee are just a few of his activities, but Mike has the extraordinary ability to manage people and the remarkable energy to accomplish any task. He is also a most unselfish person who has a concrescence of warmth and depth in his character that is unequaled. He is one in a million; he is Mike Harrington.

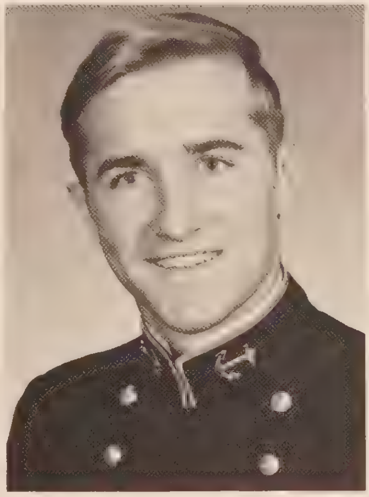


DAVID EDWIN JEWELL

David Edwin Jewell is the man from Oklahoma. Dave's size, shape, age and attitude earned him the name of Chief. Chief has more hair on his chest than most men have on their heads, in fact he has more hair on his chest than he has on his head. One mid who never missed a Harrington Party, his wiley smile won him many a lasting friend. A frustrated math whiz, Chief opted for analysis, became dedicated to Navy Air and demonstrates his insanity by jumping out of perfectly good airplanes whenever he has the chance. A hard worker, Chief is known for his organized life where it is rumored he even plans head calls. Though his short legs never mastered the mile, they never kept him from Pittsburg where Maureen made him happy. With his fanatic desire to fly we're not sure if Navy is getting a pilot or a bird but in any case we're all going to miss him.

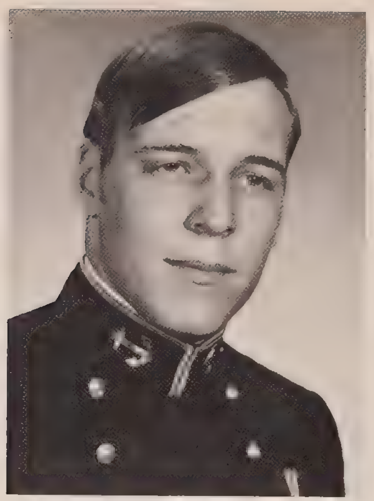
TIMOTHY L. HEELY

(1953 to who knows when?) Timothy L. Heely, or better known in **The Log** as "Teedy Heedy," or as "Heaply" in the 29th Co. or simply "Ted" by LCDR Weston is another one of those hip, together midwesterners. Majoring in Political Science is just one of his many pastimes. Working as a prime member of **The Log** staff, part time member of the parachute and scuba clubs usually fill up his traditional back-to-back youngster mornings and afternoons during the week. His social enjoyment includes "Boofa" on a friendly walk through town, camping with some veteran 29th Co. Boy Scouts who still have their cook-kits, "tinkling the ivory" for the patrons of the Hilton, changing his lifestyle every other day, or calling up a certain stewardess to find out that she's flying every weekend for a month. Whatever the case may be, Teedy, Heaply or Ted likes to live freely, enjoy life as much as possible and, most of all, take long weekends.



RANDALL W. KOCHANIK

Survive till '75 . . . Late nights and early mornings . . . 4.0 or bust . . . Those huge chow packages from Mom . . . Koke-A-Doke . . . "Hey Fatso — A little over weight? At 145?" . . . Big brown eyes . . . Gypso . Your latest dance — The Fluids Foxtrot . "Com'om, she's only 16!" . . . Hagerstown — A home away from . . . God! 4 years with the same roommate . . . A place for everything Company Fieldball, Soccer . . . Frustrated gymnast . . . Oldy moldies . . . Kotch . . . Keep it warm . . . Navy Air.



DAVID HARRY NEUNDORFER

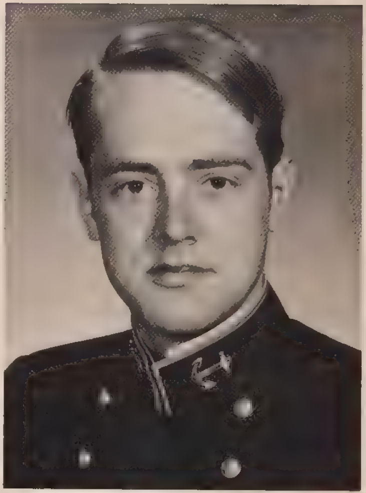
Dorf is the kind of guy who says what he means and finds an acute pleasure in saying it to his classmates. Don't let it be said that he didn't like the Academy, he even volunteered to visit Main O instead of the Library for awhile, but that's another "page" in his books of life. He came here from the backwoods of Madison, Ohio after a brief stop at U. of Michigan and would rather sit next to a fire, under the stars and whittle a buzzard, than ride the waves. As a result, he's getting as close to being a professional boy scout as the Navy will let him . . . a Marine.

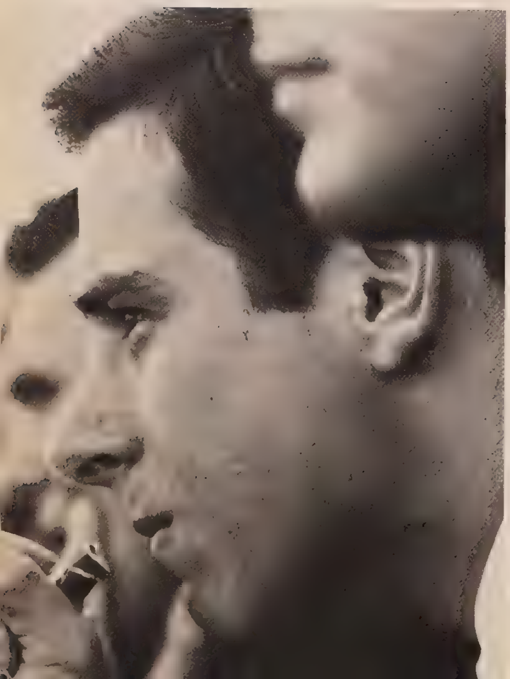
ROBERT H. KUPPERS

Bob took a big step when he left his jeep and his fan club in that small clearing called Franklin somewhere in the backwoods of North Carolina. His goal was to find a means for becoming a high school football coach and math teacher. Perhaps that's why he figured he should come to the boat school and major in Wires. From the first year, Kups put his football theory to the test while playing for the battalion and giving pointers to the Navy team from his coaching box in the stands. Although he is sometimes referred to as "Crazy," several classmates depend on Bob for the "gouge" which he obtains from many hard hours in the land of transistors, capacitors, and resistors. A life of love and leisure will surely end for Bob when he settles down with "Old Faithful" Peggy and goes to work for Admiral Reactor. The teaching job will have to wait for five years.

DONALD RICHARD NORTHAM, JR.

Don, "Northman" came to us from California only to find that the rack was the best way to pass 4 years on the east coast. One day in a sleepy stupor he stumbled across the opportunity of a life time . . . (the Y.P. Squadron?) He was never the same. Give him the sea and a strong ship and Don had heaven on earth . . . Don — the sea — and a Y.P. But being from California, Don had to display his "golden boy" characteristics so he joined the Masqueraders. Fighting off crowds of madly starstruck Mids, he wooed a local lovely. Deciding that PDA behind the stage just wasn't the way, Don moved out in town. It was this decision which marked him first candidate for "anti-bachelorhood" June 1975. Service selection was also a problem for Don — deciding whether to push strollers or drive ships.



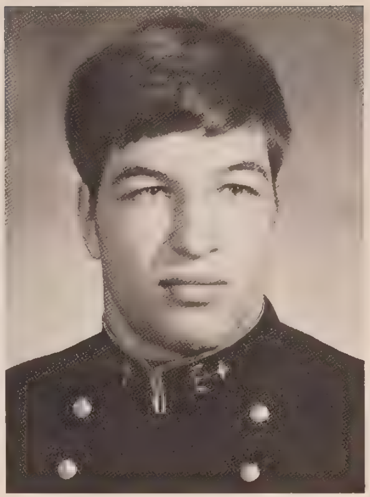


DAVID PRUETT

Dave "Big Red" Pruett hails from the land of the Hogs, Benton, Arkansas. Plebe year was a tough one for Dave what with a Dear John letter, low grades and an injury on the slopes at Mt. Snow. Dave earned several honors, though including "Duty Mechanic of First Class Cars" and the "Susie Homemaker" award for room cleanliness above and beyond the call of duty. Dave's fine performance continued into second and third class years and soon became a Co. fieldball star contrary to his usual athletic performance and though his academic career started slowly, Dave soon learned to "communicate" with his profs and his grades soared. Dave would like to build bridges for the CEC and spends most of his time now using his ocean engineering background to plan his underwater city! So if your sub ever runs into an underwater metropolis you can bet Dave is at the bottom of it.

MICHAEL REUST

Mike Reust came to the Naval Academy 4 years ago from a small town in Oklahoma. Mike is more well known for his "goofing-off" skills than for his academic achievements. But, somehow, when the end of each semester rolls around he's got a 2.0 or better. Some people are just lucky I guess. If there would ever be an award given to the person who's the biggest "bagger," Mike would be one of the top contenders. Mike's big ambition since coming to the Naval Academy has been to become a Navy pilot. Since he has his head up in the clouds most of the time anyway, he is bound to be a success. When Mike graduates and faces the real world, the training and experience he's had while at the Academy will be put to the test. Whatever he does, whether he's an F-4 pilot or in the civilian world, I know Mike will come out ahead of the game. Mike has a lot of new and different ideas. I, along with all his other friends, wish him all the luck and success in the world for the coming future.

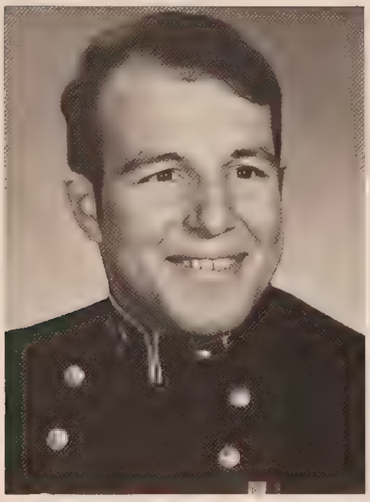


JAMES VAN ROSE

A rose is a rose is a rose? Not this one. Soft as a petal on the surface, Van's life at USNA was much behind the scenes. An Oceanography major on the books, Van's interests were always centered more toward man's biology than that of the fish. He spent several tours of duty on hospital point. A frustrated Bio-science major, his weak knees were a clever disguise for a burning desire to spend more time associating with his would be doctor peers. He went to great lengths to be convincing. (The scar tissue that slaloms across that joint looks real.) J. V. wanted to be a doctor so much that he kept his room hospital clean and dated a nurse. Most Mids used the library, but Van spent his second class evenings on the third deck of Michelson Hall — gouging with the Naval Academy's human encyclopedia. He never became the varsity football jock that he seemed destined to become. A prep school knee injury changed J. V.'s varsity dreams into intramural nightmares. He graced the company soccer, fieldball, and softball teams with his presence and sometimes shakey legs, but his competitive spirit made him a welcome addition. Always one to turn a catchy phrase, Van will probably be remembered for his "Frozen Katoochies" and "Dad-blamed Nibits" . . . And as some wise man was heard to say — "You can't fool the goldfish."

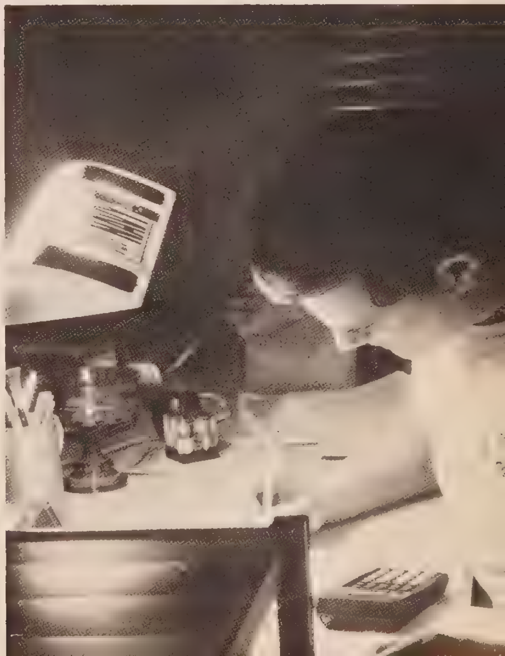
JEFF SIMONS

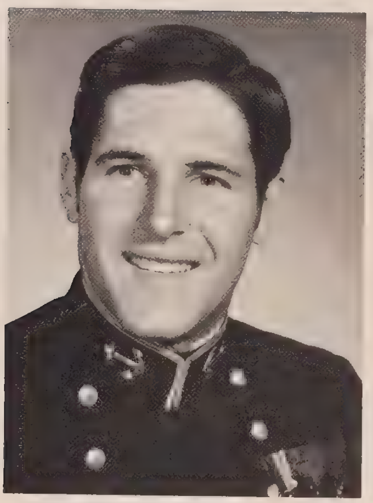
Jeff has enjoyed four colorful years of wrestling at Navy. Not only has he managed to be a two-time All American, but he has also dodged temptation and the AC Board and became one of our more formidable scholars. Jeff plans to go Marine Corp Wrestling and eventually break into the Olympics. He then will try the NFO Program. I only hope his new wife can clean showers.



CHARLES EDGAR SELLERS

"Charlie" Sellers — The barefooted (running?) back from Navy . . . Class of 73/75 throwback . . . "K-U-P-P-E-R-S!" . . . Sellers used bookstore . . . 2/c parking lot attendant . . . Friday night **illegal** libs at Capt. S . . . 2.0 and that's gravy . . . Hit'n the books (or is that head'n) . . . Georgia peaches . . . The noon and evening telephone reports (check-ins) . . . Father of five . . . "Fieldball game this afternoon, got to buck up." Good 'Nuff.



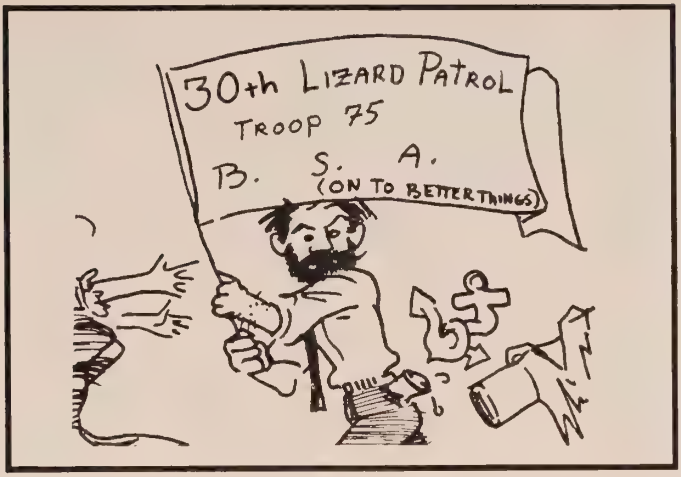


DAVID SHELDON TYSON

Fun in the sun: This Californian from La Jolla took off for a three year tour of the European scene. But then our cosmopolitan playboy came home to study the Navy we love so well. He swatted his way to two Brigade championships in tennis, figured and theorized his way through four years of undergraduate mathematics and selected A-7's as his five year option! (?) The sum of it all? Some new and exciting changes in his life: A love for people, an enthusiasm for God, a devotion to serving others and a future filled with the Lord of hope and promise

JOHN WILDFONG

Wild John Fong comes to USNA from glorious Dallas, Texas (home of the Cowboys and Roger Doger Staubach). He has an amazing capacity for retaining knowledge and spirits. He has become good friends with the commandant (he sees him often at work and at play) and can tell anyone how many bricks are in the 5th wing terrace. John's plans include Marine Aviation and in 5 years all kinds of fun


30th LIZARD PATROL
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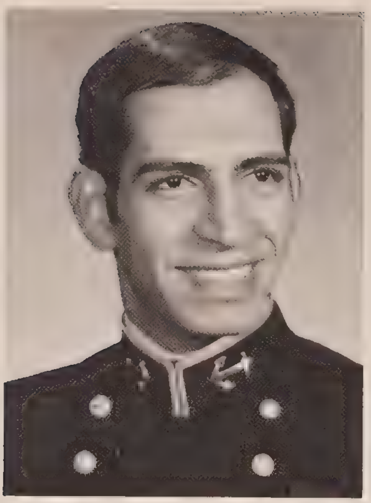
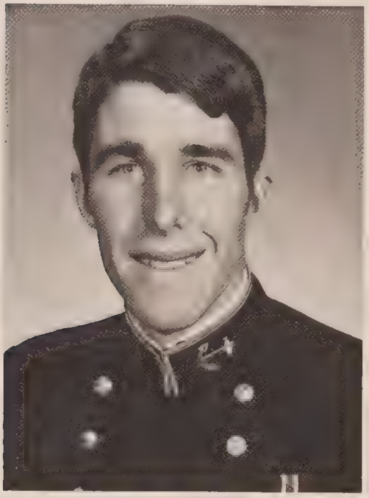
B. S. A.
(ON TO BETTER THINGS)



NELSON BENDECK

Hondo was the contribution of the little old matchmakers of Banana Land. Between weekly "sub runs" to DC, our man from South of the Border parked his car outside the gate and spent another week trying to plug into the academic socket. Neldo's articulation and command of "El Inglés" language amazed everyone — "What was that you mumbled, Chiquita?" Service selection came early for the Banana man — June '71! He was given a choice of the Honduran Army or . . . the Honduran Army! His experiences on board the USS Forrestal during 1/c cruise will put in good stead for his journey south to enforce the 200 mile limit. Who knows? — Maybe the Honduran safecracker can talk his government into a new PG or Hydrofoil?!



DONALD D. BENNETTE

"Bugsy" came to USNA from the hills of Nevada City, Calif. for his first exposure to civilization. Don came a runner and has rarely stopped since, earning himself a N* plebe year in cross country. Right before coming back for academic year youngster year, Don found out just as the apostle Paul that it is very hard to walk in rebellion, and submitted his life to the Lordship of Jesus. From that point on, he has strived to bring all areas of his life into their proper place, and now he has rarely stopped smiling. Don can now truthfully say, "Brethren, I do not consider that I have made it on my own; but one thing I do, forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus." (Philippians 3:13-14)

KEVIN CASEY

Once upon a time, Kevin put all his clothes in a shaving kit and left Wilmington, Delaware to grace USNA with his presence. Academics came easy, but he didn't do well in his running battles with his roommates, the PE department, and the laundry. His biggest regret was that he couldn't take his rack with him to class. Of the fairer sex, Kevin was totally oblivious until an eventful youngster cruise, after which commuting to California ruined his budget. The Marine Corps was too good for him, so the submarine force is going to have to put up with Kev for a while

EDWARD CHEESEMAN

Ed, or as he is more affectionately known, Cheese, came to us from Cherry Hill, New Jersey as a quiet, unassuming All American boy . . . or so we thought. Yet as he went from youngster cruise to second class summer with his soft spoken manner, he left more than one young lass behind in Copenhagen and Pensacola. Always the first to assist in the celebration of another's birthday, it was only fitting that on his big day he leave his signature on state circle. One of the few people ever to "flunk" his way to the Sup'ts list, Ed is sure to be a great asset to whatever branch of the Navy he chooses.

JAYMIE DURNAN

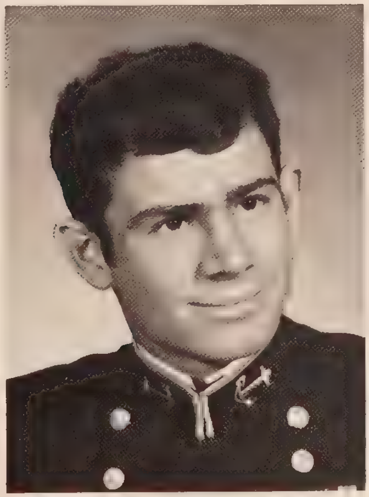
Oiseau has flown the coop once or twice to see good old Betty Booper. But good old bird always comes back to Mother B's nest. Women! We don't need no stinkin' women! Right Red?

BRIAN CURDY

Drifting into USNA from somewhere on the Eastern seaboard came this strange old night owl who subsisted on a diet of Cicadas. Brian surprised everyone (and disappointed some) by surviving jump school and going on to win his gold wings. Beec's arsenal, squirreled away in the bottom of his locker, struck fear in the hearts of his roommates, however, Deadeye was far more dangerous with a rifle. A sometime teetotaler, Brian will always carry a reminder of 2/c June Week in his Dental Work. For Curds, USNA was but a mere way station on his journey to the MUD of Quantico.

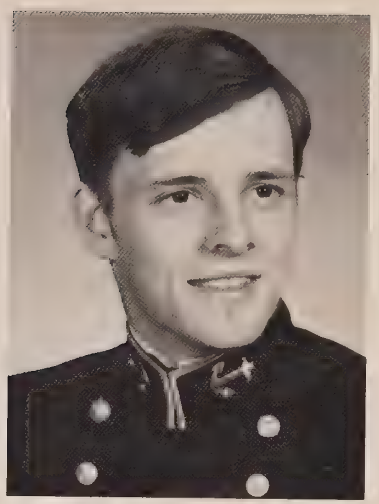
JACK DOHERTY

Jack came to USNA to see if Crabtown had any better surf than Virginia Beach, his hometown. Plebe summer, however, showed him that the only surf around was in the head on 7-3. The "Spirit of 5244" enabled F. J. to secure a name for himself by surviving the pitfalls of Navy, including bayonet attacks, 'AC' Board attacks, wardroom brawls, shower parties, and of course the "Battle of Gettysburg." These and many more experiences insure success for J. T. when he decides to either fly or float in this man's Navy.



FRANK ERVIN

"Lefty" is the biggest flamer to hit this place. Unfortunately the name Flamin' Frank isn't from yelling at plebes and classmates — he decided to cover up by living up to the name. Back around plebe year, good old Frank thought he'd try his hand at playing human rocket: the lighted flatus blew him right across the room into the radiator. Best wear underwear next time Lefty!



JOHN GALLE

Jack came to the Big Blue with hopes of wrestling, but ended up only wrestling grades and roommates. Strange Room! Most of Jack's time is taken up with the D&B where he's a "blower." Plenty of beer in the fleet for Jack to wet his whistle on.

WIN
BEAT ARMY

ROBERT HYER

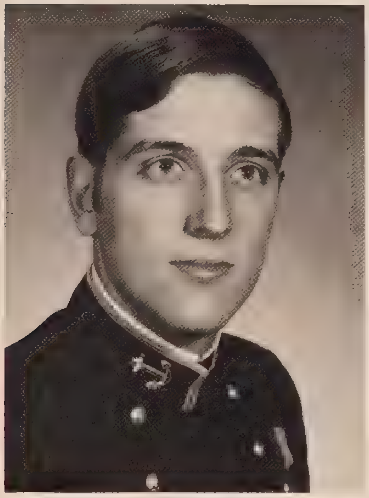
Grote, as he was affectionately called by his classmates, has certainly left his mark on USNA. Aspiring to be a track jock when he first arrived, Grote soon came around and became one of the all-time stalwarts at the 12 oz. curl. His favorite pastime, however, was the opposite sex. Whether she be from Mary Wash or the far reaches of another land, the Groteman was sure to pursue. And when things were running a little slow, he could always be counted on to bug a classmate to set him up. Grote will be well remembered by all (particularly for his natural ability to clear a small room fast), and the fleet will be gaining a hard working and dependable ship driver.

THOMAS KAPURCH

You can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't fool Tommy. Tommy is the resident expert on just about everything. And why not. He gets all his dope from the Lithuanian Home Journal (published by Holy Cross pull) and the Three Stooges. Tommy always has a smile and is always singing . . . oh just for the halibut. After washing out of jump school plebe summer (even his roommates couldn't get him to jump, no matter how hard they tried) he decided to go Navy Air (head).

ANDREW KOZAK

Andy came to Annapolis from the thriving metropolis of Fall River, located somewhere in Massachusettes. A good basketball prospect until Plebe summer took care of his knees. "The Bear" has more hours in the USNA Hospital than Steve Canyon has in jets. Andy has had to work hard for his grades. Seeing the AC Board is not one of his favorite events. But he found his calling in History and has done well. As a confirmed airdale he will do well in the program, or for that matter anything he pursues.

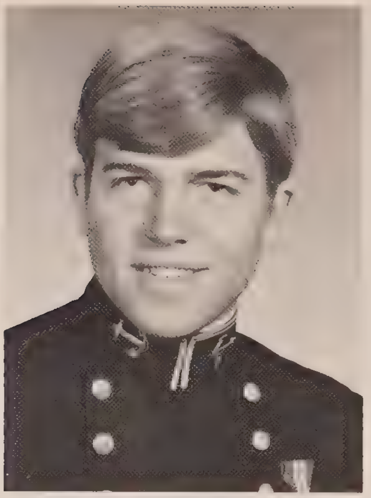


RODGER KRULL

Rodger coasted through Plebe summer disguised as a bulkhead. With the coming of AC year, he managed to make himself scarce by fading into the anonymity of the Hot Air Section of D&B. He evaded the intramural program for 11 sets by hiding in the second wing basement punching little holes in pieces of paper. Rodge spent many an hour whispering sweet nothings into the ear of his Ward hall honey (#635) to make up for the scarcity of phone calls from his New York honey (#634). Even with the exercise provided by the Melville Mile, R. P. never quite won his squirmishes with the PE department. His experience as a sub at USNA led to a natural desire to be a Sub Mariner.

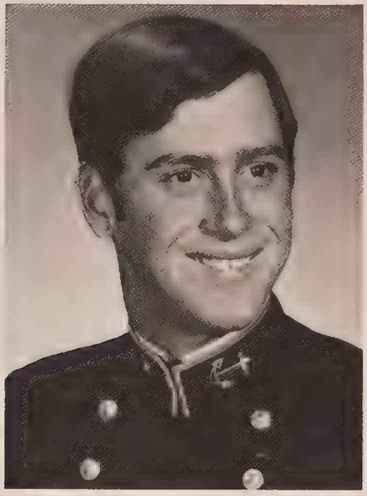
GEORGE MARKULIS

Georgie Porgie puddin' and pie, kisses the girls and makes them cry. That's because he's so damn big. George has got more lovers than Carter has pills. George is the original chow hound. He's the reason for the world food shortage. The only thing George likes better than food is women. After the game on Saturday he likes to go out and kiss the women and wrestle the bears; trouble is sometimes George is so tuckered out from the big game, he gets the two confused



DOUGLAS MARTIN

Hayseed Martin came to USNA driving his air-conditioned combine from Kansas. Scared to death by the big sea, he still thinks a schooner has to have horses out front. Baby Puferock is the spitting image of the man voted most ugly in the Brigade in '72. And Dino's followed in his footsteps ever since . . . You got some!



GOERGE MAYER

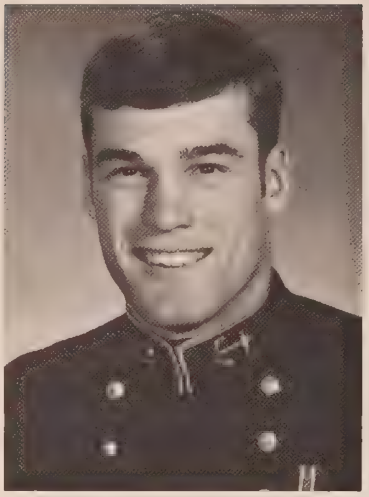
George is the other Spic in the company. Only, at least he speak it the lingo a bit better than the other one. George is the only person in history to be born without fingers . . . just typewriter keys. If he played the piano as much as he types he'd be a virtuoso.

DUANE JOHN PHILLIPS

Little Duane came to us in the summer of '71, thin, scared, and confused. After four years of expert military training we still have the same old Duane, still thin, still scared, still confused. Duane is an Operations Analysis major, but he missed his calling. We all fully realize his major should have been Chemistry, but he's too modest and didn't want to show off, right D. J.? Duane has found one very good thing while at USNA, and that is Arlene his OAO who will have to take care of him forevermore. Good luck and best wishes Arlene, you have a job on your hands. In all seriousness, we all wish Duane the best of luck, but we're sure he won't need it, because he has the ability and ambition to do anything he chooses.

SCOTT L. RARIG

Scott came from Westchester, Pa. to the beautiful shores of Crabtown by the Bay in '71. Because he was the only one in his swimming class who could take a full breath and still sink to the bottom, he became known as "Aquadog." He also played soccer, fieldball, and lacrosse during his four years. A great deal of time was spent playing his guitar for the Officer's Christian Fellowship. Also he organized the Christian activities for the Naval Academy Christian Association. It will be "rub-a-dub-dub-let's drive a Sub" unless Adm. Rickover throws him out of the office. It could be plainly seen that Jesus was his top priority in life. And Scott hopes to share the joy he finds in Jesus with all his friends. As Jesus said, "Everyone who drinks of this water shall never thirst again." (John 4:14)



CHARLES P. PUKSTA

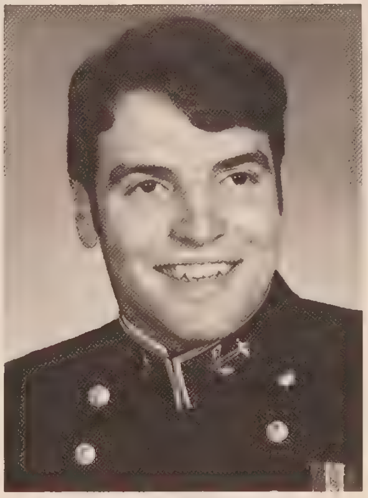
Chasbo decided early in his career not to let the little things bother him. So academics fell by the wayside. It came to pass that Charlie's favorite pastime was sleeping through class and then thinking up unique excuses. In 4 years at Navy, Chas' lone distinction is that at one point only the Brigade Commander had missed more classes, not bad for an MIR.

RICHARD STEVENS

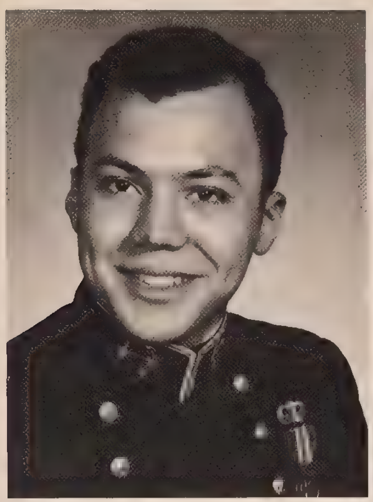
Better known as Raz Sockless or the more familiar Raz, he comes to NA from the Eastport banks, just a 400 yd. swim across Spa Creek. Having decided not to go away to college, Raz sacrificed his many leisurely hours of buzzing unsuspecting Crabmen at 100 knots, hung up his crab nets, turned in his water skis, traded his Boston Whaler for the greyhounds of the Severn and collected his 3¢ travel pay. The first two years were spent working hard on his cum and lax ineptness. But that didn't last too long. His attentions were soon diverted in the true "ghetto" spirit. Offering his home as a station of the Underground Railway for illegal mobiles and underaged sops, the familiar "Aw, come on hoss, you can make it" and "don't worry, you won't get caught" were well versed lines of Raz. Also during the week, one could see our man in question scampering off to Nimitz to study (a lovely young brunette). Raz hopes to become a steamer and is still looking for a billet aboard a CFB (Crab Fishing Boat).

ROBERT ZAKULA

Zak, as he was known by all, brought with him from the All American city of Johnstown, Pa., a competitive spirit and the love of a gamble. He could always be counted on to pick the winners or pick the best business, and he often made Jimmy the Greek look like an amateur. Always a smile, always in good spirits, he could always be counted on to lend a hand to a classmate in need, even though it might mean a personal sacrifice. With 454 cubes under his trow now, Zak will be making haste on weekends for the All American city on the scene of the parties and the women. The Corps will be gaining a fine officer and a fine person and Zak's spirit is sure to spread wherever he goes or to whatever he pursues in the future.

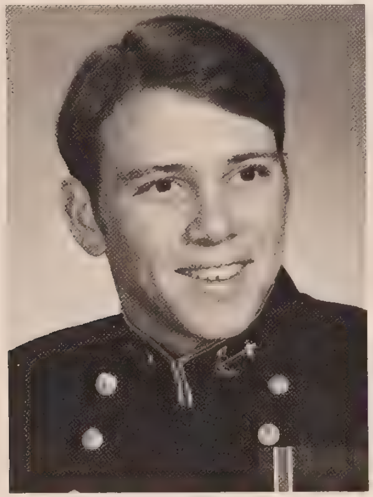


31ST CO.



EMMITT DIXON BREWINGTON

E. D. came to us from North Carolina with an affection for country living, cows, and the opposite sex; well two out of three ain't bad. Although we were able to civilize him somewhat, he still clings to his rather distinctive coffee jar. He also took a couple of us cross country in the back of a pick up with his girl's pet cow! P.U.!! Brew managed to keep up the image of the honest injun as our Co. Honor Rep. over our four year tour. Keeping himself busy with Masqueraders and convincing his French profs the language could be spoken without forked tongue, Brew's selection of USMC came as no surprise — even during first class cruise he found a happy home with MARDET, pulling an all nighter filling ammo clips. Emmitt is looking forward to a distinguished career in the Marine Corps and will undoubtedly find it

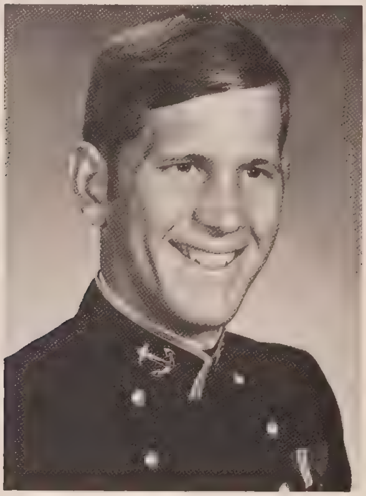


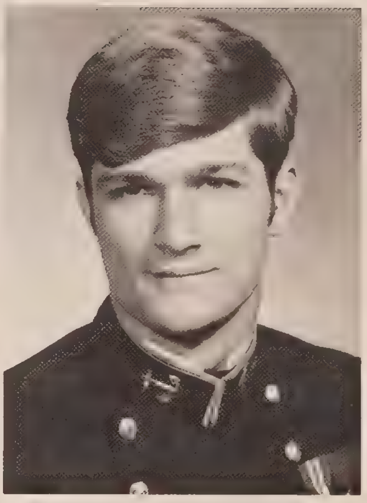
STEVE BUESCHER

Intent upon acquiring the same ring worn by his father and brother, Steve accepted his appointment to the Academy after graduation from W. T. Woodson High School in Fairfax, Virginia. There he had received wide acclaim as a wrestler of both opposing teams and hometown honeys. During plebe and youngster year, "the runt" obtained high grades even though he suffered through Mono and Caseyitis. The turning point of Steve's Naval Academy career came at the beginning of second class year when he was deep selected for an honorary doctorate from Buford's Barber College. A firm supporter of the Playboy doctrine, he continued his attendance at the Sunday afternoon mixers to the delight of the local lovelies. A ranking member of the Company Television Critics Association and the Society of Existentialist Thought, Steve has continually succeeded in extending his horizons. An Ocean Engineering major and a Nuclear Power Candidate, Steve's entrance into the Submarine Community should prove a valuable asset to the New Navy

ANTHONY CENCI

3.0 tone hails from a small town in Pennsylvania known as Levittown. After an illustrious high school career as a jock and lady killer extraordinaire, he turned down several football offers in order to wear the Navy blue. Between trips to Maryland and the 'dant, Basso concentrated most of his efforts on pushing steel and searching for that ever elusive gouge. Tony will be especially remembered for his "$100 a plate" dinners at his "own" restaurant and his knack for arranging heart-stopping blind dates for many unsuspecting pigeons. He plans a career in Naval Aviation.



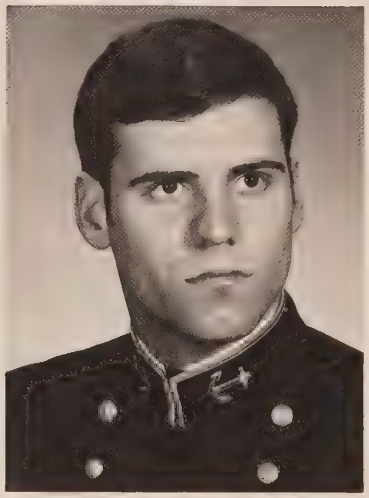


MICHAEL GEORGE DAUM

Mick came from Sanford, Florida where he did nothing but play football, hunt, and fish. Well, things changed little for Mick at USNA. The "Hoog" did develop his own special technique of preparing for room inspections which he has refined to the fine art of what it is today. He also got a kick out of having the OOW inspect the job he did dissecting rabbits in preparation for better things as a flight surgeon in the fleet. Dr. Daum even got to operate on a few lucky ones in the fleet on 1/c cruise. But maintaining a high performance level in both academics and athletics never quite taught Mick how to spell, but who can read prescriptions anyway. Hey, Mick, just be careful making house calls in that jeep.

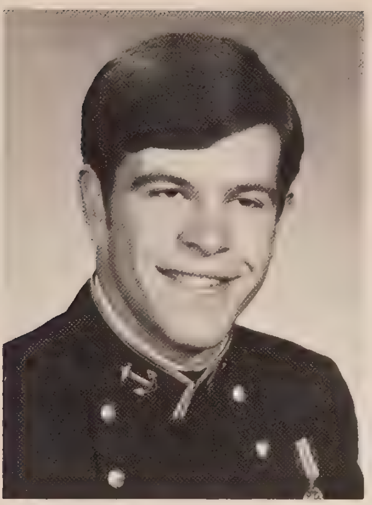
ROBERT DAHLEN

Leaving the wet, muggy climate of Tucson, Arizona, which he loves so dearly, Bob came to "sunny, dry" Annapolis right out of high school. Showing his athletic prowess, Bob participated in most of the intramural sports during his stay at Canoe U. When not on the athletic field, "Boob," as he was affectionately known in the company, could usually be found in some quiet niche of Nimitz fulfilling his 30 hours a week study obligation. Also, living so far away and having no female distractions to lure him from these hallowed halls, Bob found it convenient to spend precious days of leave in search of that magical QPR that would get him into Med School. In spite of the academic demand on his "free" time, "Boob" still found time to listen to classical music and watch a few sunrises each semester from the "red beach." Yes, the Medical Corps will be lucky to get this extremely motivated product of the "whole man" concept — Good luck, Bob.



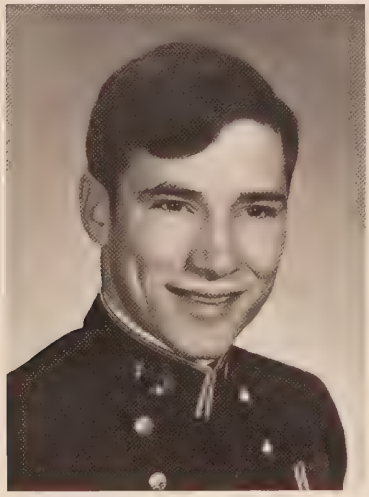
CLARENCE DRAUGHON

A native of Tunica, Mississippi, Clarence (Pappy) came to the Naval Academy as a football recruit only to find that 25 other recruits were vying for the Quarterback position. Tough luck Big Blue! A diligent and hard worker, Pappy decided on a Mechanical Engineering major as it offered so many interesting and challenging courses. Carved expressions like "wouthless" so aptly described wires, a great cure for his insomnia. An affable guy, Pappy was renowned for his finesse with the ladies in particular, a hometown cutie named "Smooth." Aspiring to a future in Nuclear Power, Pappy should be a real asset to the program



LORIN FIFE

"Fifi" made his way to Annapolis from the shores of sunny Southern California. A stud on the gridiron and a worshipper of the sun, Lorin could always be found during the summer months catching a few rays, listening to the tunes of the Beach Boys, or wrestling with someone innocently walking down the hall. A committed Marine his 2/c year, "Fifi" found his long golden locks more precious than a rifle and traded the Mud for a clean surface ship. He seemed to have a way with history and a way with a cute little gal from California, who will be all his as of June 1975. Seen cruising in his orange van with his sidekick Linda, one could only surmise that Lorin had it tough during his 1/c year.

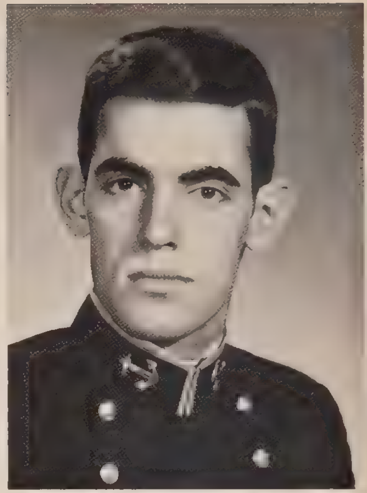


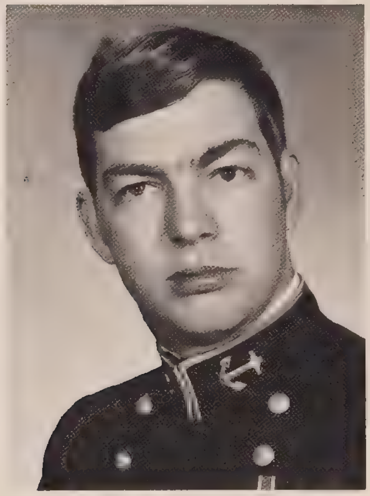
THOMAS HIRSCH

Silence in the presence of the Crown Prince of Shortness!!! He's still making up for rack time lost during last night's Bridge Tournament . . Tom, a refugee from the suburban blight of distant Laurel, Maryland, came to the hallowed halls of Bancroft with his heart set on accomplishing at least three tasks before his four years in Purgatory were completed: (1) Becoming the premier wrestler in the Brigade (with the stipulation that he would wrestle no one heavier than his 95 pound weight class); (2) Accumulating the most Bridge Master's points in the Brigade (with another stipulation — that he be teamed with anyone but the Nurd!); and finally (3) receiving a tattered sheepskin with the cryptic message "USNA" at the top of it . . . Rather ambitious for someone still mistaken for a hyperkinetic 11 year old? Not really . . . Tom's also one of the most professionally oriented steamers at the Academy and if his skipper can keep him away from Monday night football on the tube, Shortness'll be looking long anywhere he goes with the fleet. Look out world — Here comes Hirsch! Ree-ee-eek!!

JAMES R. JEFFERSON

Arriving on the drizzly shores of Michigan, Jim immediately dominated the academic scene and became a permanent member of the Dean's List. Early in his career, Jim was recognized as the studious type and his academic advice was sought by the masses. Thus, his efforts at hiding himself in the library and the rotunda conference room became a necessary part of his life and torture for his scholarly peers. Athletically, Jim can be best remembered for never wasting a minute in preparing for his mile run, pacing back and forth in the room at double time while pretending to contemplate some pressing issue (or weekend date). During the week, Jim can be found hard at work but on the weekends he conducts independent research on the formulation of "farmer's daughter" jokes. In spite of his ambitions for the easy life, Jim is looking forward to the annual Rickover fiasco. Well, if E really equals MC^2 and if Old MacDonald has a farm, Jim will make an outstanding Naval officer.





MICHAEL DAVID JOHNSON

Mike came to the Academy from Wendell, N.C. as a young, hard charging stud seeking knowledge and command responsibility. And find them he did. As one of "Kaiter's Raiders," he was placed in charge of Fargo the Duck, the symbol of the raiders. Members of that fearless team including "Leaps," Kaiter himself and "The Rock" have and always will serve as an inspiration to Mike. Although Mike has always taken academics seriously, he never lets them unnerve him. Problems that would send the average engineer into a frenzy, he can always take lying down. He simply takes the firm stance that if it isn't in the gouge or on the tube it isn't worth knowing anyhow. Wendell has definitely been well represented on the athletic field as well as the company tables. Mike's fierce competitive spirit in the latter area has earned him the name "Fat Boy" and stands second only to his fellow librarian, Turnbuckle. Warning — Nuclear Navy stand by!

MARC JOSEPH

Woody, (a familiar form of Woody-Woodpecker) as his friends affectionately call him, found immediate success in academics. He started out with a good solid QPR and has kept it on the rise ever since. Yes, Woody leaves no detail to chance. He even wears an ID bracelet in the event he should be called on to sign his name at the spur of the moment. Woody owes his outstanding grades to consistent hard work. In fact, after evening meal every night, just after he brushes his teeth, polishes his stars, and flexes his muscles in front of the mirror, Woody hits the books; and as everyone knows, no person dare enter that room for any reason what so ever unless at brace. After four straight years of diligent preparation for the Marine Corps, Woody has chosen Nuclear Power as the way to go. He carries the distinction of being one of the few persons ever to set forth his own conditions to the Academy Nuclear Power interviewers before agreeing to consider Nuclear Power as a service selection. His sheer determination alone is enough to ensure success in whatever cause he chooses

WILLIAM H. KING

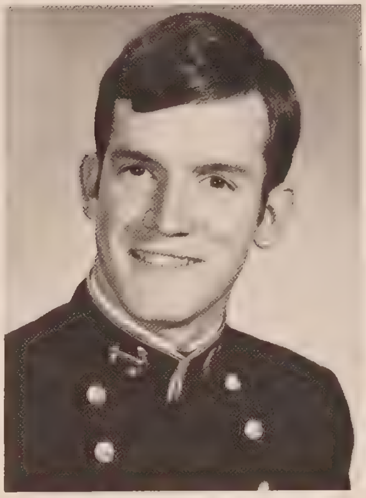
William Henry King IV, alias "Kinger" will long be remembered for his lighthearted antics. Rumored to have been proudly displayed by his Dad by holding the babe up by his ears, Bill got his most noticeable physical feature. Varsity fencing proved rewarding as Bill was chosen to lead as team captain in his second class year. He completely baffled his opponents with his spasmodic style leaving them with a grin in a cross-eyed daze. With academics firmly under his belt, he occasionally accompanied them with a few briskies, finding the morning after hard to stomach. Bill's hard working initiative and ability to hang in there, will prove him to be a fine addition to our Nuclear surface Navy.

JOHN D. MAYNARD

John or JD came to the hallowed halls on the bay straight from the Beer Capital of the world. The transition between swinging party-goer to common Joe Mid was made with the best of the rest and with the start of academic year came the beginning of a long, rough 4 year battle with the books. Although John's true love fell with music as shown in his activities with the Glee Club, Catholic Choir, and the yearly contest between the USNA Choirs and Hood College, he ended up in wires and what a shock. After a painful discharge from plebe and company soccer, JD turned his horizons elsewhere and focused in on the YP Squadron to make his fame and fortune, getting command twice in his tours with the Greyhounds of the Bay. John is affectionately known as TF Nerd by his close friends, a name received by a dear departed classmate who also gave JD the title of Company Playboy during youngster year for his weekly support of the young ladies that abound in the area. John intends to go Nuclear Power and then become a — steamer.

RICHARD LECKY

Seeing as how Rick is a Navy Junior, there was only one thing he could do after high school, become a Mid. So in June of '71 after completing high school in Durham, N.C., he packed his bags for the Crabtown on the Bay. Rich managed to survive Plebe summer in one piece. Academic year rolled around and so did the Varsity Rifle team. After 4 years on the team he still can't hit the target. Some of Rick's other activities include Protestant Chapel Choir and weekly runs to Duke University to visit his bride to be, Kit. She's not very happy with his Navy Air service selection but it's better than being "dead" for 2 months at a time. Rick hopes his EE major will help him pull through Pensacola. The white sandy beaches of Pensacola are calling him to two years of hard work at the Annapolis of the air!

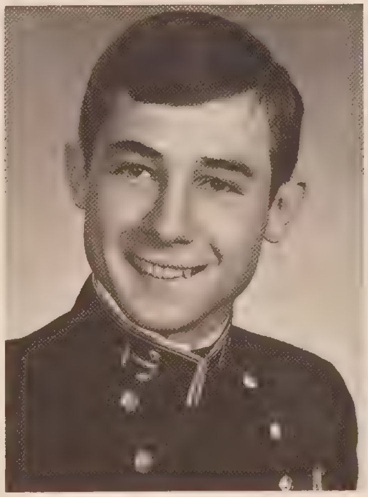


TIMOTHY R. MYERS

On June 30, 1971 the USNA acquired a mild mannered soccer stud by the name of Timothy R. Myers. Tim, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio came to boat school in order to become a soccer star. However, to his surprise he had to pursue an academic career while being forced to become a leader of men. Tim had no problem making the adjustment, and majored in Ocean Engineering. He has gained a great grasp for the field through hours of tedious studying in front of the tube. On any given night he can be found viewing scientific advancements such as Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea and the Poseidon Adventure. How some people have arrived at the conclusion that Tim has poor study habits is beyond me. He is always willing to put 2 hours of rack time in for every class hour. Tim is preparing himself for a career in Nuclear Power. Tim will do very well in the program because he also has enough reserved energy to last 15 years.

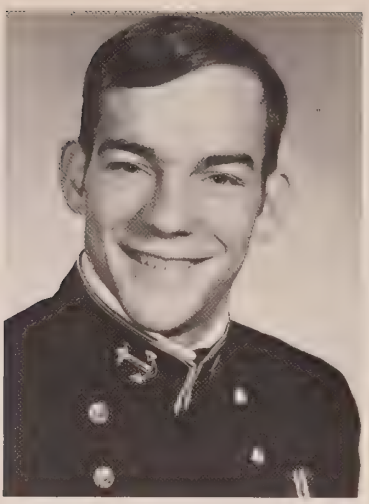
THOMAS EMILE MASSICOTTE, JR.

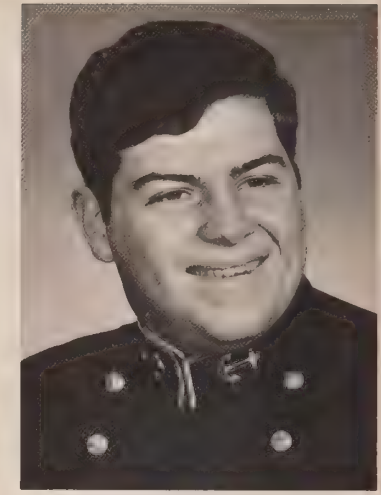
Thomas Emile Massicotte, Jr. — traditionally known as "Blivett" (coined by his "Negat" roomie) — came to USNA from Bristol, Conn., and soon became an irreplaceable fixture among his classmates. Tom was always one to prepare well in advance, readying himself with horizontal workouts for his old nemesis, the PE test, and diligently waiting until a day or two before finals to crack his books. Strangely enough, though, Tom always managed a second or two of "gravy" and hovered around the coveted 3.00. After several unsuccessful romances, Tom finally found true love behind the wheel of his Lotus, always travelling with his faithful passenger, J. Beam. An Aero major, Tom looks forward to his second love behind the stick of an F-14. Gifted with the natural ability to excel, Tom will certainly go much further than the cruising radius of either his Lotus or an F-14.



DAVID OLIVERIA

David Oliveria known as Super Fetus by his teammates on the varsity lightweight crew team and Ollie by his other friends, came to USNA from Jacksonville, Florida. Ollie's major is Oceanography and when not coxing the crew team, working with the Brigade Hop Committee or First Class Car Committee, he can usually be found studying diligently in his room. However, on weekends he can be seen driving "Pluto" Possche and he is not against having a few "briskies" every now and then. Ollie has not yet decided whether to go straight to Pensacola for pilot training or to pick Surface Warfare with an air option, but either way he will complement the Naval Service.





DAVID PENMAN

Leaving that thriving megalopolis, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, Dave came to Navy seeking fame and fortune. Finding neither, he settled for the thrill of academic challenge. After deciding to study engineering, Dave shrewdly bought a not so smoothly running MG, youngster year, and gained many hours of valuable mechanical experience on the weekends. Outside of academics Dave proved a fleet footed defensive halfback for 2 company football teams. He was also renowned as a carpenter, easily having built a remarkable, sturdy stereo table. Being one of the few who won't need a haircut after losing the H. Ross Perot bet, we can see that Dave is headed for TBS and we hope he finds success and happiness in the Corp.

J. W. ROBINSON

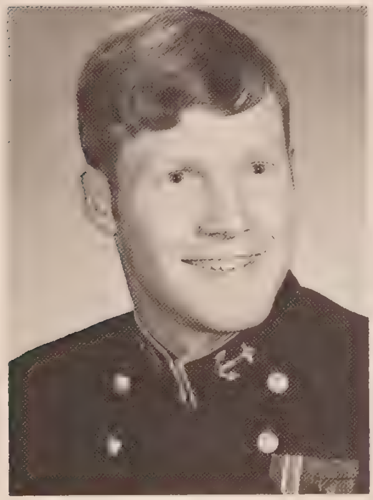
Rob, a worldly young man from Youngstown, Ohio, was seldom seen around the company. When he was, he was usually studying, listening to a vast variety of music, or improving his skills as a black belt in karate using his roommate or some other hapless soul as a dummy. JW seldom felt challenged by the academic or military life of a midshipman. The only thing that ever rattled his calm composure was finding out that he was engaged. His girl told him in a letter youngster cruise. With a lot of tack Rob was able to hang on to his freedom until second class year when he found out from a third party one of the local girls had already made plans for their wedding. Always the first to know these things, JW took it in stride and started running. Life at Sea holds little appeal to JW. Most of his experience has been in trying all the cures for sea sickness. In a time when the military is in need of capable young officers the Marine Corps is getting one of the best.

GLENN THOMAS

Glenn will not soon be forgotten by his classmates. His service as company librarian as far back as plebe year, has proven his value as a builder of morale. Trying his hand at Navy sports, Glenn plowed head on into boxing. Trouble with 'inaccurate' scales and academics forced his retirement while he was in his prime. All nighters and lengthy EI sessions complemented his indepth study of the USNA Wardrooms and the 'nuclear powered' rack. Though this study required a great deal of effort, he has managed to survive with a minimum amount of wasted rack time. His physique, home state and name have become a source for an endless number of nicknames and this has certainly made him a mystery to the underclass. To us who know him, Thomo will always be Chief when he isn't Bama.

MARK VAN DYKE

After excelling in high school in Middlebuegh, (where?) New York, Mark came to USNA with the intentions of studying Oceanography. As Mark was never one to bag it, he immediately plunged into the more esoteric field of English. Late night studying to be a part time engineer never hindered Mark's desire to express his daily devotion to that dynamite movie starlet, "Ali (Joan) McGraw" on academy vellum. Born with a hollow left leg and in insatiable appetite for gourmet dining, Mark preferred quantity to quality when it came to Navy burgers and fries. Being Neil Diamond's major source of record income in the Washington-Baltimore area, Mark was often found whiling away the hours dreaming of porcupine pie. After much vacillation Mark appears to be headed for the fossil fuel fleet and his surface warfare officer designation. No matter where he goes, Mark will keep to the right and keep moving. No matter how you look at it, "V.D." **is** something to clap about.

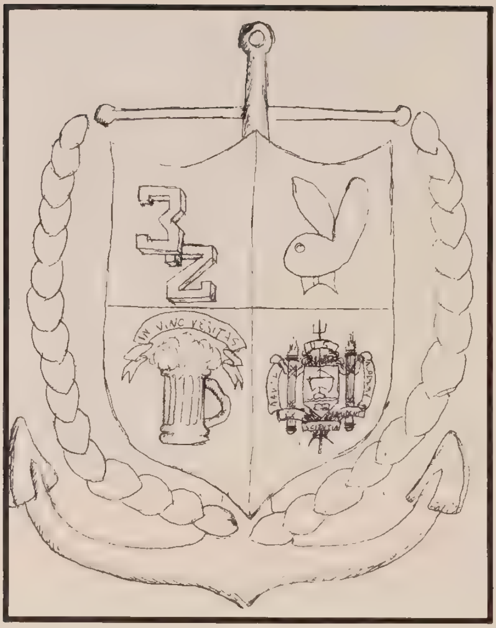


NORMAN BRENT WHAM

Brent came to the Academy from the Petty School in his hometown, Hightstown, New Jersey. Plebe year, Norm excelled in academics, baseball, and aptitude, and was selected as the 3/c Brigade Commander. With high hopes, he reviewed his academic possibilities and though intent on Oceanography, decided to major in Ocean Engineering. Little did he know that he had made his first mistakes since 1963. After reassessing his priorities youngster year, Brent stepped out of the limelight for the finer things in life (wine, Janet, and cars). Although hampered by a bad knee 2/c year, Norman continued to reach for the gusto and build up his account at the HOJO Savings and Loan. Now, with the end in sight and service selection near, Brent still wants to run with the best. Nuclear Power is his service preference.

RANDOLPH YOUNG

Hailing from the unpleasant wastelands of Southern California the "Young One" arrived one balmy midsummer's afternoon to enjoy the sunny, warm East Coast climate. Almost instantly, Randy was welcomed by the unique hospitality of this Mid-Atlantic institution. Fortunately, before trauma set in, "Young One" met the "Dufe," whose inspirational words and fatherly advice have kept his elbow up for these tough years. A hesitant veteran of the main (O) mile immediately prior to commencing second class year, "Young One" finally took that giant step towards seven years as one of our nation's finest (?). Long hours on poisson processes and chucklin' Charlie's lap have prepared "Young One" for his destiny in the fossil fuel fleet (the world of main steam stop valves and mid-watches watching the horizon, vice the tube). The Brisky King escapes occasionally when his female guardian deems it wise to bring him his pint-sized blue bomb (with the round engine). Good Luck Randy . . . Catch you in the fleet when our ships meet (hopefully not head on) . . . YOUTH!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IN VINO VERITAS

JAIME ACEVEDO

A small step toward closer international relations has been made over the past 4 years through friendships with a Colombian gentleman, Jaime Acevedo. Thoughts of Plebe Summer bring back memories of company come-arounds where Mr. Uricoli finally got tired of trying to pronounce Acevedo thus fixing the everlasting nickname of Avacado. Jaime, seeing the merits of the arts, was active in Masqueraders for 4 years, (pretty smart man considering some of those chicks over there — WOW!) and was Vice-President in charge of Tech his first class year. Being the oldest son of thirteen children, Jaime plans to return to Colombia, following the completion of his military obligation to the United States, and through a political career, improve the standard of living for the Colombian people

JAMES ERVIN BUTTERMORE

Coming from a small town in Nebraska, it took Jim a year to adjust to the fast life of Bancroft Hall Jim's sport ambition was originally to star on the 150 pound football team, but he saw the light and became an intramural jock instead. Jim will be well remembered for his exploits during youngster cruise, along with his H. Ross Perot "haircut." After an extended cruise on one of Admiral Rickover's boats, Jim has decided "Surface line looks mighty fine." Good luck in the future, Jim.

COZY BAILEY

From St. Louis came the brigade's fastest math major. No one could touch his speed on the "W" course but then due to his fine speed he lost a good knee at Canoe U. There went his chance to play ball but "WOW" did he ever score with the Annapolitans! Then a fine young lady blitzed his game and now he sits on the bench watching the rookies gain yardage. Had us scared for a while by thinking of going CORE but finally got it all together with NFO. Variations was the name, singing was his game . . . It won't be the same around here without him Take it slow and see ya on cloud nine.

MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER BANNON

He came to Annapolis straight from the heart of Jersey City, New Jersey. Though somewhat stymied by Plebe year, "Bronco" managed to keep up the ole Irish flair as evidenced by his spectacular feats in French/English??, the playing field, and the Saturday night rumbles. Never a man to sweat things, he won his black N star on one beer thus proving that he who does risk — loses. Now that the Academy life is over, Mike is looking forward to flying . . . with or without wings

COURTNEY DEAN CHINN

From the streets of San Francisco came a tall, stalking, short kind of man. O-course running, Applied Strength grabbing, mile run cruising, water polo playing, master of it all and jack of none, Courtney came swinging from the descent of Chinese for thinking living to the wonderful world of Navy. No "Marina duking" midshipman, could be more professional, more gungy, more loose than this super sliding student of the Orient. Known not only for his amazing frolicking tours of Hong Kong, Courtney made his name famous by his "seven quant" trick and tales of the 54 how nomadic drift to California and back. The Marine Corps will receive a fine officer and a big, big man but the halls of Bancroft will echo, "Dingus Dong Man forever!"

KEITH NEVEL DENHAM

A southern gentleman in every sense of the term, Keith, after being convinced to remain at Navy and enjoy the Plebe year vacation with his good buddy, Mr. Foti, he has stuck by us and instigated many of our escapades. Famous for his New Orleans weekends and his tall fish stories, the Oceanography major caused a ruckus at the Six-Striper Board. For this bit of independent expression, he was made Company Commander to develop his theory on Midshipman self-responsibility. It is safe to say that we will find Keith cultivating 40 acres of prime Alabama farmland after a successful career in Washington. Remember your shipmates and JD LOL.

DESI GEORGE DUNDICS

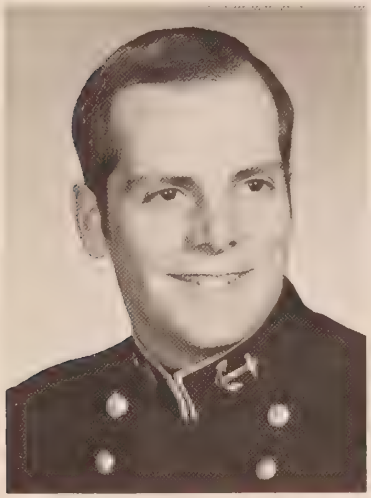
Hailing from Pittsburgh with a tennis racket in one hand and an ammeter in the other, "Dudics" distinguished himself in both the classroom and tennis court over his 4 year internment. A 4 year varsity letterman, Desi still managed to keep Merit's list grades in wires. He was single handedly responsible for his roommate (and not a few other of his classmates) surviving 2/c wires, and had a loving touch with the computer programs (whether his own or someone else's). He also had a loving touch with the church circle set, being acknowledged as one of the Brigade's most prolific and proficient hoggers. The last of the company to succumb to the car urge, he could usually be seen heading out of town in Levis and leathers on his Honda, if lucky with a motorcycle Mama on the back. He rounded out his considerable talents with quick fingers on the piano and guitar, unfortunately lacking the voice to match. He hopes to continue in Nuke Power, especially after the good impression the nightly libs from his 1/c boomer cruise left him

VICTOR G. GUSTOFSON

The tall man of the company, Vic came to this school after being a sea cadet. Plebe summer gave us a sample of his "professional" cadence calling or so we thought. Later his roommates found it was a speech impediment. Although never known for good **"fluid"** movements, Vic's going to join the flyers of Navy in a firebird of the air.

RICHARD STREVIG HAMMOND

Rick Hammond came to the Halls of Bancroft from the lofty local peak of the lovely Severn. As a Plebe, Rick always possessed the drifty smile of one who knew exactly what was happening, but never why or when it was happening. He possessed the amazing power to make it rain in his room after the first night of liberty before the Plebe year Army-Navy game. He told everyone later that he gained this power from a local Severn mermaid named "Marmaduke Seagram." He was awarded the N star for this class "A" performance and was officially decorated at the Main Office by the Officer of the Watch. Richard the Lion Hearted has developed his drift factor towards being one of the best sailors on the bay. His understanding of the sea does not stop with his ability to command a yawl. Rick has an enormous feeling for the men around him and has proven to be a rock of understanding in times of trouble. His smile brings laughter, his understanding brings confidence and his presence among his classmates will be missed sorely. Sail away! Rick, in Navy's Wild Blue Yonder.

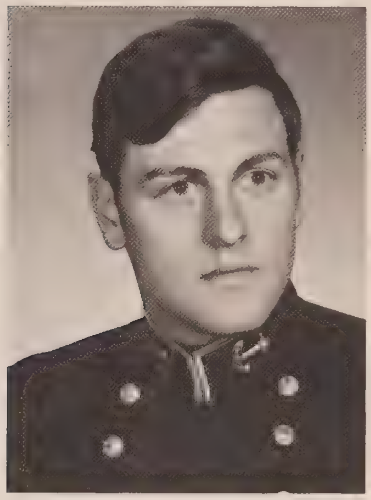


LUDWIG A. KERN

Lud was indecisive on whether he was going to "stick it out" for 4 years at this place. But then again nobody ever knew what Lud was going to do. He was probably the only midshipman to live out of company for 4 consecutive years. Just ask his roommates. They never knew where he was or where he was "coming from." Who knows where Lud is now. Maybe he's hunting beef in Wisconsin.

JOHN A. McTIGHE

When Johnny Mac finally clutched that souvenir in his hands on June 5, 1975, twenty thousand screaming spectators had just witnessed the culmination of one of the most miraculous stories in the history of education. For it was only after thirteen long years of being bounced from school to school (hoping to pass) that young McTighe blossomed and developed his mind to its utmost potential. Armed to the teeth with gouge, he has never let his diligent searching interfere with frequent weekend trips to his vacation home. There are many memories: Rip's, Amps, Whole Man's, screamies, Jimi Hendrix, ztilhes, tacos, etc. The future holds nothing but continued intellectual development and expansion of his stereo system, around which he someday hopes to build his house. Hack on in '75!



WILLIAM BRENTON MONTGOMERY

He came, he saw . . .
. . . .
. . . . and he conquered

DANIEL JOHN MUTHLER

Dan hails from a dairy farm in Pennsylvania and there were a lot of things he hadn't tried before coming to Navy. Well — he tried most of them and he's raring for more. Some of his worthier accomplishments include a NCAA Wrestling Championship, an Eastern Championship, and passing his courses while consistently sleeping through study hour. The Muth plans to fly for the boys in green and he's our candidate for some Olympic Gold in '76.

MARK W. REGN

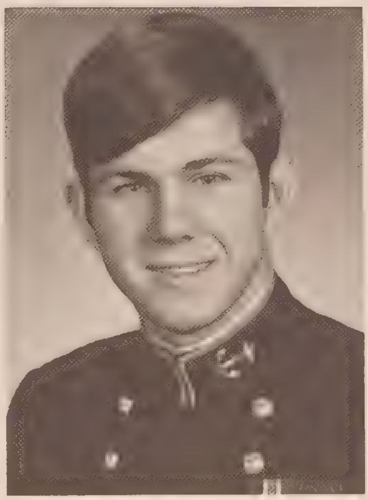
Mark came to Navy from Mount Holly, N.J., convinced of going nuclear power and ready to play football. Somewhere along the way doubts set in, but he still accomplished his first goal. His good nature and unselfish character allowed him to help many friends who came to him for help, at his own expense. These 3 long years the Regn smile has shone during the dark ages and livened up the times. His influence was felt in the company in many areas, he offset the heavy drift of others with his very sound and objective reasoning.

ROBERT ALAN STEVENS

'Roach' never quite adapted to the daily routine at USNA, spending more time sleeping in class and the wardroom than in his rack, being a creature of the night and avoiding daylight. He always preferred the relaxed look in the room, using the floor and rack to store most of his books, laundry, and used cigarette butts. Always true to his favorite saying (don't get mad, get even!) he always held his own in the wardroom 'pit' or the ghetto. Known as the best non-reg barber in the brigade, he never had a man go down for one of his haircuts. An engineer to the end, he didn't let the studies keep him from making a decent living in car repairs, a job that led him to the presidency of the car club. Roach was the master of shaky deals, always studying the reg book looking for loopholes. He loved to be on the open road more than anything, by thumb usually, especially when heading toward a certain New Jersey lass. A tried and true friend, Marine Green gains a good man as he sets his sights on a jet seat

ROBERT SHELDON RICHE

Bob joined our forces from California via Lake Hopatcong, N.J., where the Naval Academy is still a mystery to most. Lacking miserably in the qualities of engineering thought patterns, he kept his head above water with the gravy from his bull courses. His proficiency with the pen led to the co-authorship of a number of classmates' love letters in return for engineering gouge. Bob was dedicated to eliminating as many hassles as possible, but it took him 3 years to see the light (and libs) before he left the baseball field and the duffer. Bob's other dedication was a young lovely dating from high school days. Although he was rarely seen frolicking around town, Bob made up for it by spending every free minute of 1/c year with 'Lady,' his wife to be. Never a part of the crowd (some saying he couldn't find it), Bob preferred to stand back and observe as the comedy of the world unfolds. When he graduates he plans to return to the Golden State as a surface line steamer.

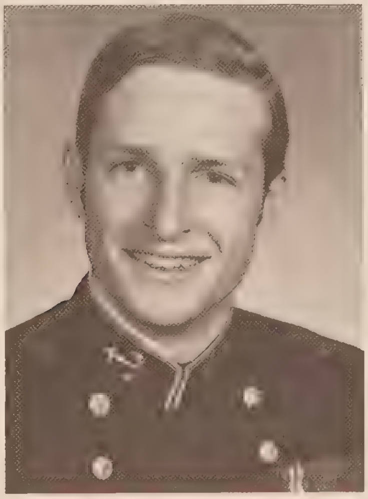


MICHAEL C. STICHTER

Mike came to us with a ring through his nose and his sights set on becoming a lifer, and a steamer at that. Well, it didn't take long for this drifting space cowboy to earn the name Cosmos. Not known for a stellar performance in academics, he could be heard at EI, "don't confuse me with the facts, just give me the gouge." But after 4 years of applying Murphy's Law, "the Pillsbury doughboy with the Alfred E. Neumann face," is headed for Pensacola; his only concern being his wheels and his woman.

JAMES STEPHEN RICHTER

James, hailing from Sparta, N.J., developed into the undisputed workout king at USNA. Handling barbells like toys, he became a trusted friend to all of us. His wish is to drive his vintage Corvette back into the woods, marry a beautiful girl, eat steak, and live forever a lumberjack.

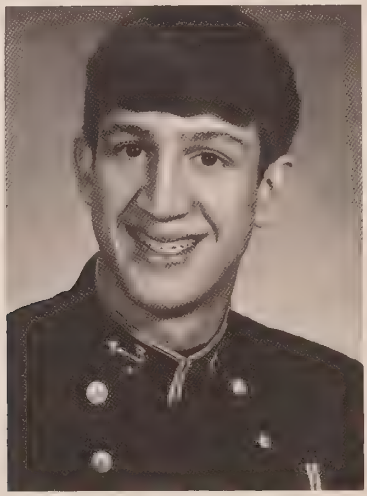


DAVID DUDLEY WEST, JR.

Fondly called Duds by his classmates, this primo Californian, seal, steamer, NFO, pilot, EWO, Naval Aech., and MPA has his sights locked into a stellar career pattern; not to exceed 5 years. Duds holds many personal victories. As the master of the "DC-Crabtown 500," Duds is on a first name basis with the cops along RT50 and the Beltway. He's been spotted many times sitting with them chatting along the road. When asked, USAA says "who's he?" Most of Dave's thoughts are of the summer months, driving, back packing, surf and sun, but our goggled, hard hatted friend is soon brought back to reality with the foreman's cry, "Hey Navy boy, more Hot Stuff!"

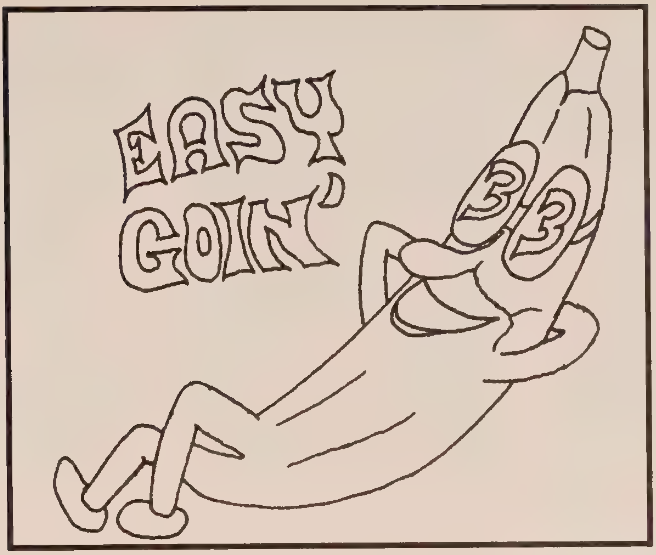
STUART T. WHITE

Stu White, economist, critic pilot, lover, bum Stu came to the Academy to get away from his high school coaches on his way to becoming a pro. He knew all about sports. Instead of going to Church on Sunday, he would listen to Howard Cosell on Monday. Stu was quite an outspoken sports critic himself but his criticism did not end with sports. Looks may be deceiving for some people, but by looking at Stu on firsty weekends, it was easy to conclude he was a reject from Good Will. Stu was quite an Econ major until he hit professor good Monster. Then he learned what was meant by naval winds having to blow hard and blow often. Stu was quite a pilot until he added a little too much right rudder to the gas pedal of his new Capri on the way home from AIP. Well Stu there's no room to tell of your adventures as a lover so let us suffice to say it was all down in "black" and white



FRED E. WISEMAN

After 4 years of hard work, Freddy embarks on his Naval career armed with his Ocean Engineering degree, wife Debi, ensign bars, and Zappa collection. Freddy can recall many fond memories stemming from his Academy experience. After a bad case of the Basketball Jones in high school, Freddy decided to hang up his Chucks here at the Academy and pursue the Mr Wuss program. The company duty #1 grease chit, Freddy's fine work was duly recognized when he became the regimental four striper An aspiring nuke "The Kidd" saw the light second class year and decided to join the surface navy, a career Freddy is bound to excel in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CHARLES AREIZAGA

Charlie came to the academy, leaving behind his girl Susan and a rough life on the streets of New York City, only to find himself out of the frying pan into the fire here at Navy. After a near Brigade Boxing championship plebe year, he decided Battalion Basketball was safer. Being Puerto Rican, he could have taken over the Spanish Language Department, but blew it and decided to become an engineer. Never one to be left out of any party, he managed to hit the above 3.0 mark a couple of times and still remain the resident authority on the dance called the "bump." After graduation, Charlie's plans include a June wedding and a hopeful transfer to the Public Affairs Officer Corps. He's all yours Susan.

ROBERT EUGENE BARBA, JR.

Rob, or "Doc," came to Navy from historic Annapolis thinking he was headed towards "the Annapolis Community College on the Severn." Realizing just how wrong he was after Plebe summer, he took to home every weekend managing to preserve his reputation of partying slightly, lightly, politely and when possible, all nightly. Even though he constantly tried not to let academics get in the way of his education, Rob still managed to keep well above a 3.0 in the Bioscience (Pre-Medical) major. When not hitting the books or the town, he could always be found tearing up the Rugby field or the ski slopes. And hopefully, after graduation, he will be found in Medical School.

RANDY CHARLSEN

Matawan, New Jersey's favorite son came to USNA with a fire extinguisher in one hand and a javelin in the other. Randy is a volunteer fireman at Midway Hose Co. No. 2 in Matawan and holds both the varsity and plebe javelin records at the Academy. Randy, better known as the "Rilla" is also known for devouring burgers in double figures and drinking large quantities of beer, usually at the same time. Randy is pursuing a double major at the Academy, Operations Analysis and Happy Hour. The Rilla is planning a June 15th wedding to Marilyn, the girl-rilla, in Matawan, with a reception to follow at the fire hall. Randy will then be bolting to Pensacola and a career in the tailhook Navy.

THOMAS CIHLER

T. J. led all company members with the either overcontrolled or undercontrolled status he displayed at weekend functions. The suave and debonair "Goodtime" was a smashed hit with all the goodlooking females, or too nice with the opposite. TJ took great pride in his glorified Volkswagen leading to his controlled status. Tom's academic options let him smoke the Engineering Dept. after one semester 3/c year. A respected wrestler he could always be instigated into involvement in a prank or other foul play. TJ was an active member of Company sports year round. After the Academy Tom will pursue a career in Naval Aviation.

WILLIAM GARRETT

Bill came to us from sunny Florida with the notion "If you do you do, if you don't you don't." Bill, better known as Chills, is well known as a top sailor, so good that he not only received a gold 'N' but also a black one for his merits at sea. Not one to sit around and do nothing, Chills spends most of his time coordinating the room or with the wife. A man with a girl in his heart, VO on his breath, a loaded gun in his hand, a 2.0, and everything else down on paper looks forward to a boss time in the air.

ROBERT FLICK

Hailing from the 'Sun Country' of Arizona, Bob entered the Naval Academy with aspirations of flying and Service Selection might well be Navy Air all the way. A member of the Navy Rugby Club, Bob, commonly referred to as 'Frère,' enjoys the party life. Our resident language expert is a member of the esteemed Black 'N' Club. The Navy wants him so bad 'Up With People' will just have to wait their turn. On weekends Frère can be seen driving his red Alfa Romeo dreaming of the good life.

ROBERT GIBSON

Gibby, one of the ten most wanted wild men of Bowling Green, Ohio, is the number one fan of the Ohio State Buckeyes. Doug has had many female companions in his brief but prosperous naval career, and plans to keep it that way for a while. Doug has been known to drink sizable quantities of all types of beer ranging from Labatts 50 in Toronto and Tuborg in Copenhagen to Rolling Rock in Bowling Green and Busch in Fort Lauderdale. Doug is not without his quiet moments, however; like the time he smashed his fist through the ceiling during an Ohio State-Michigan game. The Gib will be heading to Pensacola after graduation to pursue a career in Naval Aviation.

LOUIS FUSCO

Arriving at the "Chesapeake Bay Institute of Technology," from downtown Trenton, N.J., Lou readily adapted to the "Navy way" of doing things. Studying half-seriously, academics never proved to be too much of a trial as he "breezed" his way through the engineering department. As one of the company regulars, influencing many a contest, Lou graced the intramural soccer and slow pitch teams and coached the company lightweight football team to an unparallelled season. He leaves the Academy a designated Ocean Engineer with an effulgent future in the nuclear navy and a marked opinion on the hospitality of the French people.

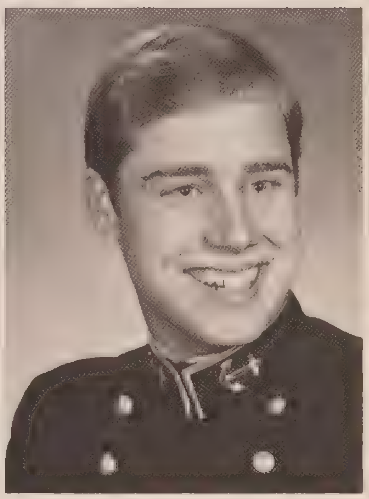
DAVID P. GRAY

David P. Gray, 'lovingly' referred to as the "Gray Ghost" due to his inability to tan, hails from "Door-Chester," Mass. where he occupies himself by "parking the car in the yard" and growing Irish potatoes. During his term at USNA, "the ghost" specialized in foreign affairs with a certain amount of wires, etc. added for flavor. Although his hair has been likened to coiled wires, there is no academic connection. Aspiring to be a "jet jockey" due to his dislike of water (and swimming), Dave should do very well as long as he "avoids the drink!"

T. M. MUSCHARA

GERALD B. GRIFFIN

Gerry "Bella" Griffin came to the arms of Mother "B" straight from the sunny deserts of Scottsdale, Arizona. Bella has excelled in all aspects of academy life. He has pulled most of us through our tougher courses — wires, math, physics. Bella is well liked by all in the company. Nobody can afford to hate him. The alternative is to fail academically — Bella hopes to become a nukie. He should do well in the program mainly because of his background as a math-physics major. However, if he doesn't succeed in nucpower, he can always fall back on his experiences at USNA and open up his own barber shop.

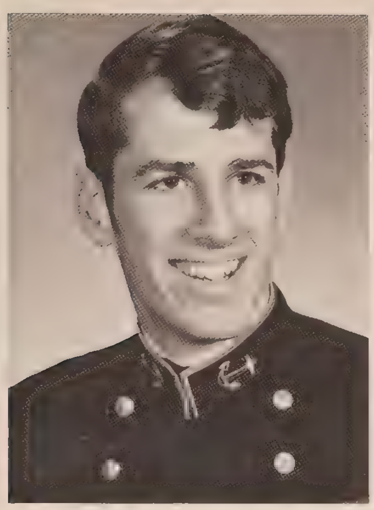


EDWARD ROY HAWKENS

Roy arrived at USNA from Langley High School in McLean, Virginia. After a short while of testing his wings, the Hawk took off and has persevered in displaying excellence in all areas he has become involved in. He has continued to impress us with his attention to academics, his thorough concern to his office of vice president, and his athletic abilities on intramural and rugby fields. Although the Hawk plays the role of dedicated midshipman on weekdays, nearly every weekend finds him winding down with a sweet Carol Anne by his side either in the DC area or at U. of Va. One of the few political science majors to be selected for Nuclear Power, Roy should prove a valuable asset to that program. His qualities of sincerity and an easy going friendliness, combined with his determined drive, should guarantee success in the future paths he pursues.

ANDREW C. HOWARD

Andy came to USNA from deep in the heart of Alabama with his grease camera in one hand and his class camera in the other. Andy's keen skill with photography gained him the responsibility of the '75 Lucky Bag, and kept him in demand by many of the local belles whom he could always be found with at certain places in DC. Being a double E major, he had a constant struggle with academics but gained the fruits of nuclear power and a life of 10,000 leagues under the sea



PATRICK KILCLINE

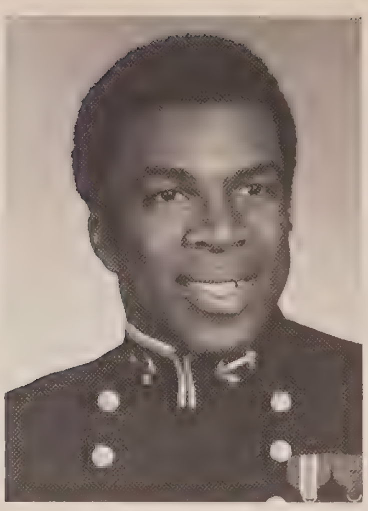
Pat came to the Academy from many different hometowns finally settling in McLean, Virginia, long enough to graduate from Langley High. He chose to specialize in political science while avoiding as much as possible the professional type courses. Despite a preponderance of the latter he made a shortlived guest appearance on the sup's list first class year. Spending much of his 4 years on crutches, Pat still managed a few good seasons with the Rugby Club. "Big Loot" plans to keep moving with Navy Air at least until he can find something to make him settle down. There are no regrets only aspirations to continue lasting friendships and a search for perennial happiness in life.

FRANK M. LANGLEY

Mike came to us from the town that had everything, Hot Springs, Arkansas. After a shaky and trying Plebe year at Navy, in which his very existence was in doubt, Mike was finally able to establish himself as Navy's premier, gougeman, and pad maggot. A free spirit who was known to be a lover of wine, women and song, finally met that special someone youngster year and is now none of the above. Always one with a quick wit and a burning sense of self-preservation, Mike was able to extract himself from many a hot spot with some of the finest excuses heard by man. An excellent athlete, Mike has spent 4 years making his name synonymous with Rugby. After graduation, Mike plans on making a short stop over at Pensacola and a "career" with Navy Air, giving them one of the best USNA has to offer.

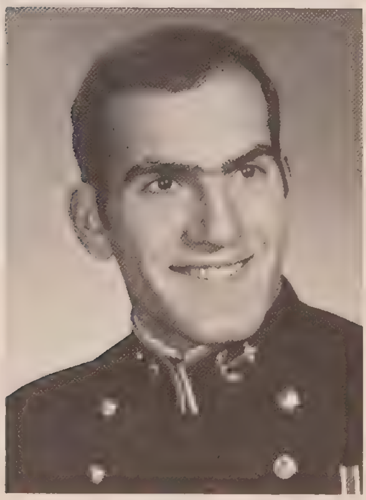
CHARLES R. LASKO

Charlie's career at the Academy was never what one would call dull. He was forever burning candles from both ends and attempting to escape unscathed, for the most part successfully. Having survived Plebe year up on 7-3, "Ace" spent the next three years appeasing the God of 2.0, in an attempt to graduate with a designated degree in Ocean Engineering. Somehow, he has survived, and takes with him a purple MGB, gold jump wings, a scuba qualification card, and a bright future as a flyer in the US Navy.



HENDERSON LAWSON

From the banks of Bayou Lafourche deep in the heart of Louisiana, Hank came to USNA with only one purpose in mind — wearing the Marine Green. It was a long trip from June '71 to D-Day, 1975, but one well worth taking, though not lightly. As an afterthought — Thanks, USNA, for the lessons you gave and the many hours of "YUKS."



FRANK B. MARANO

Frank, nicknamed "Fubar" has been the hermit of Hubbard Hall for the past several years. Known for his witty jokes, which he is still waiting for someone to laugh at, Frank won't hesitate to laugh at himself along with others. "Don Capo" of the Italian branch at USNA, Frank is known for his big family and his Mom's cooking back home in Jersey. Frank likes to see people smile (or he makes them an offer they can't resist). His love for ships has always kept his mind set on being part of the "real" Navy — Surface line.

DAVID MASLOW

Dave, the blonde haired viking from Minnesota, had an external appearance of cool and quiet, but gained respect through leading by example. His heart was captured one day youngster year when "directing traffic" in Annapolis. From then on it was Debbie and Dave, him spending the rest of the weekends at USNA in Glen Burnie. However, you could always count on Dave being in the middle of company sports or working as Varsity football manager. An addition to the surface fleet, Dave is looking for challenging duty on a reserve ship in Baltimore. He can be guaranteed success in whatever field he enters.

LARRY PATRICK

Larry came to USNA from the Rocky Mountains of Colorado and spent 4 years trying to explain why he didn't go to Air Force. Larry will be remembered by many things from his experiences with "Bubba" to the many hours he spent at DQ which earned him the nickname "the Jaw." As a member in good standing of the "Three Musketeers," Larry was the life of many parties along with "Good Time" and "Funky." If Admiral Rickover and him see eye to eye, Larry should be a success in the submarine force.

CRAIG STEWART McCLELLAN

me, man, people
midshipman, navy, department of defense
proton, electron, molecule
earth, planet, milky way
universe
what is Significance?

STUART RICHARDS

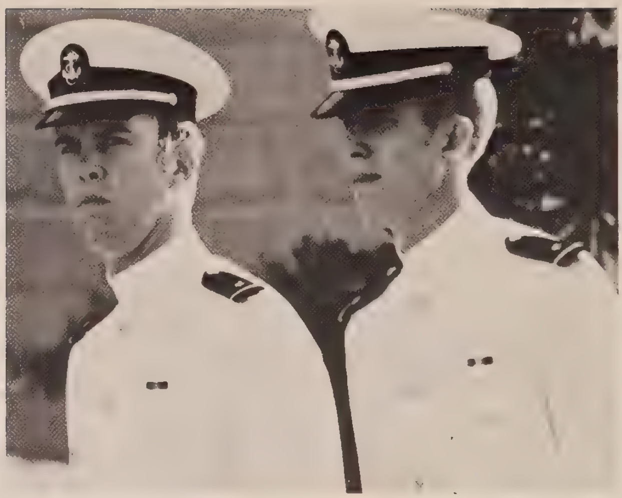
Hailing from Oakland, California, Stu quickly earned the respect and admiration of all he came in contact with by proving he was a willing worker, and the fruits of his labor became evident as "4.0 Stu" emerged as an academic giant at the Academy. Easily one of the friendliest and sincerest persons at the Academy, Stu is one of those rare fellows who utilizes his fine character traits to the good of everyone concerned. On the athletic field, "Stu the Stick" cut a formidable figure; on weekend flings Stu became known as the low key ladies' man; and around the hall Stu could always be counted on to cheerfully lend a helping hand. No doubt his training in the Electronics field will be put to excellent use in Admiral Rickover's program — but more importantly, the Navy is gaining an officer of the highest calibre. Stu's success is guaranteed in any path he decides to pursue.

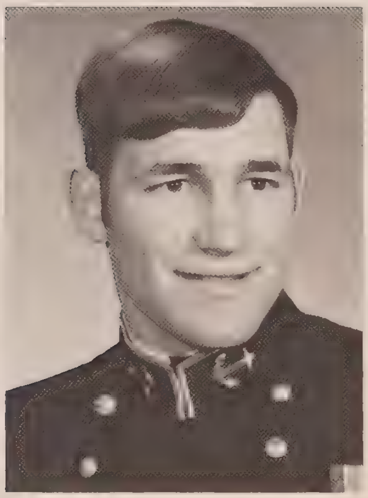
JOHN W. MURRAY

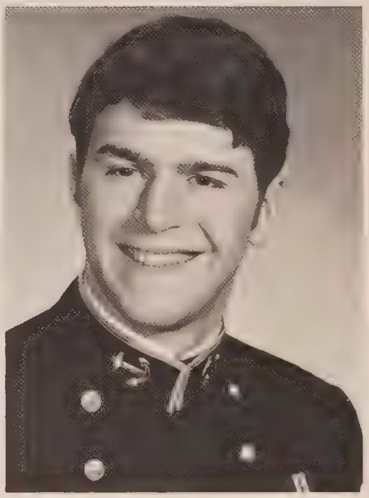
Hailing from the opposite side of the Great Divide, John arrived at "Canoe U." from Lakewood, Colo. to become a doctor. Someone should have told him that Navy was for "the human officer and professional person," but he surprised us all by "slashing" his way to the uppermost parts of the class and into the Bioscience Major. If Adm. Rickover doesn't get him, he may be a doctor yet. When not in his rack, "Doc" could be found out on the intramural field in anything from tennis to the D&B. More conservative than most and endowed with more than his share of common sense, "Doc" will benefit the Navy with whatever he does.

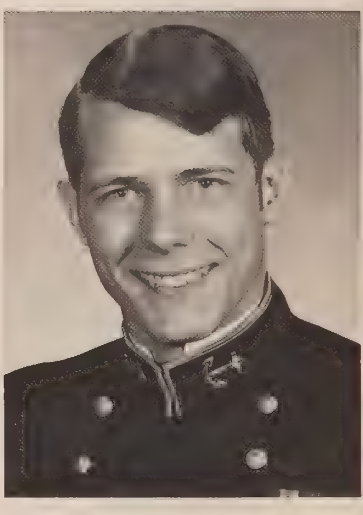
T. C. SCHIEVELBEIN

Coming from Bozeman, Montana, the mild-mannered "Bein" of Plebe year quickly molded himself into a "Ragman" that Plebes always steered clear of his remaining 3 years at the Institute. Once aboard he found himself in a tight race for the highest ranking midshipman from Montana. Never unblessed with academic talent, Tom spent the weekends or leave with women whom he would never develop close ties. "Bein's" mood and pace always brought smiles to whomever visited his usually filled room, especially 2/c year when the "Bein spine" acted up. Tom's physical disability did not keep him from the athletic fields, however, where he excelled in Company intramurals Picking Nuc Power for his future, Tom will make a fine submariner.









CRAIG R. SOLEM

Craig blew in from the wilds of Libby, Montana to assume the role of "Chicken-man", the "Lizard", and the night crier of the 18th platoon plebe summer. Better known to all as "Fred," due to a characteristic he often displayed, his greatest talents lie in driving new cars under chain fences, being carried back from the Old Town Inn, lighting "Good Time" and occasionally himself on fire. Never one to sweat grades, Fred will definitely graduate as one of the top two midshipmen from Montana and go on to a glorious career on the USS "Always-sail."

RICHARD CRAIG THOMAS

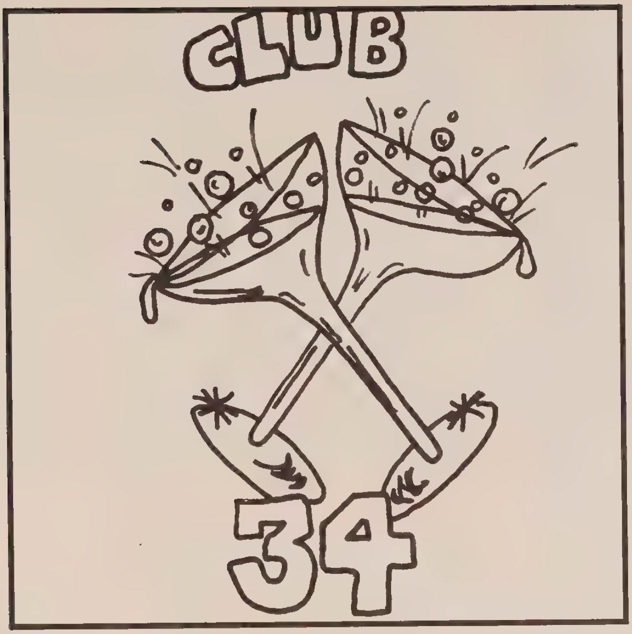
Rick came to the Academy from the thriving metropolis of Danville, Pennsylvania, and has since been a man who pushes himself, his luck, and the hair regs all to their fullest extent. Golden in every sense of the word, Rick took his self made luck into the classroom and onto the athletic field, excelling in both. An Operations Analysis major, RC found academics neither an obsession nor a bag. Rick is an outstanding all-around athlete who won his gold N as brigade boxing champion youngster year and then turned to the Rugby team where he was a terror for 3 years. A man who does well at whatever he jumps into, Rick will be a fine addition to the Naval service

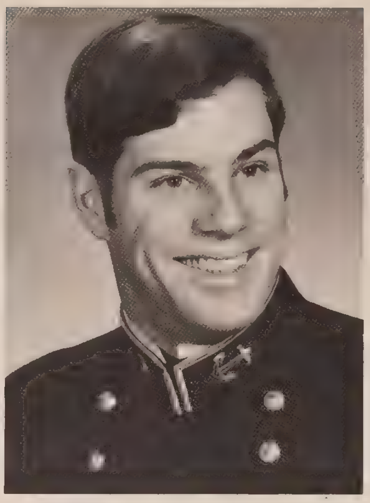
RAYMOND P. WASSEL

i am being driven forward
into an unknown land.
the pass grows steeper,
the air colder and
sharper
a wind from my unknown
goal
stirs the strings
of expectation

still the question:
shall i ever get there?
there where life resounds,
a clean pure note
in the silence

d l


CLUB
34



JEFFREY W. BAKER

Jeff, known as "Vault" to most, left his home in sunny Fresno, California to come to Annapolis, Md. Plebe year found Jeff on the Varsity Track team establishing USNA records in the pole-vault. Sophomore year he decided to leave the track team and take up a new sport, speed walking. It has been said that Jeff is the only person who could leave for class a minute late and arrive on time. Jeff fared well academically, usually making either the Merit's or Supt's List. He would often seek help from a classmate on a homework problem and end up helping the helper instead. Although Jeff would like to fly, his eyes are on the Nuclear Power Program where he should do well.

BRUCE E. BRONARS

Bruce, or "Head" as he was affectionately known, came to USNA from the surfs of Southern California. He is the type that can never be outdone, whether it be telling stories or arm wrestling in the bars of Hong Kong. The only problem with listening to his stories is that at times he would get carried away and you had to have your dictionary on hand to translate. One of the famed "Hong Kong Six," Bruce could always be counted on to party, even if it meant bringing his $6,000 (at least) stereo system with him. A great guy, Bruce's outgoing personality and strong self confidence should take him far with the corps.

ELIAS BARJUM

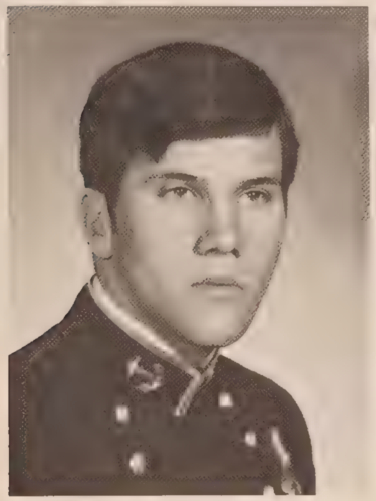
One Monday down in Tegucigalpa Supercalafragalisticexpealidoshus, Honduras, Central America, Elias Barjum decided he wanted to attend USNA. Two weeks later he left the banana capital of the world for the bigger banana USNA. He was so cute that everyone wanted to nickname him and the list includes "The man who wears the star, Texaco, Borj, Barjum, Elias, Eli, Hondo, Lito, Abdul, Abdul the camel driver, Abdul the tent maker," and many more not fit for this book. Eli has been active in all facets of the intramural program and is constantly working out — every other Monday. Barj is an electrical engineering major and knows his wires both in class and in his (CC) jaguar. He is always going on a diet 'tomorrow' and as he says it he picks someone else's plate clean but only taking a piece or just half — twice. Eli is concerned about his country and will leave USNA for his homeland. At present he doesn't know what class banana boat he will be rowing on. More seriously, Elias Barjum will be a credit to any foreign country and that Navy will be getting a fine human person and professional officer.

PHILLIP D. CARLSON

Phil Carlson, or "Kit" as he is affectionately known, came to USNA from Pacifica, California. He quickly established himself as a friend to all, and became highly liked. By youngster year, Phil emerged as a leader among his classmates, and a "classic of our time." Between Phil's many amusing escapades, ranging from Hong Kong to nearby Towson State College, he somehow found time to study and endeavor to conquer the field of Oceanography. Phil enlarged his expertise at the Naval Academy by becoming a first rate barber and could always be found on Thursday night improving his skills. 34th Company and his many friends will miss Phil when June arrives and Phil goes to flight school. His friendship and humor will long be remembered by his classmates.

RONALD L. CASEY

Ron jumped right out of Jersey to become one of the world's most celebrated chemists and sure to be Nobel Prize winner. His second year he squeezed out of chemistry into a more demanding major — History. Maybe he got his name "Squirrel" by jumping from major to major or something similar but only half of Annapolis knows for sure. Answering to the name Case and several other off color names, Ron would always flash a smile and the same line "Hey, how are ya!!" The smile always seemed to stick especially Friday nights after his pilgrimage to the O Club happy hour and the long weaving crawl back. Having analyzed the real value of USNA training, Ron has decided to spend his 5th year trying to graduate. With Ron's ambition and true concern for people, the Navy will surely benefit from his career. I rank him 1 of 0.



STEVEN D. CURLEE

Steve, or just plain Curlee, drove his Cutlass out of the pits of the Stanley, NC main street and into the "500" of Navy Tech. Curls, a Mechanical Engineering major, still has aspirations of achieving the success of Richard Petty. He has been known to travel with TT (Thirsty Travellers) Club workouts as far as Myrtle Beach or as near as Rips. Steve dreams of replacing Admiral Rickover so he can have fuel-injected, four speed subs with the Wood Brothers instead of electric boat.

THOMAS EDWARD GILLCRIST

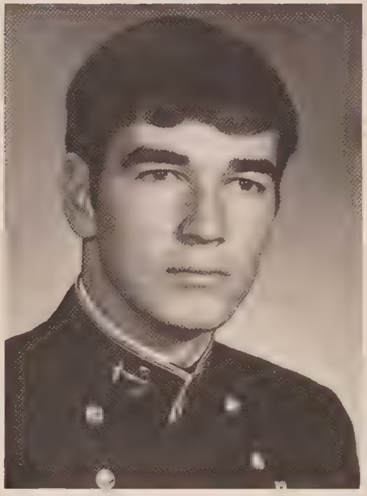
Tom "Cookie" Gillcrist is a Navy junior in the finest fashion. Born in Chincoteaque, Virginia, chicken capital of the world, Tom claims 12 previous residences. That along with Tom's fine academic background of 3 years in kindergarten gave him the necessary credentials to enroll in Annapolis Tech. Cookie was famous for several things, his intense desire to wrestle anyone who hung his frog, possessing more chow but eating less of it than anyone else in the company, and his 0-736 won-loss record with his rack. Tom will be flying in a back seat or cruising in a front seat after graduation. Whatever his decision, it's bound to be the wrong one

STEPHEN GERARD DEMERRANVILLE

Steve came from Mobile, Alabama claiming to be a Southern Gentleman at heart. Though he thought he was the "young stud" that could catch all the young ladies, the majority of times he was dependent on his roommate for dates. He spent the last 4 years building up his superstar image. His deeds range from writing his own press release for a hometown paper and having his roommate sign it, to collecting 1975 numerals and N stars to cover the holes in his bath robe. Steve is a firm believer in the 30 hour study per week concept. Fifteen he spends trying to impress others about his major and the other fifteen at picking other people's faults. His near future has him at flight school in Pensacola. Whatever after, Steve will surely be a credit to the Navy.

KURT HUFF

Kurt, or "Huffer" as he was known, came to the academy from the deserts of New Mexico, spinning his rifle all the way. A very likable person, Kurt had no problems making friends here. He was an official member of the "Hong Kong Six" and active participator in many other memorable experiences. Kurt was never one to turn down a good time with either "the boys" or members of the opposite sex. Then one June Week youngster year and a little Italian named Katy came along; after that things were never the same. His strong desire to excel and positive attitude will take him far in the supply corps.

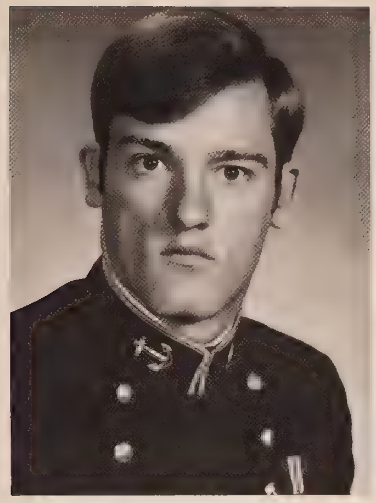


THOMAS JUREWICZ

Truly the "Space Cowboy" of 34, Tom devoted Plebe year to running out Captain Kirk. We'll all remember what he was famous for youngster year, and second class year he won his two black N's as a birthday present: The story goes that he was demonstrating his so called Roumanian good luck sign for the Brigade Subcommander and . . . Scuba turned out to be his major preoccupation here at Navy (Wow! A YMCA instructor! Whew!) An incorrigible womanizer at heart, Tom's beige (caramel that is) Firebird carries him to and from home in Point Pleasant, NJ. It will be either Nuclear Power or NFO, Tom says. "Bet you weren't ready for that," Admiral Rickover!

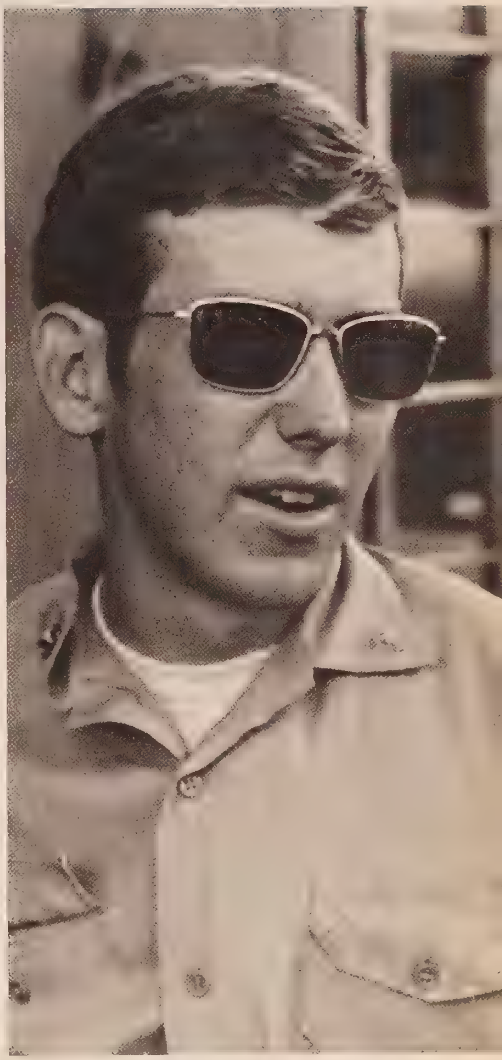
STEVEN LAABS

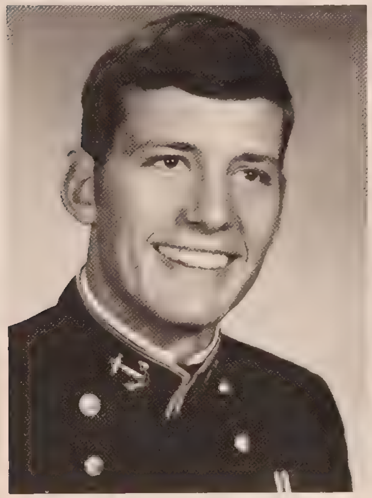
Steve was Hawley, Pa.'s contribution to the "nation's finest." An active competitor on Company and Battalion sports teams, Steve's determination served as inspiration in many victories. "Moms" also had the cumbersome responsibility of taking care of and cleaning up after the TT (Thirsty Travellers) Club activities. Steve's tremendous sense of companionship made him a household name with all the lovelies on the east coast, especially while soaking up on those three striper libs. Soon Steve will have his Van heading down to Pensacola where he will try to tame the South



CHARLES M. MESSICK

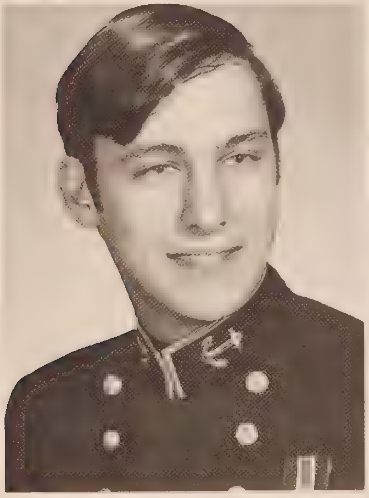
Mike Messick came to USNA from that sprawling megalopolis of St. Michels, Maryland with a guitar strapped to his back and visions of the "All American boys" dancing in his head. After plebe year, Mike chose Mechanical Engineering as a major and took "anything over 2.0 is wasted rack time" as a motto. He became a yawl sailor during plebe year and earned his D qualification during his youngster year. He also became lead guitarist and singer for the NA-10 during his plebe year. The only thing on Mike's mind now is a nice quiet time in Pensacola, Florida, for flight school and girl chasing. After that he hopes to get a driver's seat in a slow F-4.





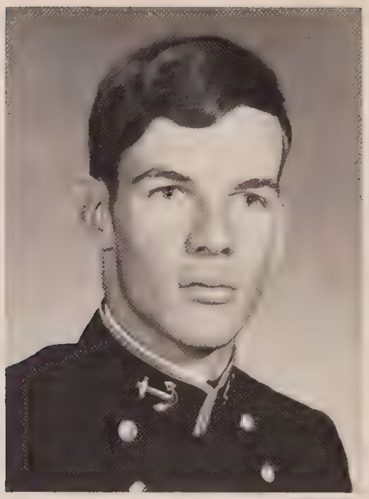
ROBERT KEVIN MILLER

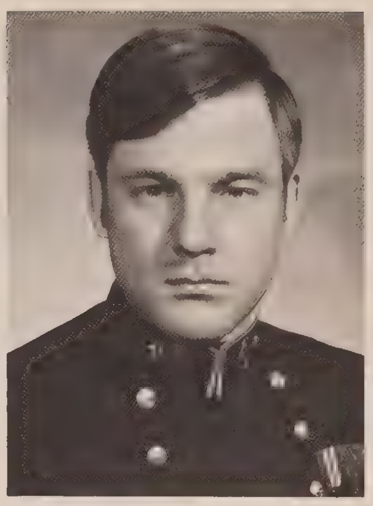
As soon as Kevin, from Arlington, Virginia, became old enough, he quit college and enrolled in USNA where he was still the youngest in the company. Kevin barely made it through plebe summer thanks to a humorous lemon chit he sent to his squad leader's girlfriend. Academic year came easier for Kevin as he skated through plebe year as a varsity jock. Two years later as a Junior he was elected to be captain of his Varsity Tennis team. Somehow Kevin worked studying into his busy schedule and managed to consistently stay on the Supt's list. Being an Analytical Management major, he could be found helping his engineering classmates with their homework. Coasting through first class year, Kevin is looking forward to getting together in June with his true love, Navy Air.



CHRISTOPHER MOSCHELLA

Chris, more affectionately known as "Mouse," hails from Absecon, NJ. He became widely known for using his EE major to figure out how many different combinations of stereo equipment he could come up with. Mouse became the proud winner of a black N and a bonus o'f 2 months restriction. This definitely short circuited his social life. Still he made a strong comeback and could always be counted on to lead the charge after Johnny Walker. With Mouse's great personality and love of port action, he will certainly be an asset to the surface Navy.





JOHN NORRIS

John followed his brother (USNA '67) out to Annapolis from Oska, Iowa. Contributor of that most witty famous Naval saying, "It was a mere problem . . ." John easily took all that Navy could throw at him in stride. While everyone else plodded along the academic trail, John casually yawned and turned to more important matters: working his way up through the ranks to become President of the Military Studies Association. After a career in nuclear power, this dedicated young man will probably be found directing things at the Pentagon or filling the shoes of Admiral Rickover!

CARL OLEXIK

Chuck came to the University of Navy from the serenity of Hinsdale, Illinois. A former gunge NROTC type, it took the discipline and atmosphere of Navy for him to grow his hair long and switch from the Marine Corps to the Nuclear Power Program. Being the sole survivor of the 1973 Hondo-Arabic invasion, Chuck managed to plaster his name all over the Academy; the scrolls of the sup's list and the American Nuclear Society bore it as did his roommate's drawers. Chuck's ultimate achievement at the uncollege was his acceptance into Admiral Rickover's school for the mentally handicapped. Chuck looks forward to a rewarding career with General Electric's nuclear power division.

DANIEL WAYNE ROEPKE

Hailing from Holstein, Iowa, Daniel W. Roepke, affectionately known as "Rup" and "Puppy," was another member of the "Hong Kong Six." Always willing to help out a friend, Rup gained the respect of all he met starting from day one. Not one to be outdone, he was always the mainstay at company parties. Winner of 1 black N, Rup was the cornerstone of the fieldball team's defensive unit and 3 Brigade Champion Batt football teams. Dan was also one of the original members of the TT Club. As treasurer and financier, he always made sure club movements were well stocked. Although torn between Navy and Marine Air, Rup will be a true asset to either service.

GET 'EM GOAT!
NAVY
NAVY

ANTHONY J. RUOTI

Tony joined the rest of us in 34 at the beginning of second class year, following an eight month enlisted vacation in Norfolk, Virginia. Formerly of the Big Blue, No. 86 retired his jersey in favor of Academics. His football talent was not to be wasted, however. Getting his priorities straight, he divided his time among Varsity Track without the "T," coaching plebe football, and coaching a Brigade championship Batt football team. In addition, he became the terror of the company basketball court. When he got steamed, we all stood clear. "Roots", "Rootie", or "Wad" hails from Cherry Hill, NJ, the site of our 74 Army Party. Also known as company Attorney at Sea, he advised all concerning legal and administrative conduct matters, based on his wealth of experience. Some time after graduation, the "begal" will roll into the Florida sun . . .

THOMAS SPRAGUE

Always a firm believer in upholding all great Naval traditions, Tom spent his younger years attempting to woo the entire female population of Atlanta, Georgia, then set out in search of new conquests. After a short rest stop at NAPS, "Spaceman" floated into Annapolis. He quickly established himself as a top notch sleuth in the world of academia by always managing to find the gouge on anything; even blood tests. Tom's studies in Oceanography keep his work underwater during the week and his natural instinct toward parties usually ran his research in the liquids area well into the weekend. He plans to keep his head in the clouds as a Navy pilot and should have no problems as long as "somebody took the same exam last year."

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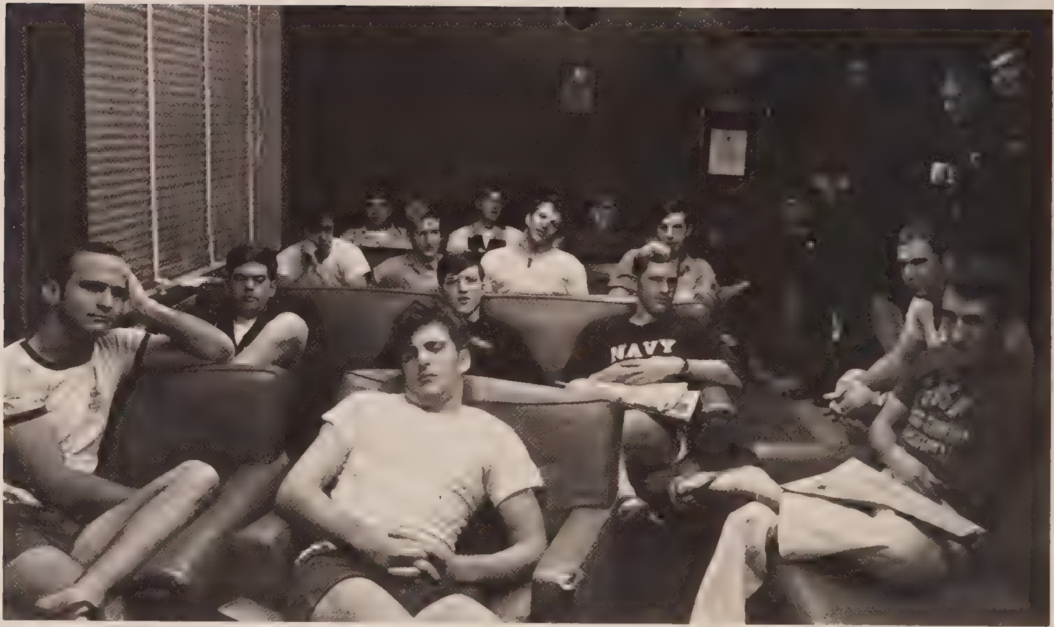


JOHN C. BENIGNO

A beaner in his own right, Benigni came to Canoe U. all the way from Laurel, Md. Passing up track scholarships from many "real" schools, Chris faked it for 2 years on Thompson Field's Cinders before finding more interesting activities. An Axe Board Veteran, he stood up for his own principles and sat down on his own stool. For 4 years he has waited to throw that stupid hat — if asked if he would do it again — well, just don't ask! He is Pensacola bound with his Bunny Rabbit. He wants to eventually fly nuclear powered F-14's. And as this young man says, "Don't blame me, I voted for McGovern!" Hi Mom!!

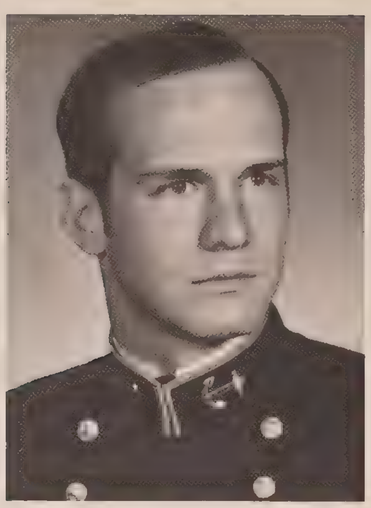
STATES NAVY

PAUL BOWLES

Paul Bowles fresh from the slopes of Vermont came to Navy with three formulas for success Marcia = love!, Montpelier = home and freedom, and Navy = Law school? Well Paul, two out of three isn't bad. Always determined not to let college ruin his education, Paul has kept his grades high hoping this is the path to Law school. Paul will always be remembered for his frequently planned trips to Canada, the Boston teams that never lose and ankles that hurt only until the weekends. He's an avid athlete, always leads the Co. B-ball team to victory, and recently has formed a one man Hockey team playing himself nightly. The Navy's in for a real shock, but he won't stay long so it doesn't really matter

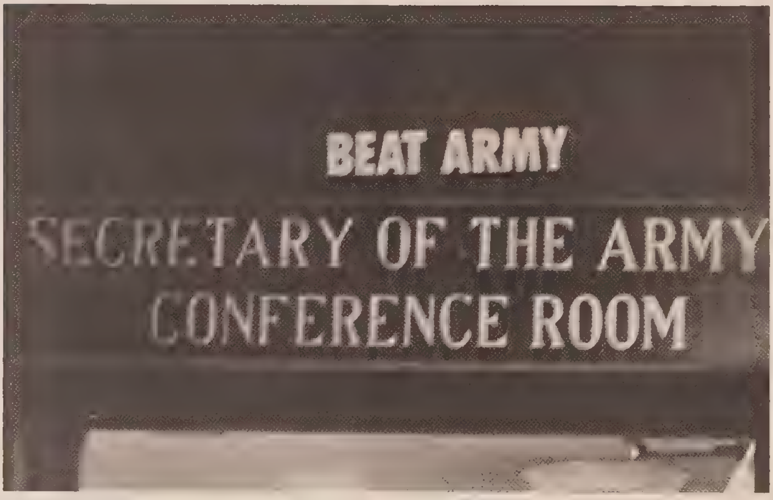
DAVID DUFFIE

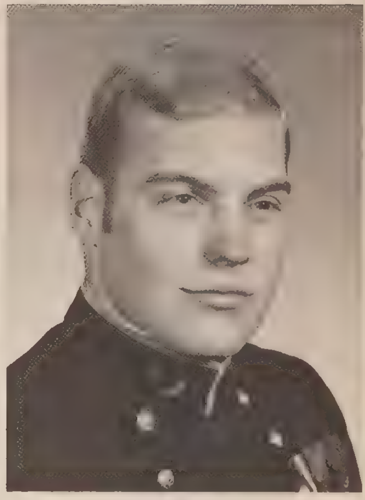
Dave came to the Academy from Plecentia, Calif. Plebe year started him in his extra curriculars which included D&B and swimming. Dave lettered for 4 years and culminated his career by being captain this past year. Grades never posed any real threat to Dave's tenure here as youngster TV brought the needed enlightenment. Service selection finds Dave in Admiral Rick's Yacht Club. Marriage soon after graduation for he and Chris

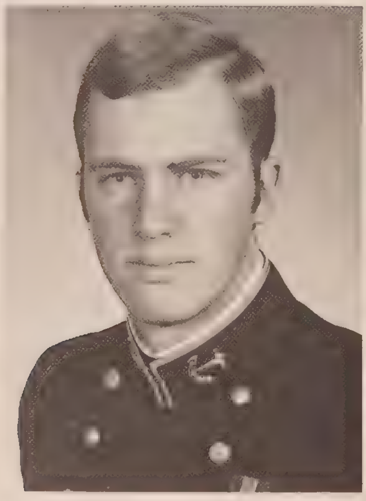


STEPHEN WILLIAM FERGUSON

Fergie flew in from Taiwan to join the Navy Blue and Gold. With his receding hairline, the bald eagle quickly began his pursuit of Navy soccer, Oceanography, and surface line. Plebe year liberty got Fergie out the gate; romance cornered him but Navy always won until Heidi appeared second class year. With his belief in Navy tradition, he distinguished himself among his classmates for his pursuit of professionalism. Always let it be remembered that Fergie was a rugger — his hard charging and professionalism will make him a fine addition to the fleet.





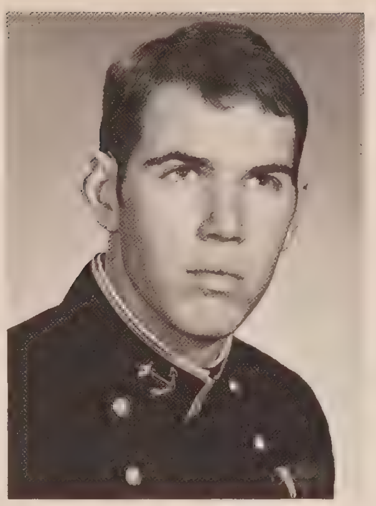


THOMAS WAYNE FREY

Tom came to join us all here at the Salty Severn River Sea School from the rolling hills of Scotia, New York. Always trying to bag it, he never quite managed to succeed, thereby providing the axiom "that Bagging it is a lost art!" He started by validating just about every course you can validate in plebe summer, plus a couple more, such as plebe summer!? In fact, he did so well in academics the first 3 years, they decided to let him validate first class year with a Trident Scholar. Since academics came so easily to him, Tom could usually be found dreaming of one of his many loves rather than studying. Always wanting to be a ladies' man, he was definitely a firm follower of the opposite sex. Lately though, Tom has found a new love, a little green Capri. With it, Tom is one of the few Mids that can truthfully say he drives more miles than we get paid in pennies in one month; usually just cruisin'! Tom is definitely the kind of guy that likes to get hold of something hot and put it through its paces. That's why if you happen to find him around the Academy after one of his usual five day weekends, it was probably while he showered and changed to head out for his one true love, an afternoon of flying. He's definitely Navy Air all the way. Too bad HR; this is one Oceanographer you would have liked

CHARLES GEYER

This blond haired, 6'5" giant by the name of Chuck came striding into the gates of the Academy from the vast metropolis of Baltimore. With home and his girl so close the past 4 years have been nothing but fun until it was time to go back to school and studies. Always a good athlete, Chuck's favorite sport was basketball, only you had to watch out because he might step on you with his size 13's. Aspiring to get his feet off the ground, Chuck is looking for the fastest mode of transportation next to his Z, a jet. So the Navy will be getting one of its best pilots as soon as Chuck hits the fleet.

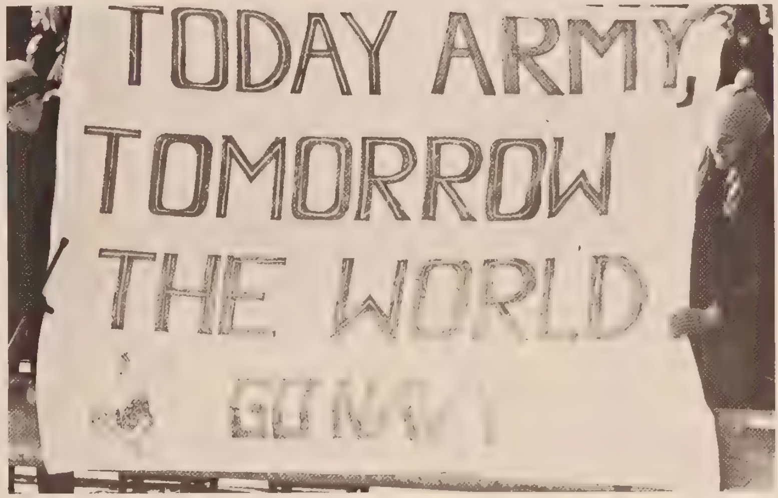


FRANCIS X. McKEONE

Frank, commonly known to us as Francis or Big Frank, came to our hallowed halls from the large metropolis of Newark, Delaware. A graduate of Salisianum High School, then a graduate of NAPS, Frank is one of the most respected individuals among his peers. He is always seen with a good disposition and a jovial attitude, yet he's not afraid to stand up for what he believes. Though not recruited for the Track team, Frank was State high school champion in the javelin event, only to be plagued with injuries when he came here. Academics not being one of his stronger assets, he still has an uncanny ability to get the gouge and pass it along. Among his ECA's is a certain female whose enthusiasm and encouragement have pulled him through USNA. Not a weekend has gone by since youngster year, that he and Janie have not been together. Looking forward to a future in Navy Air, he will definitely be an asset to the program wherever he goes. Whether Frank is career oriented or not, it will undoubtedly be one filled with success. We all have confidence in him. Good luck Mac!

CHRISTOPHER JAMES HALL

Scituate, Mass. owned CJ's heart for a long 17 years, but a fine 4 years at Canoe U. should allow the Navy to lay claim to his heart for the next 20. Navy PT and Nichols gave CJ second thoughts about the Marine Corps while Youngster YPs enlightened him to the advantages of surface line. A hard charger on the soccer, fieldball, and softball teams, CJ excelled in company intramurals during the week only to relax every weekend by singing in the Chapel Choir. His academic achievement in Oceanography as well as his efficient use of time should provide the fleet with a fine engineer — maybe even a nuclear engineer.

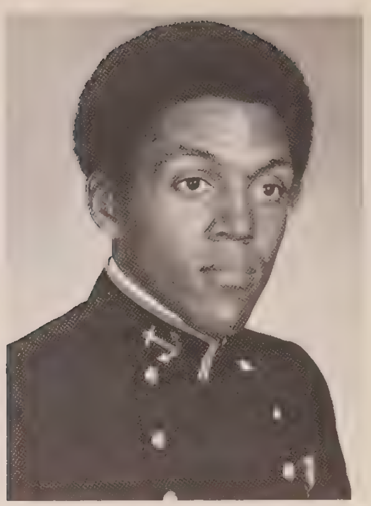


STEPHEN HUBBARD

Whether orbiting like an electron around the steel towers of the cross country course, or exponentially decaying into the physical sciences, "Hubbs" is the real heart of the company. Words can flow endlessly about this sprout from Vancouver, Washington's new found love from Laurel, Md. (not Dale Bateman). Bowling his way endlessly into dense strikes, or running Sunday School, Hubbs is the pivot around which many things revolve. Alias "Easter Bunny", "Santa Claus", and "Tooth Fairy", Steve is dreaming about surface line and better things.

MARK R. MILLIKEN

Mark, getting such a kick out of the fun happenings at USNA, decided to stretch the 4 year program into five (actually his academic achievement made the decision easy). Athletically inclined, he oriented his efforts towards the lacrosse field for the first four years and towards DC for the final one. Well known and always active, Mark made many contributions to the Academy during his stay, especially as one of the top party organizers in the brigade. More seriously, Mark is bound to contribute and positively aid whatever specialty he enters in the Navy.

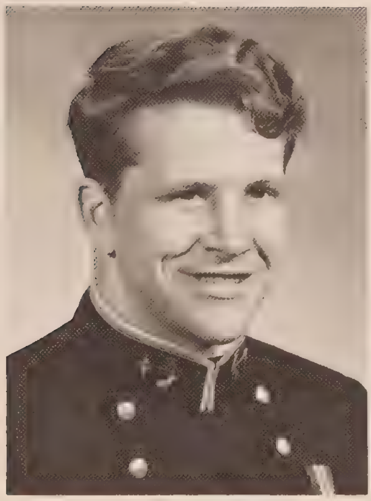


WILLIAM J. MONTGOMERY

Monkey Bill is a product of the Blue Grass State. A real ladies' man (and a former member of the Hand Ankles Club), Bill met his match in a young lady from Pensacola. She tightened down his life style and also made surface selection that much easier. Other loves include Navy basketball and another young lady named "ecstasy," which he dreams about every hour on the quarter. Always wearing a smile, Bill never fails to help a friend. He takes life easy and should take Pensacola just about the same.

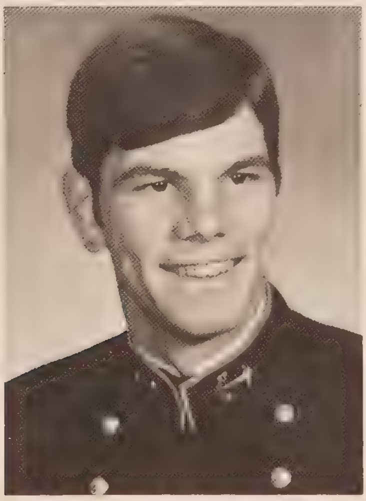
SCOTT C. PETERSON

Scott gave up the good life of Mount Vernon, Iowa and headed East in search of his future. He was involved in many activities and participated actively in company and battalion athletics, always excelling in the chosen sport. His underclass years were loaded with ups and downs, but it was first class year that brought Pete fame in his number one activity: guiding "Rip" down the road. As founder and president of the TT (Thirsty Travellers) Club and with his great personality, he makes the van and the club welcomed all over the United States. Suppose he can figure out a way to carpet the inside of a cockpit at Pensacola?



WILLIAM GREER PUCKETT

Before the beginning there was this Cadet, and for some reason at some time he bloomed into a Mid, and his name was Greer. An excellent swimmer and avid fan of Phil Oaks, "Snuffy" has been a faithful shipmate during our brief stay here at USNA. Greer has burned the midnight oil frequently studying History. A true Dove at heart, Greer remains virtuous despite his best efforts, and only time will tell what surface line has in store for him.



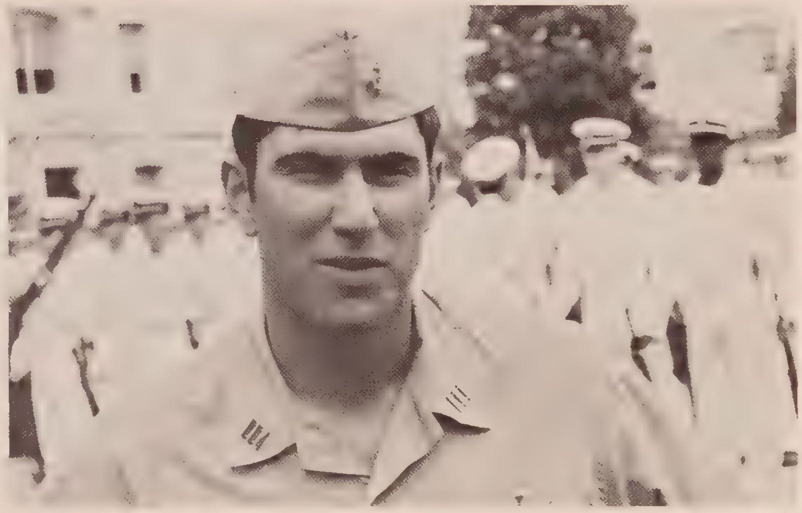
RODNEY P. REPKA

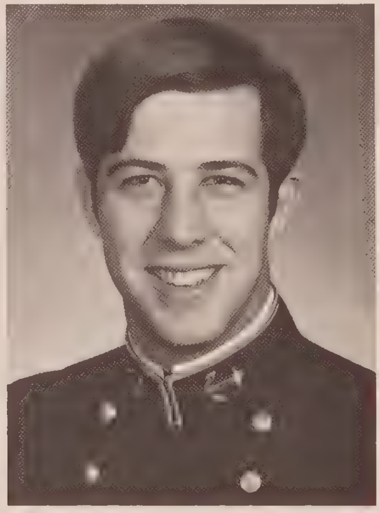
Rod, known by most as Rep gave up the life of a Ductilite in Yorkville, Ohio to join the ranks of the nation's finest(?). After having more than the normal share of athletic success in high school, his interests have changed some and varied continuously, including high academic achievement after a slow start. Over the years, he has won the respect of all, but his claim to fame must be his method of counting the days until the next leave period (i.e., on August 20th of plebe summer, his calculations showed there to be only 38 days until Christmas, by omitting Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays, light academic days, early routines, clear skies, and full moons.) He is also a strong advocate of waiting at least ten years after graduation before considering marriage . . . After graduation and his June wedding(!), he will enter the Navy as a surface line officer. Whenever and wherever he goes from there, experience has taught us that Rep will gain the respect of all.

DANNY ANDREW STINE

"Wud y'all say?"

It took a while that first summer before we-all learned to speak correctly, but Danny soon straightened us out using his politely southern manner. From that point on, it was apparent that the "Godfather" would prove to be one of the company's most effective leaders, standing up under all trials and pressures, whether they be grillings at the hands of the Red Rooster or interrogations concerning "gang activities" by L-C-D-R. An ever-present fixture at the library, DA has spent almost as much time going steady with Ana Mana as he has dreamin' about the girl back home. (I said **almost,** Jessica.) Danny has always remained confident about his future, even through the times when things were then weren't . . . then finally, were again. A friendlier guy you'll never meet. Dan improves company morale by just bein' himself: Always smiling and joking, or whistling "Chick-A-Boom." Whether he pushes ships or heads for Pensacola, the fleet can stand by to receive a real gentleman

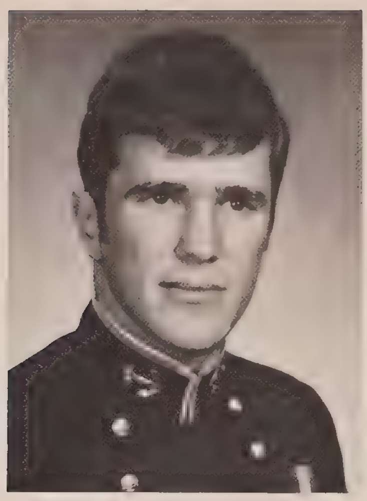




PHILIP E. TROY

Even though Phil wasn't born on the crest of a wave, he has always been close to the water due to his love for crew. Surface line was mighty fine for Gnarls, but gradually he changed under to submarines. He got his first taste of subs while skimming the surface of the Severn one fall afternoon. He caught a crab, punched out, and gracefully arched into the mysterious depths. He was further pressured into subs when visions of the Detail danced in his head. His aspirations were confirmed when he embarked on a paradise Boomer cruise to the beaches of Florida Phil, like a good Mid, was made of gouge, rack and making tracks for the weekend. Snoopy is his life time hero and his MG and blond Snoopy fan made weekends . . . These ingredients help him survive despite glaring moonbeams, banana showers, or interviews for Nuc Power. You can bet he won't mind patrols because if he's not dreaming of his Snoopy fan, he will be creating a new legend. Snoopy and the Red Rickover

36

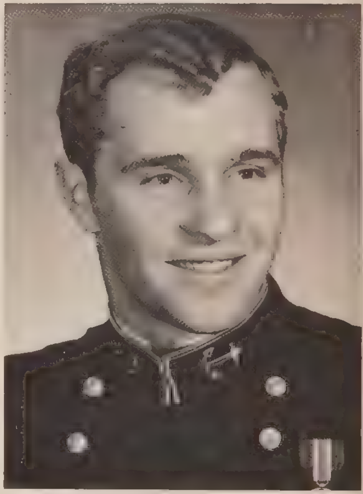


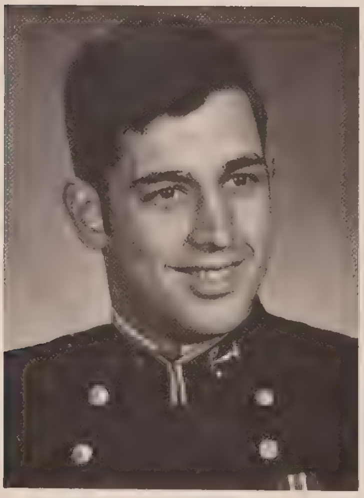
BRIAN BALKO

Brian will undoubtedly go down in the annals of '75 as the man whose hobby it was to salvage the sinking academic careers of his classmates. Never one to refuse aid to an aspiring engineer, Balks would use the steady stream of visitors to his room during study hour as an opportunity to prepare for his own exams. After working everyone else's problems, he would have neither the inclination nor the need to study much more himself. With characteristic canny and forethought, Balks was able to escape the clutches of the Nuclear Power representative before service selection, by telling him that Nuc Power would not give him ample opportunity to use his major; after all, he **is** an Electrical Engineer! Those who are worrying about the country's future energy problems are wasting their time. All they have to do is catch Brian sometime when he is not flying Navy planes, and ask him for a little advice and Extra Instruction.

JAMES E. BEEBE

For reasons that he is still not certain existed, Jim left beautiful Hawaii to become one of the "Cream of the Crop." Never inclined towards marching, Jim early off made golf his sport, which served him well for four years. Quite a slash, he did not hesitate to sacrifice his time in the pursuit of academics, even if it meant an afternoon in the rack to rest up for a hard night's studying. Native East Coast chicks just never really appealed to Big Jim, so he'd always have a hometown honey or two on his line, even if it meant the long waits till Christmas or summers. But Oh! Those summers!! Long a flyer, Beebs decided a sub in Pearl is better than a plane on a carrier. But he's actively waiting for the five year service selection — civilian line. At least the Navy will have a good man for five years. SHAKA!!



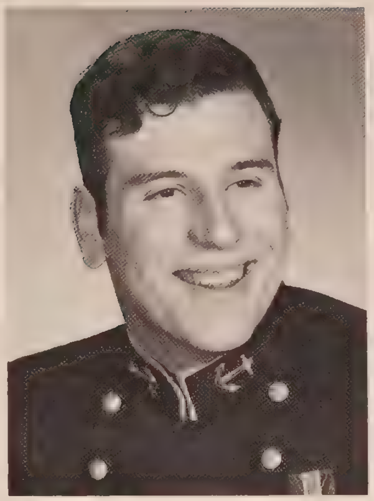


BRUCE A. BEEMER

Forsaking his wife and child, Bruce plowed his way to the Academy from the farmlands of Greggsville, Illinois. Displaying a great deal of drive and determination, Bruce chose for his major Marine Engineering in order to accomplish his lifetime dream of developing a nuclear powered tractor. All through his time at the Academy, Beems displayed a large amount of common sense and logic which is probably why he didn't receive any stripes. The future holds for Beems a much deserved reunion with his family and also a life beneath the waves. Nothing will ever discourage him nor will anything stop him from attaining his dreams. Remember Susie, Pride runs deep but MAIL doesn't!

ROBERT BULLOCK

Bob "the Bull," from Canyon, Texas, took a longhorn by the tail when he first appeared at Hubbard Crew House second class year and captained the 150's the following year. Following God and his Dad in all things (and not his nickname), Bull chose Math as his major but his major interests were sports and thoughtfulness for others more than himself. Bob won't be remembered for his rowing prowess or basketball hands, but as the man who wouldn't say "no" to anyone looking for help of any kind and who spent his studying hour giving E.I. to his roommate. He was known as "Bull," but his name was selflessness.

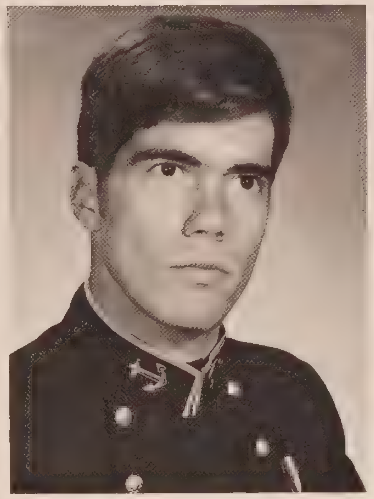


FRANK DENNIS DAVILA

"Franko," the Godfather of 36th company, began his career at Navy in hopes of finding a few good women and furthering his image as the "Italian Stallion." Books have been written and songs have been sung about this Italian's exploits on the workbench of love. Franko, when not chasing women or talking to himself, can be found studying the fundamental laws of physics. Frako gave up his little red book for a life with sweet Polly and now has plans of someday driving his car. Franko, a big man in his own right, will be an inspiring leader in the Navy's new Nuclear Navy.

ROBERT DANIEL CONRAD

RD was born and raised in the "steel city" of Western Pennsylvania where he attended Baldwin High School. Only 3 short weeks after graduation, RD left Pittsburgh and travelled south to "Crabtown on the Bay" to embark upon his naval career. During plebe year you could have found him on the gridiron playing halfback for Big Blue or hard at the books cracking that 3.0 mark. Old RD was never one to limit himself though, he soon found an interest in dingy sailing and has been sailing varsity for the past 3 years. Always a modest young man, you might have had to twist his arm to get him to tell you how he was the "All-star" halfback for the company heavies! RD was not always the stud and the scholar though. Often the philosopher, he would be outspoken and voice his honest opinion. Our man from Pittsburgh was always one to be depended upon to do the right thing. He had an appreciation for good times, attractive young ladies, and "Iron City Beer." Yes RD was always one to excel and he will definitely make his mark on this Navy and will enjoy the rewards and pleasures success will bring.

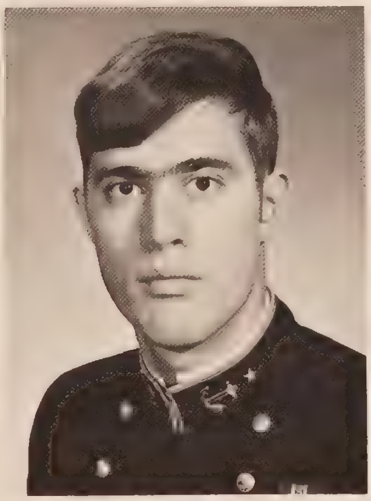


ALFRED ROSS DAVIS

After four years he still wonders where he's going.

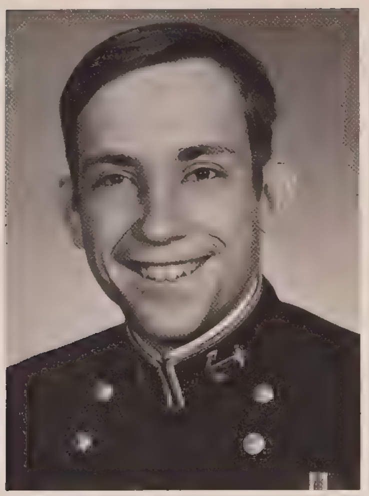
WILLIAM H. DALEY III

The Mayor hails from Windy City, Illinois where he spent his high school years avoiding school and discussing career plans with the Jesuit priests — which obviously had no influence on his choice to spend a monastic life at the farm. Always quiet and reserved (when asleep or unconscious) Dales has never been running championship cross country in order to avoid Father O's criticisms of his singing. A finer shipmate than Bill is hard to imagine, and he will be a credit to the Ring.



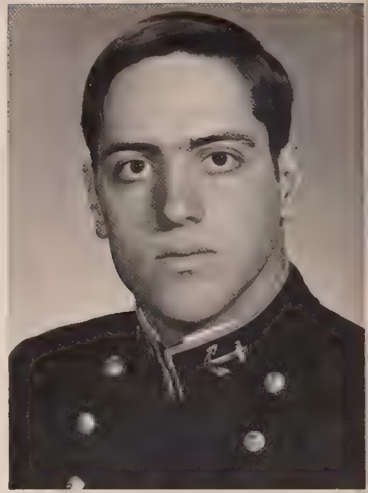
JOHN F. ENNIS

When Enz sailed from Lon Gilan, nothing stood in his way; possible exceptions being his verbose accent (an interpreter, please?), and the terrace columns leading to Higgins' hoopla. John receiving top Phys Ed honors at Commack, New York, one would never guess, excelled in soccer and attained record fame in intramural track. Being the academic genius that he was, Enz found ample time to pursue further scholastic prowess, via his library of comic books, accompanied by a bagel and pipe. The Lon Gilan Kid's wildest dreams include a return to high school days, listening to the Wizard of Oz, and marrying Karen Carpenter. The future. The Same. New challenges to conquer.



GEORGE FLYNN

George "Bear" Flynn descended upon the Naval Academy after an outstanding four years as top stud in Rutherford, New Jersey. His main attribute for the Naval Academy was that he had never lost a verbal battle. "Bear's" time at Navy has been spent at either hibernating or amusing himself with the sexual activities of Fruit Flies. His romantic and beer drinking career came to an abrupt end youngster year when he decided to settle down with his high school sweetheart. Marlboro country gained a cowboy, but the women of the world lost their "explosive" teddy bear. George hopes to attend medical school in the near future and if not he will use all his skills and techniques learned at the Academy to further his restricted line career.



WILLIAM MICHAEL FORMAN

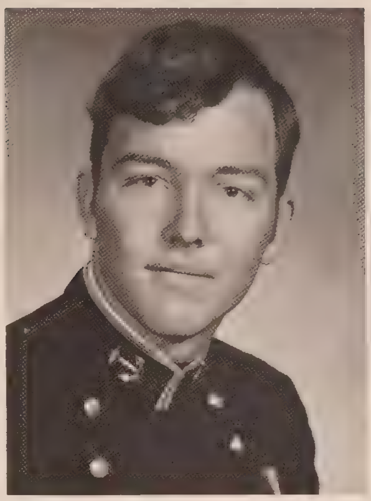
Chief, a truly diverse character was brought to us from a military high school in Latham, New York. Building on this foundation he immediately began to tackle and overcome the obstacles of the Academy. Distinguishing himself in lightweight crew as a plebe and then moving on to the very demanding brigade boxing, taking on "Nuclear" Marine engineering as a youngster and sticking with it for the duration, managing financial and romantic affairs with a flair all his own. Chief has never been one to sit and let things happen, but rather he has been the one that's happening. Constantly on the move, he might have been tough to find on any given weekend, but he never let you down when you needed him. Certainly the service will benefit from a man like this, and for Chief, only the "sky" is the limit.

JAMES GIBSON

Jim Gibson came into the Academy wearing a smile and his Napster uniform. Known to his friends as Tiger, Jim soon became known for his endeavors with the females and for being one of the originators and promoters of the "Train." Jim will never forget those hotels of youngster cruise — The Myer's Hotel in Virginia and the Hotel Des Baines in France. Both establishments were full of their mysteries and pleasures. Being full of mischief, Jim never passed up a chance to "slip it" to his buddies. Upon graduation, Jim plans to go Seals and is presently involved in a toughening up program in Striper Alley, where he is a member in good standing complete with the order of the crow. When Jim finally throws his cap into the air, he'll jump into his 260Z and "Look out chicks, here comes the Tiger."

PATRICK GOOLEY

Bringing his talents as a Fighting Irishman to Annapolis, "Gools" hailed from Oregon's abominable snowman country. 'Twas evident his Franciscan seminary schooling earned him the title "company reactionary." President of Russian and International Clubs, master bass in the Catholic Choir and House Manager for Masqueraders made Gools a vital part of '75. If he can find some place for his books, he might find room for his high school sweetheart and future wife. Pat has chosen the ageless surface line with eventual NFO ambitions. His dedication will make him a fine officer. Gooley Gulch? Take care of him for us, Cathy.

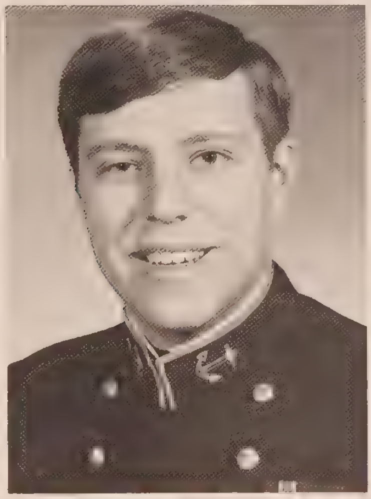


ERWIN WUNDERLICH

E. J. was imported from the Florida Everglades, where he learned arithmetic by counting alligator eggs. A man of many talents, he found time to join the Rugby Club, Sportsman's Club, and Protestant Chapel Choir. We could always count on finding our hard working math major "solving" problems in the rack. He claimed "the flashiest and most expensive car in the company" — a swamp buggy. He will marry the sweetest of all Georgia peaches in the Chapel on graduation day, then it's off to Nuclear Power School and the FBM's. If past performance is any criterion, he will be completely successful.

DAVID GOTHARD

Dave began to make a name for himself early in his career as being the first plebe to sound off standing on his head. Dave is also noted for his intelligent questions such as: asking a whoop during Army weekend if he was from Citadel and wondering if olives really do grow with pimentoes in them. Dave's plans are to make surface line his service selection with the option to fly if the doctors can find what is wrong with him. (Good luck, Doc, we never could figure him out.) After an illustrious naval career, Dave's ambition is to become President. Only then will the nation truly know what we in 36 went through for the 4 years that Dave spent with us.

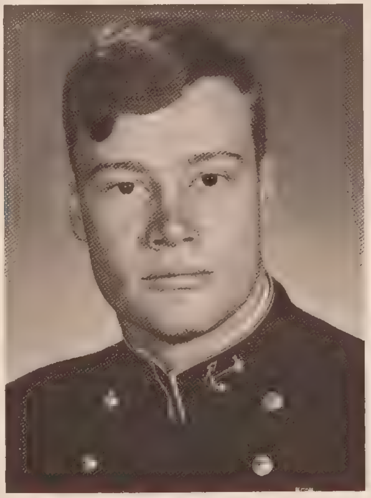


JOHN KNIGHT

John graduated from Pacific High School in San Leandro, California, where he won honors in academics, personality and sports. At USNA he easily mastered all facets of academy life Academically, John never met with any real difficulty but shared many a study hour at the tube backing his teams, the Raiders or the A's. His exploits in athletics whether slamming tennis ball, scoring 20 points in basketball or making grandstand catches in the end zone, will be remembered by all his teammates. After graduation John plans on a tour in the Surface Navy. He is sure to be one of the rare well-liked but still forceful, officers in today's Navy

STEVEN C. HALL

Steve, alias "Systems" and "Halsey" came to us from the fog and rain of Eureka, California after an illustrious career at Eureka High School Most of System's life has been spent at Hubbard Hall where Steve won 3 Varsity letters in lightweight crew. After his love for crew and the Boat House, Steve has fallen for a Metallic Blue Volvo which he cherishes almost as much as an OAR. The "Dirty Thirty" in 36 are sure Steve will become a responsible, sincere, earnest, and dedicated Nuclear Power officer



TOM O'LEAHY

I think this man was born grunting "USMC." He'd rather be out on maneuvers with the "Ground Pounders" than be out with some lovely fox who enjoys the inside of hotel rooms. As a bull major he loves the study of Spartan life and wars.

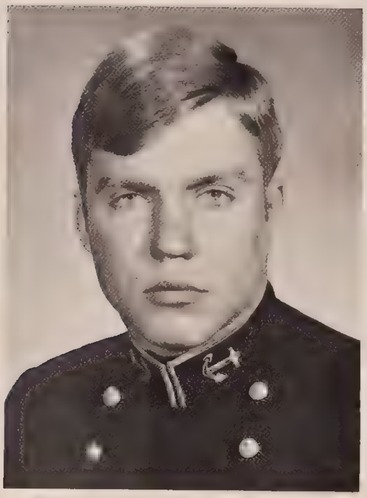
He battled for two long years on the gridiron, but the nearby authorities mainly the coaches were blind, so he gave it up to be engaged to a gypsy.

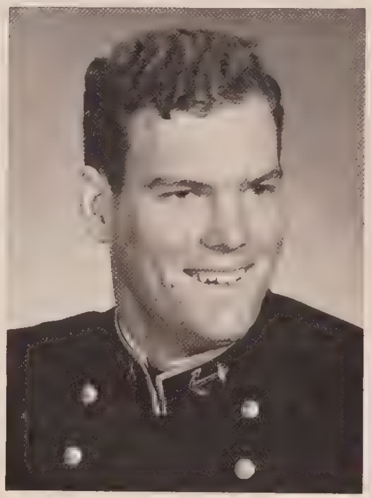
After almost giving up his love the Marine Corps, Thomas wisely cast the evil spells of the gypsies away.

Everything was red and gold after that and he went back to a life of eating plebes and chasing women. There is no place for him but in the mud, yelling orders

MARK LINDSEY

Mark "Hot Dog" Lindsey came to USNA with high hopes after attending Tahlequah High School in Oklahoma. Academically Mark was a wonder at USNA when he was not doodling with his stocks and investments, which was most of the time. Mark was not a disappointment in intramurals while considered a star in tennis and basketball, Mark was a super star in company football. Many a defensive back chased Mark into the end zone. Through four years Mark was successful in earning the label "Mr. Nice Guy." His outstanding personality and drive should bring Mark great success in the air.





MARC LUNNY

Marc Lunny came to the Naval Academy from Framingham, Massachusetts. Like the rest of us, the day we met the class of '72 was a harsh awakening by the end of plebe year he had suffered from the effects of all call chow calls on crutches, daily attention from suds, and the demerit lead in the company. Frustrations didn't end in the hall for plebe football added more than enough to his problems with the frustration of not playing.

Youngster cruise was a welcome break. Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Olongapo were great, and on top of that Marc picked up the name, "Peso Face."

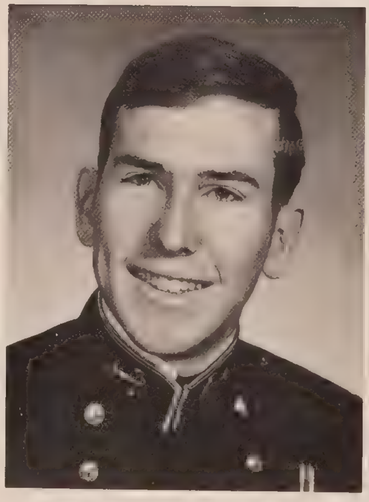
Youngster year grades and problems with his roommate increased frustrations, also now up to 245 lbs. and yet still didn't play.

Cruise and summer school left Marc with little leave in which to see his intended. But, he managed to live through it and maintain the tradition of "you rate what you get away with."

First class year, so far so good.

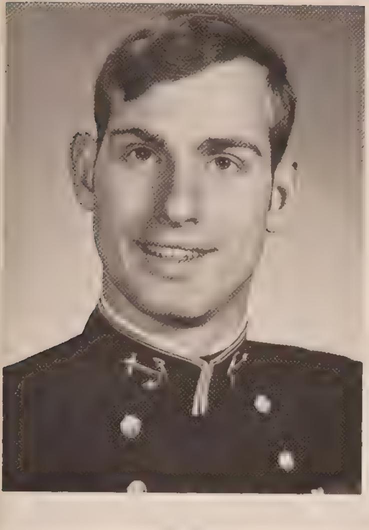
JOSEPH ANTHONY MATYSKIELA

Joe wrestled his way into our hearts plebe summer, arriving from Wheeling, West Virginia, after winning the state championship on the mats at his weight class. Eager to excel in academics he first had to defeat Nick, Kimber, and Uncle Saul in a four man tri-team match plebe summer. Dubbed "Maz" by Harry, himself, Joe started a four year education in professionalism, namely music, cars, booze and women. The kind of "Striper Alley" Maz has matured: He is now concerned with an A-7, music, cars, booze and women. Gold wings, his Vette, and the good life of Pensacola await Maz in the very near future.



W. SCOTT PERKINS

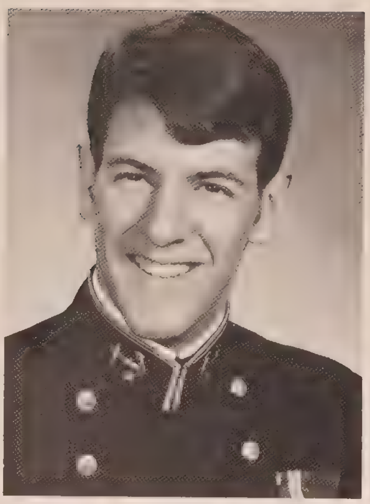
Scott left his carefree days of high school life in Palo Alto, California, to fly to Canoe U to join the rest of us in June 1971. Perk as he soon became known to the company, managed to prove the old adage that plebes will be plebes and was as happy as anyone to see that first year end. Always looking for a new challenge, Perk finally decided that D&B wasn't for him, so he turned his efforts to sailing yawls where he got his command, and finally as the varsity swimming sub-squad coach. Scott made sure that none of his academics ever interfered with his activities. In spite of pursuing a mechanical engineering major, Perk logged more hours in the rack than any other engineer: He developed the ability to fall asleep anywhere, especially when with his lady. He was the company answer man; there wasn't a question in four years he didn't have an answer for. Scott's plans in the future call for a short stay with the surface fleet before moving on to his lifetime dream, the CEC.



MIKE PRAY

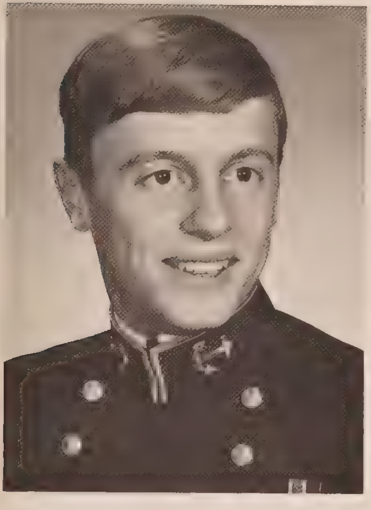
Mike (Rev) Pray was faced with a critical decision, what college to attend. He was offered a full scholarship at M.I.T., various other colleges, and USNA. His decision was simple, a party college or hard work and study. Being eager for fun and excitement he chose the number one party school for delinquents — USNA. Upon arrival he validated several semesters of academics. Not being satisfied he then validated 80% of plebe summer in the hospital for an outstanding performance in a softball game.

Throughout these four years Mike was active in choir, company sports, and excessive studying. He plans to take the easy way upon graduation by going Surface Nuclear Power.



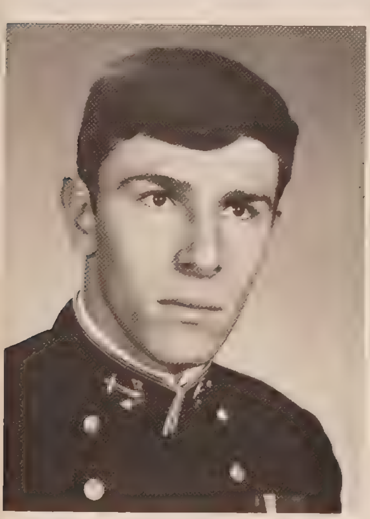
JOHN SAMPSON

"Samps" came to grace the Eastern Shore and the banks of/USNA all the way from Tacoma, Washington. Plebe summer Samps picked up another nickname bearing a striking resemblance to the famous actor Dustin Hoffman of The Graduate. Always a stickler for outstanding performance in every endeavor right down to the most minute details, John set the example for the rest of us to follow. Although sometimes things didn't turn out for the best, we could always look to John for that small grin that made Hoffman famous and that spark of faith whose example inspired us all. That spark of faith and his cheerful determination should combine to see him through Nuclear Power School and make a pretty girl proud to call Dusty hers.



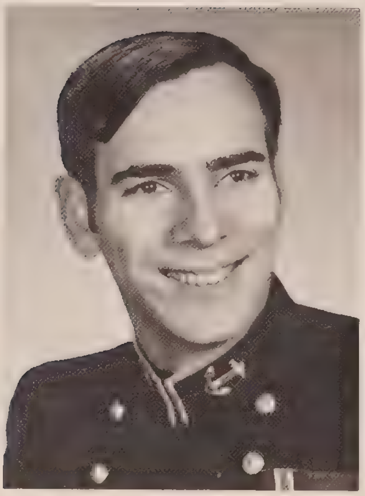
CRAIG RANKIN

Give him an open road, the wind at his back and you'll find him at peace.



VINCENT PHILIP SPUNAR

Most of his classmates thought that Vincent Philip Spunar saw the light of day when after having taken a wrong shaft in a Wilkes-Barre, Pa. coal mine, he showed up at Navy on that fateful day. Others contend that he is still in the dark. Spooner accidentally revealed his true identity and colateral responsibility plebe year as emperor of the universe when an amazed Sequndo unexpectedly entered the imperial suite and discovered the emperor, on top of his desk, recharging his imperial powers from the overhead light. Blessed with a rock-like appearance and body to match, Vince terminated a dull, but uneventful like-affair with his high school sweetheart by declaring all women evil and hurting the female species by his abstinence. The Emperor devoted his four years at Navy in order to satiate his driving ambition to earn promotion and pay as a Certified Zeppelin Painter. Yet we are all sure that Spooner will succeed in any field he chooses; that is if he can ever make a choice.



DENNIS MICHAEL SULLIVAN

Drifting into the Academy from NAPS, Dennis was the father of the company with his 2 PO medical knowledge. After being the wardroom king for second class year, Old Man Sullivan spent his last year hitting the books. As a financial genius headed for the upper tax brackets, Sully kept quiet and worked with silent determination on his many projects and duties which was quite unlike the other rowdy Californians in the company. His fantastic knowledge of Optics gained his foot into the door of Navy Air where he certainly will marvel the world with aerobatics. In any case, Sully will undoubtedly succeed due to his unconquerable ambition and ability to hit the rack no matter what problems one in the air

STEVE "VC" VON CHRISTIERSON

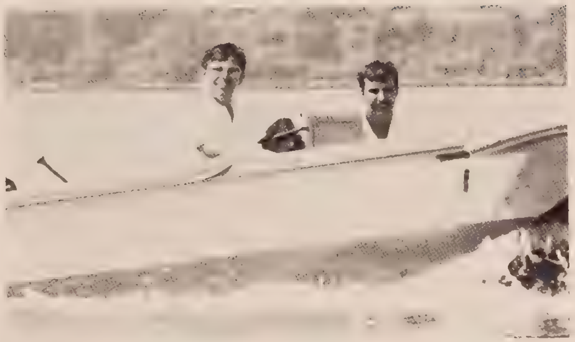
Steve, known to us all as VC, despite his certain early doubts about USNA, nevertheless, stuck it out with us through the four years. Certainly not the typical Mid, VC has a peculiar list of priorities namely his love for the sea before his love for any woman that chanced to fall in the path of his charm. A firm believer in being underway on "Sail Power" VC will have a tough time convincing Adm. Rickover, as he plans on getting into the elite Corps of Nuckies

ROBERT GORDON WILCOX

The son of God and the Corps parachuted into USNA from his Quonset Hut where his high school jock role as trackster prepared him for his main mission in life, namely chasing women and the seeking and destroying of the Red Menace. As "Mr. Big," 2/c year, he won countless friends (and the undying admiration of the firsties) for his daredevil feats of thanksgiving. Quick to greet you with a cheery, "You're down big," his course has been destined to follow in the wake of Bob Cushman

ERWIN J. WUNDERLICH

E. J. was imported from the Florida Everglades, where he learned arithmetic by counting alligator eggs. A man of many talents, he found time to join the Rugby Club, Sportsman's Club and Protestant Chapel Choir. We could always count on finding our hard working math major "solving" problems in the rack. He claimed "The Flashiest and Most Expensive Car in the Company" — a swamp buggy. He will marry the sweetest of all Georgia peaches in the chapel on graduation day, then it's off to Nuclear Power School and the FBM'S. If past performance is any criterion, he will be completely successful



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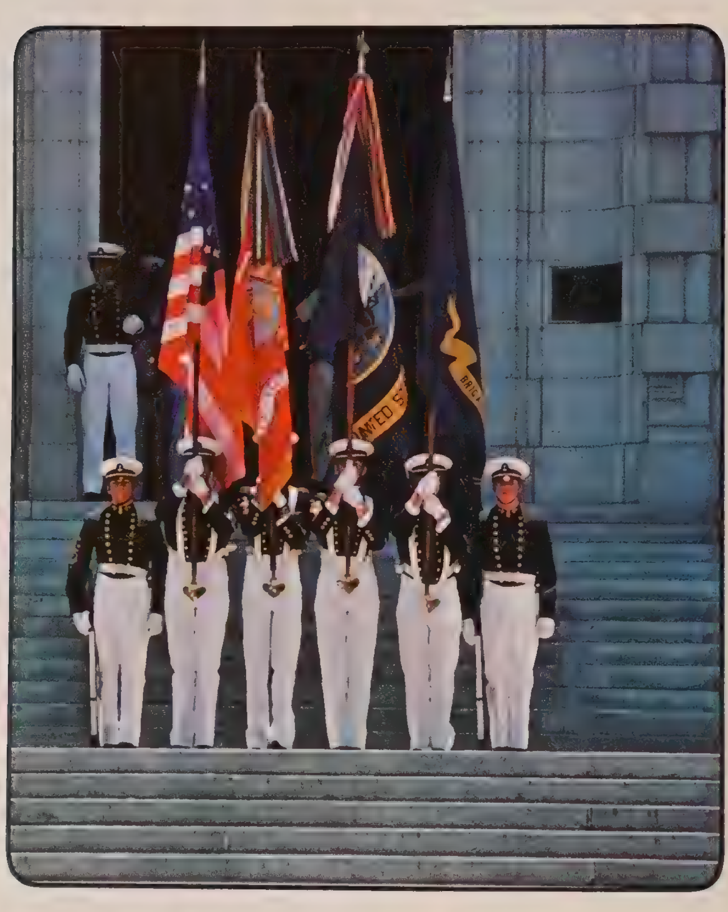
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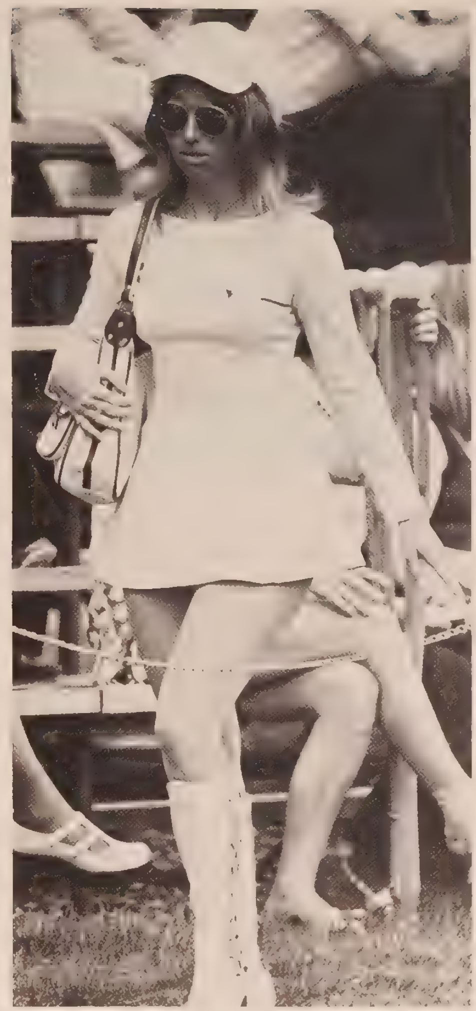

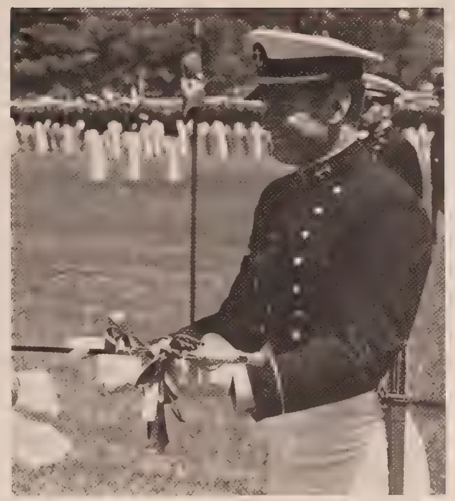

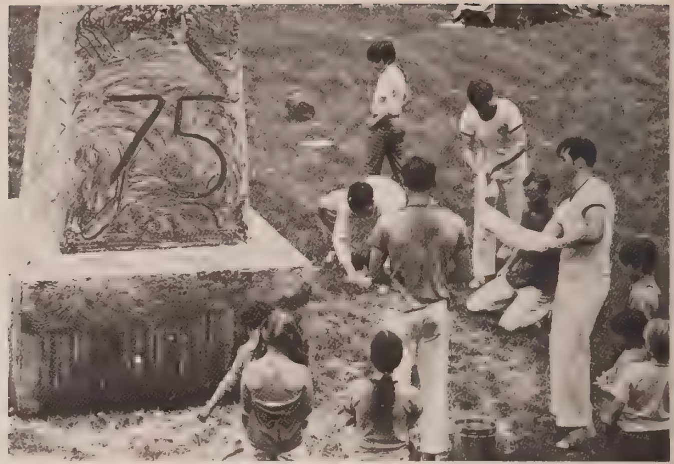
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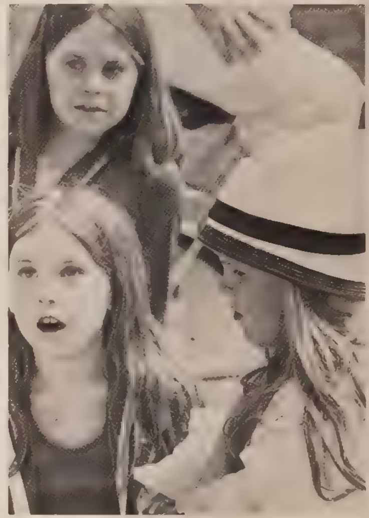

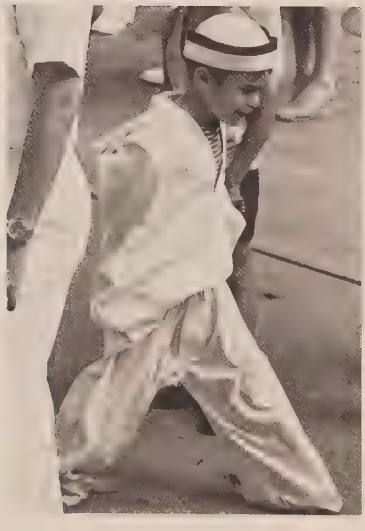

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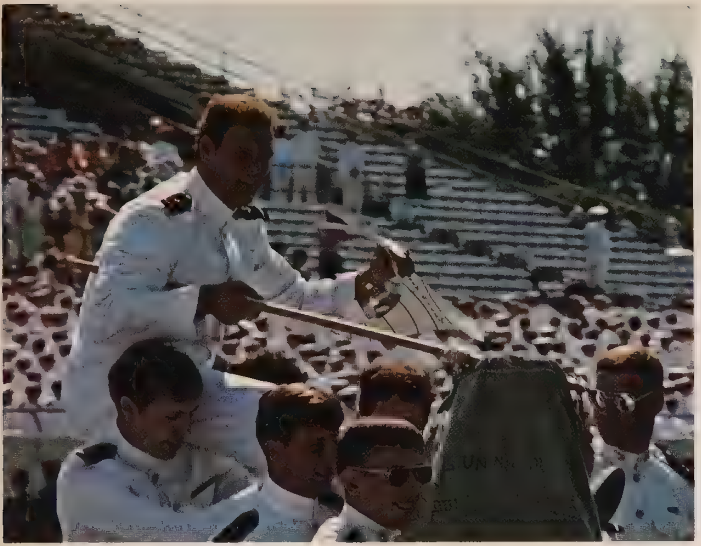

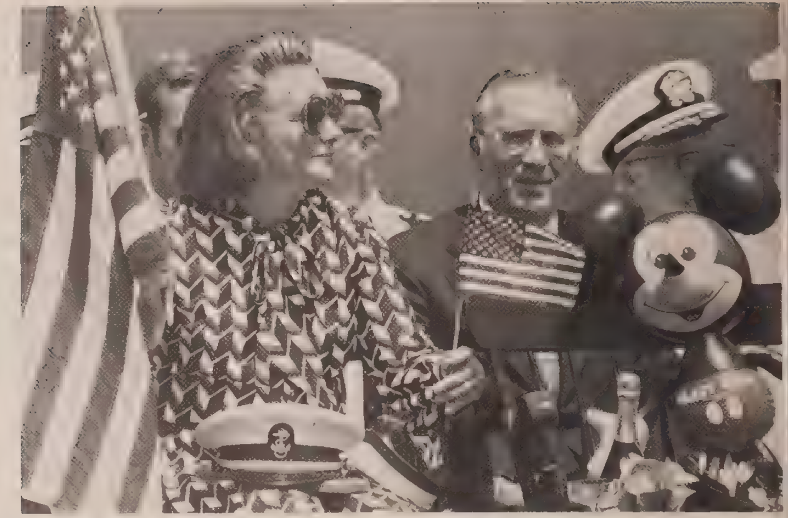

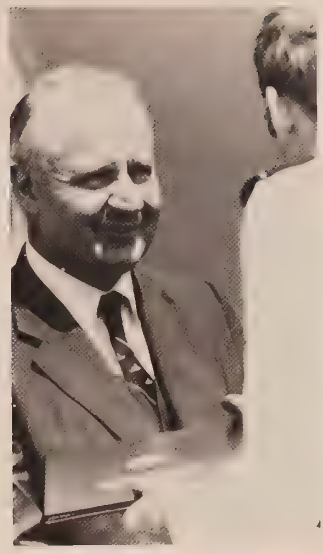

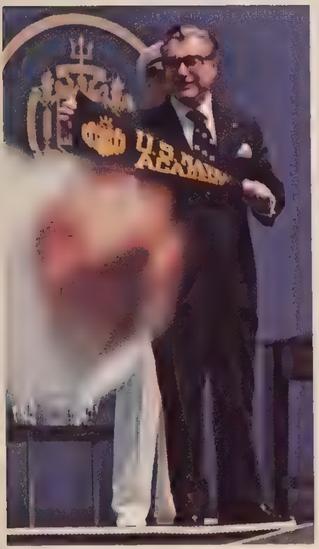

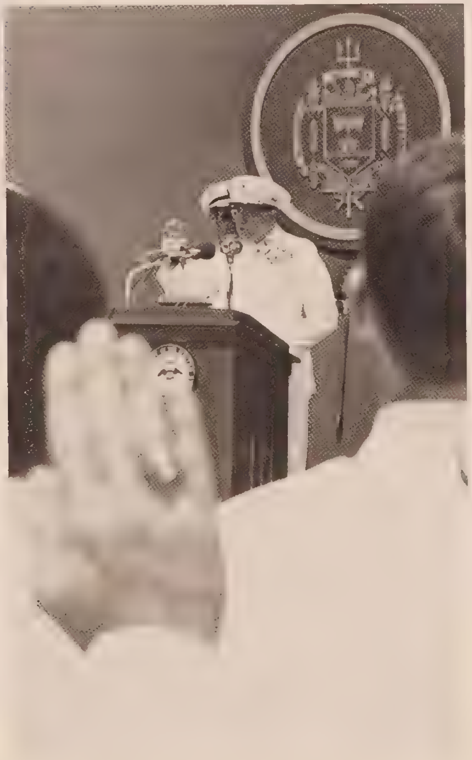

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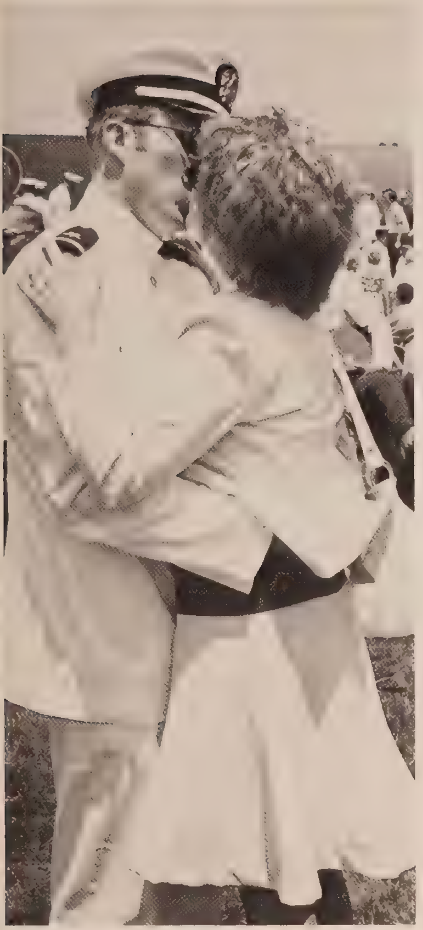

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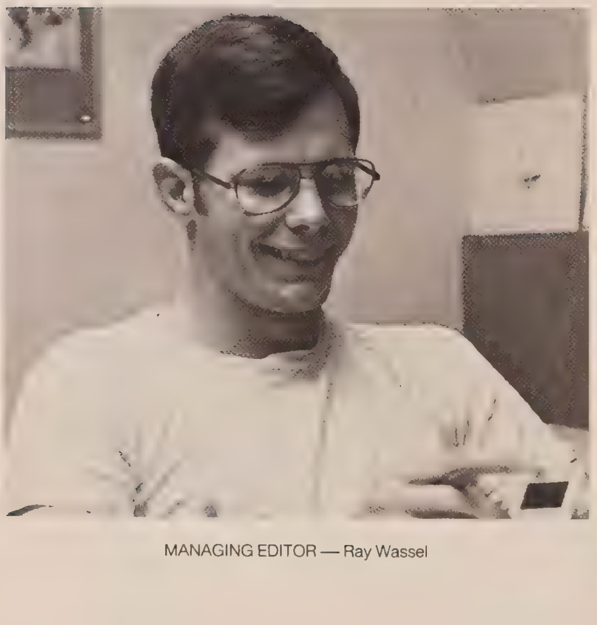
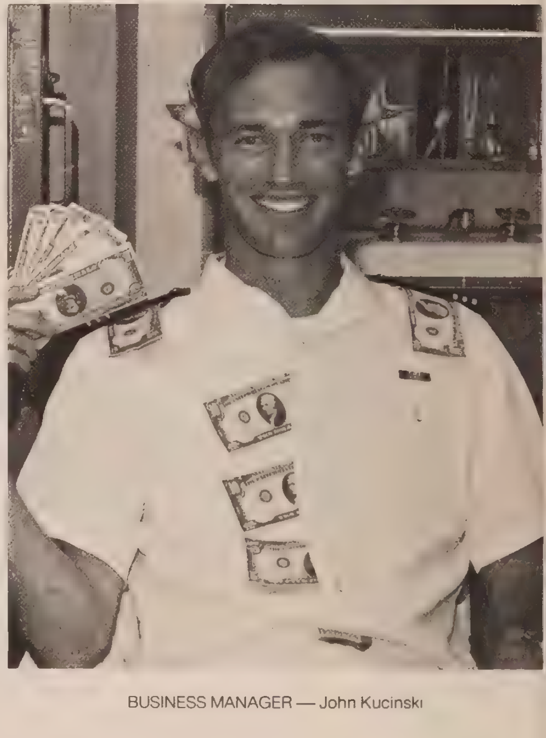


MANAGING EDITOR — Ray Wassel



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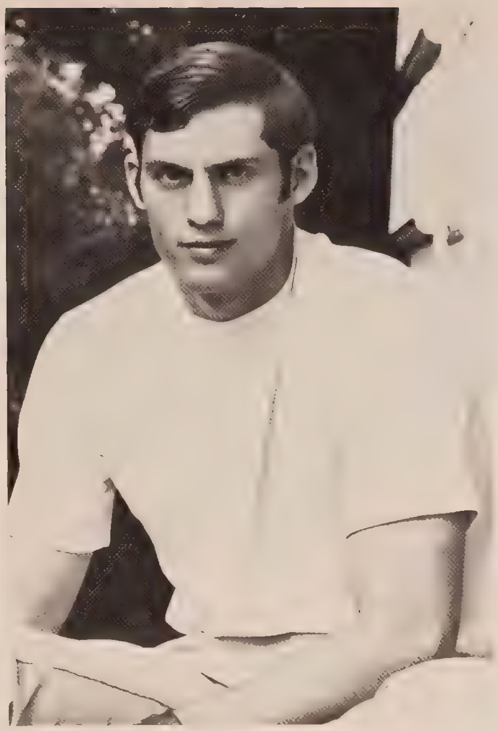
ADVERTISING MANAGER — Dan Gonda

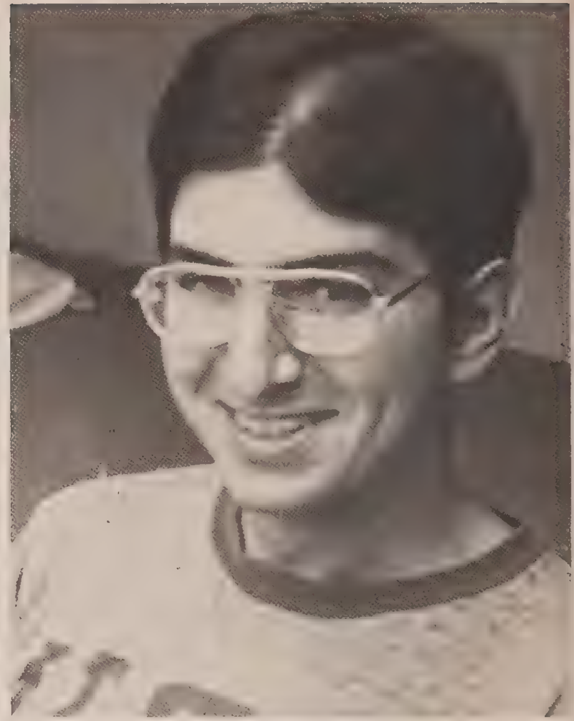


SPORTS EDITOR — John Carman

SENIOR EDITOR — Bear Baila

OFFICER REPRESENTATIVE — Lt. Dionizio

STAFF MEMBER — Harry Selsor



STAFF MEMBER — Elias Barjum

STAFF MEMBER — Tom Sprague

INTRAMURALS, ECA's, POTPOURRI, PHOTOGRAPHER, COPY EDITOR, LAYOUT EDITOR — D. C. Howard

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR — Rick Harwell

PHOTOGRAPHER — Steve Udick

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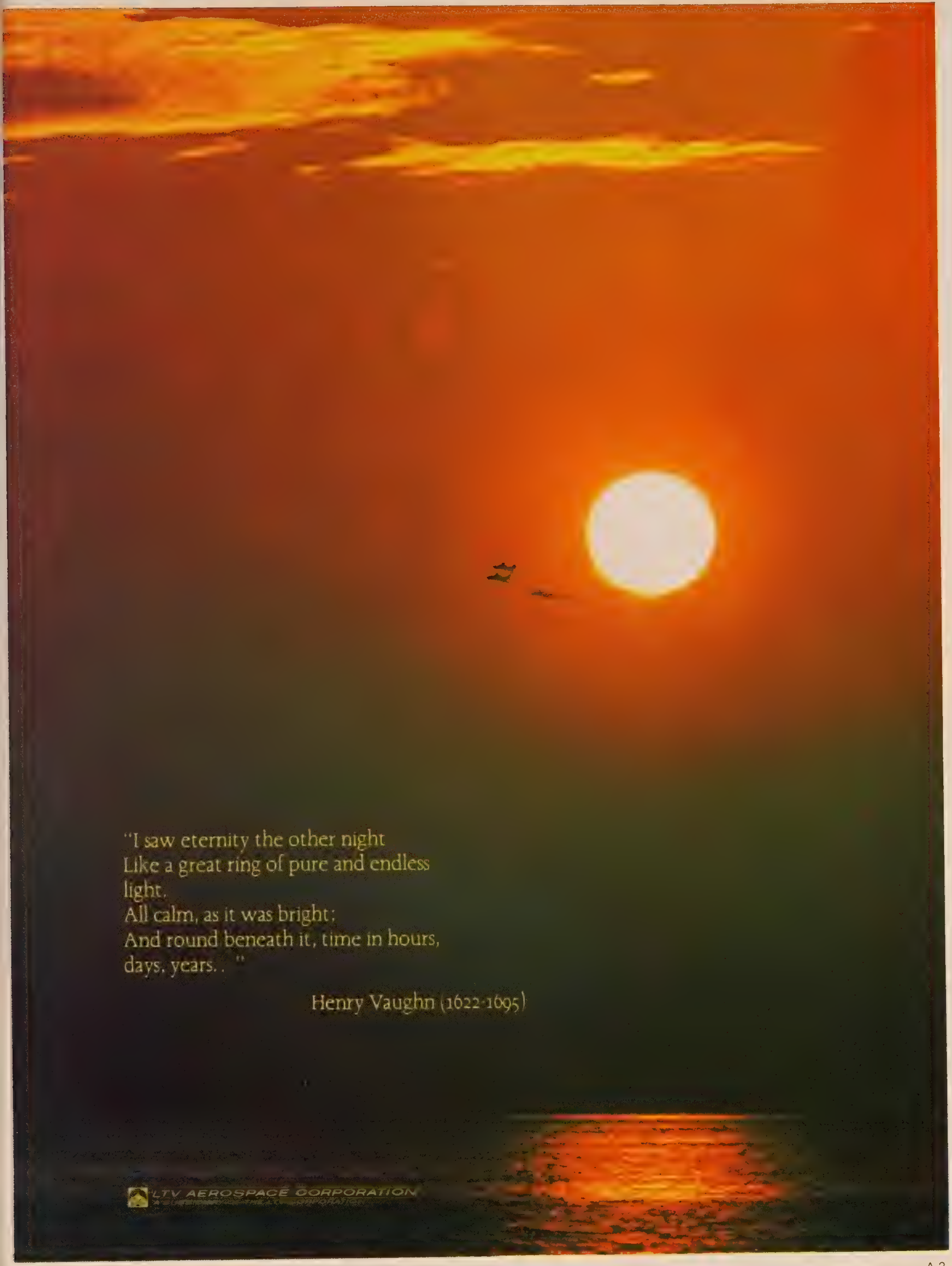

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Like a great ring of pure and endless
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All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, time in hours,
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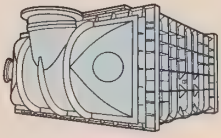
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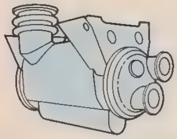
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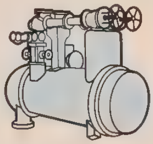
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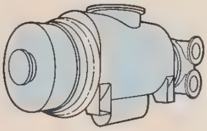
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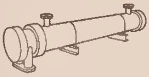
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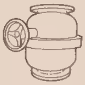
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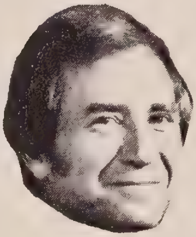

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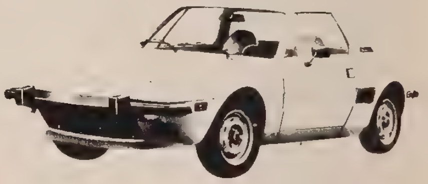

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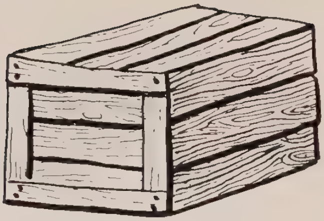

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Sometimes, we wonder if we are talking to ourselves. Congress certainly wasn't listening when it singled out the oil industry for heavy new taxation. In addition, there are now some 500 oil-related bills before Congress, many of which would impose new regulation on the industry. Some Congressmen have even proposed a subsidized federal petroleum corporation to "compete" with private oil companies.

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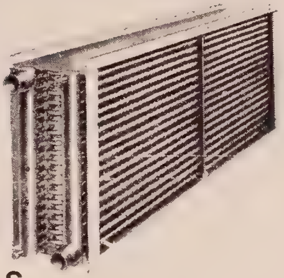

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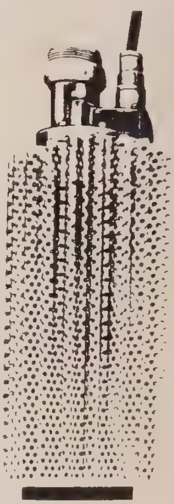

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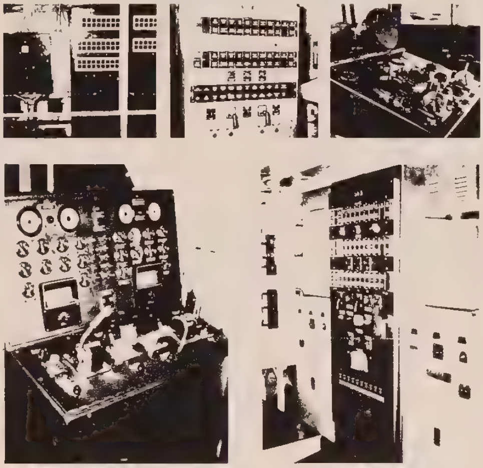

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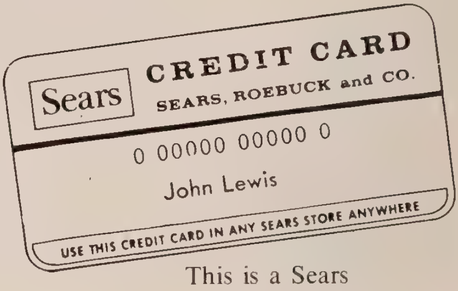

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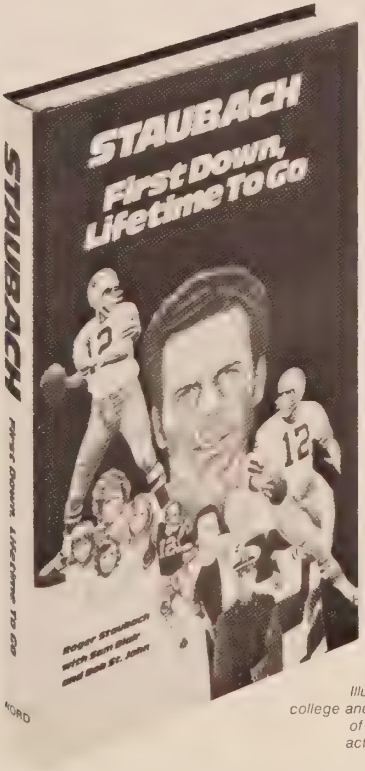
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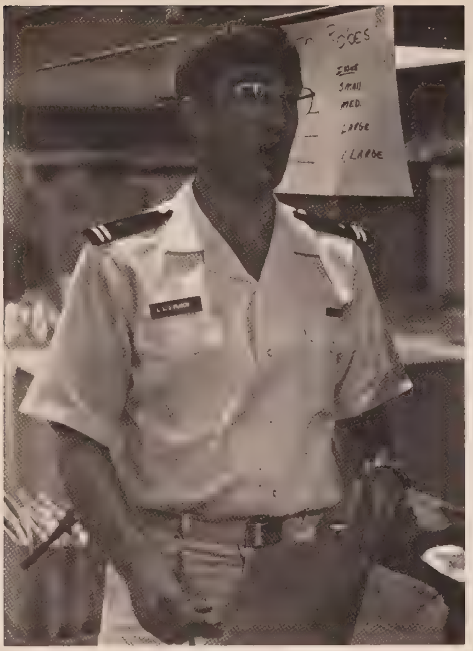

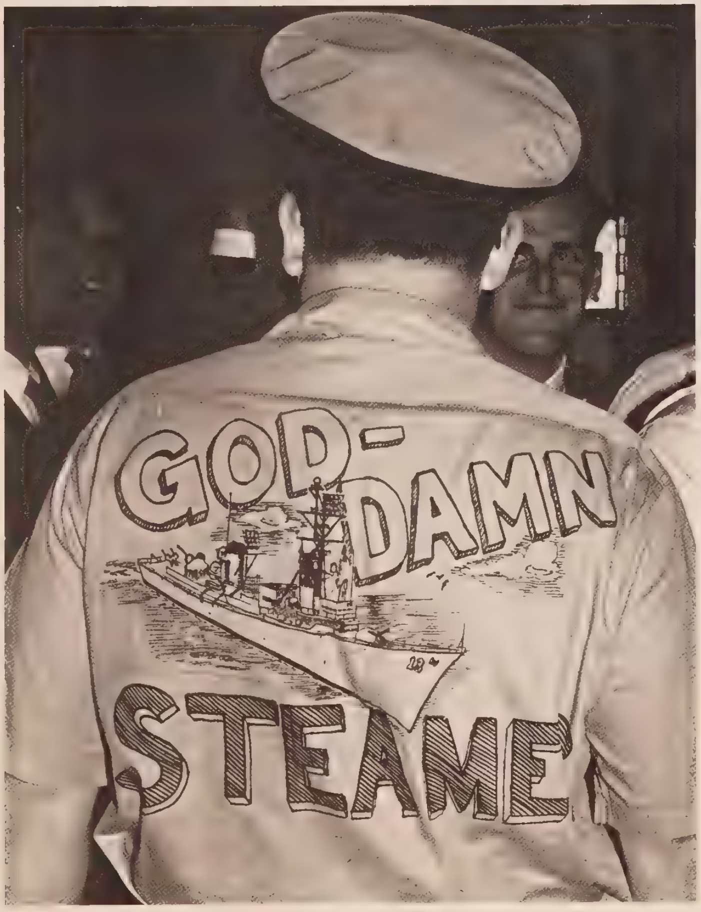
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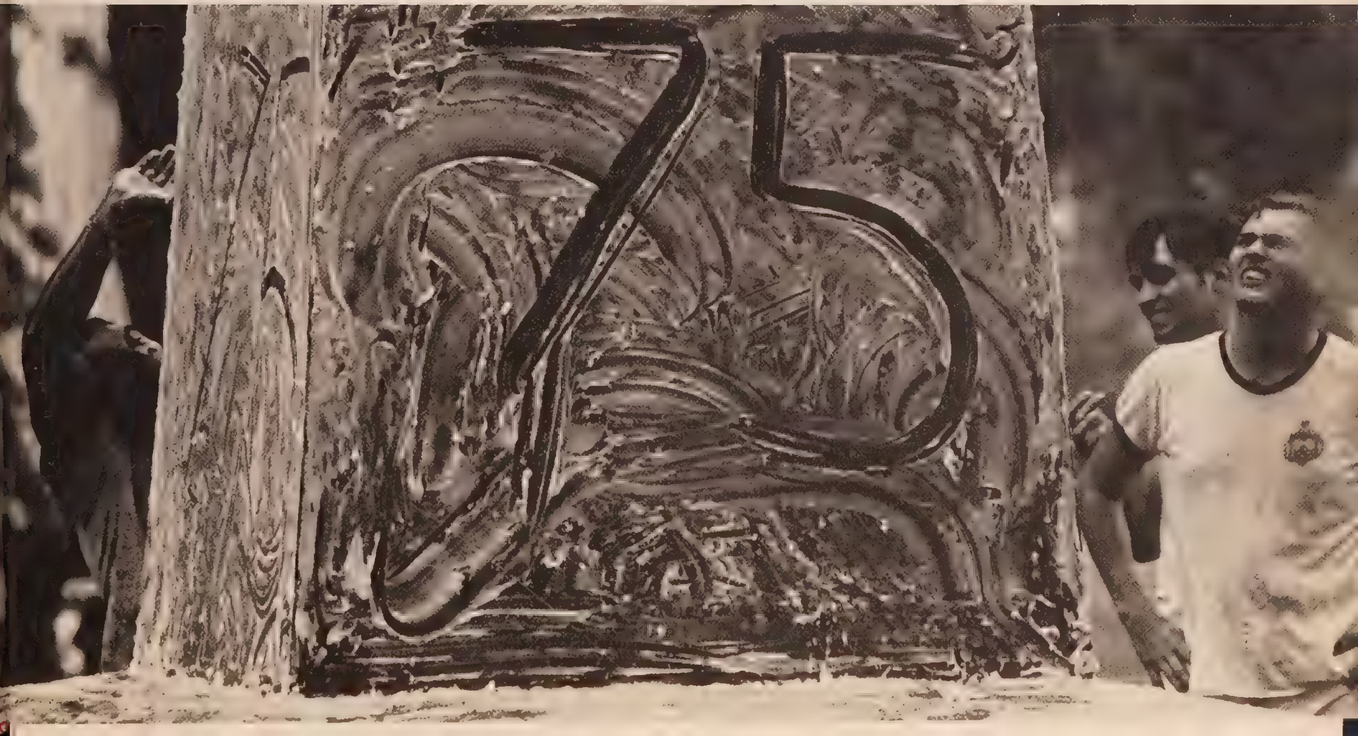
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Salutation to all to whom it may concern:

With no small sigh of relief, I finish this, the last page of the *1975 Lucky Bag*. Thus ends my contribution to this collection of memories. The rest is in the hands of the publisher. The evaluation is up to you, the reader.

The *Lucky Bag* was first published in 1894 as a collection of literary masterpieces coughed up by the Brigade. Now, with the advent of photography and expeditiousness, it has evolved into a pictorial memory collection with very little copy. You, the members of the Navy Boat School on the Severn, are the stars. You, Class of 1975, are in the limelight. Despite all your trials and tribulations, for one brief instant, you are on the top of the totem pole. And all Mids know it flows downhill.

Many people have had a hand in getting this memory collection and history published. The foundation of these people was, of course, the *1975 Lucky Bag* staff. Working hard, and sometimes hardly working, they were the ones that handled the mechanics of putting out the *Bag*.

Thanks to Victor O'Neill Studios of New York for photography of the Senior portraits and canned underclass group pictures. Coy Harris, the local representative, provided invaluable assistance.

Thanks to Taylor Publishing Company of Dallas, Texas for its services. Special thanks to Pat Mahoney, the local representative, for his many hours of time devoted to helping the staff with the many problems and technical details of publishing a yearbook. And a hot time in the old town of Dallas.

Thanks to Harry K. Leventen Advertising Agency of Santa Monica, California for rounding up the many big-time advertisers found in the *Bag*.

Thanks to the USNA Photo Lab in Nimitz Library for providing negatives for many pictures. Special thanks to the secretary Boni Missimer who patiently looked up thousands (sure seemed like it) of negatives for our use. Thanks also to Mr. Jack Moore and the rest of the photographers who engineered many needed photos.

Thanks to the Public Affairs Office for pictures and help with the chain-of-command, particularly thanks to secretary Jan Steward.

Of course, with the time needed to work on the *Bag*, thanks to all the families, friends, and girlfriends that gave up weekend fun to allow the staff members to get their work done.

And thanks to the Brigade of Midshipmen for just being themselves and having their pictures taken.

All is said and done now. Criticisms will come, for sure. Names spelled incorrectly, people omitted. For that, I offer my apologies. Although small in number, 4000 people are hard to keep track of.

Well, 75, we know you are out there. For better or worse. And your one instant to be at the top of the heap has passed away. The rest is up to you. May this book allow you future brief instants to again escape to the top.

A. C. Howard

A. C. Howard
Editor-in-Chief
1975 Lucky Bag
17 August 1975

P.S. Is a picture worth a thousand words? Definitely!